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THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

JULY, 1856.

STUDIES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Art. I.—“ *Teatro Critico, y Cartas Eruditas.*” Escritos por D. Fr. Gerónimo Feyjoó.

THE history of Spanish literature, and of its influence upon the general literature of Europe in the sixteenth century, as well as the peculiar conditions of the intellectual progress of that anomalous country since the reign of Philip II., must always afford subjects for profound meditation to those who believe that the real history of mankind is to be sought for elsewhere than in the records of the battles, crimes, and intrigues, which form the staple of ordinary annals. At several periods, in ancient and modern times, the Spanish race has secured for itself the leadership in the intellectual movement of humanity. Livy and Seneca, Trajan and Hadrian, the Sevillian Moor Geber, Avicenna, Raymondo Lullio, Don Juan Manuel, Cervantes, Calderon, Gacilaso and Lopez de la Vega, Mendoza, Montemayor, Gongora, Quevedo, Mariana, De Solis, and many other eminent writers, have left their “footprints on the sands of time,” and in their generation, too, modified the tone and expression of men’s minds throughout the civilized world. The Spanish theatre, poetry, and novels, were “the glass of fashion and the mould of form” in the days of Ronsard and of our own Shakspeare; nor had their influence expired even in the early years of Louis XIV. or of Charles II., when St. Evremond, De Balzac, Corneille, and Dryden, frequently studied and imitated them. No doubt the taste of many of these productions was very questionable, and it is fortunate that Europe has in this respect changed “the gods of its idolatry;” but it argues considerable merit in any exhibition of intellect when it is able

to diffuse itself over the majority of the thinking portion of Humanity; and unquestionably the phase of civilization which succeeded in impressing itself on an active, energetic generation, struggling to eliminate a new system of faith and government, as Europe did so earnestly struggle at the period of the Renaissance and Reformation, merits far more serious attention than is usually accorded to it. At the period when the feudal system received its first heavy blow, and the royal power openly arrayed itself against the privileges of the aristocracy, courting the support of the middle classes in order to concentrate into its own hands the power dispersed amongst the local nobility, the Spanish nation was certainly the most powerful and highly organized of Europe. It led the movement of the age, in political matters at least, during the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Charles V., and presented the first powerful empire of modern times. Its commerce and its literature started into as sudden and as remarkable a degree of brilliance; and though the wars and follies of Philip II. rapidly destroyed the wealth, power, and influence of the boundless regions submitted to his sway, yet the vitality of the literature of Spain continued to survive for some years after the political and commercial prosperity of the country had been almost annihilated; and it required more than a century of the reign of the Inquisition, under the feeble successors of the bold, bad Philip II., to deprive Spain entirely of its eminent position in the intellectual hierarchy of European nations.

At the time, however, when Philip V. succeeded in establishing the Bourbons upon the Spanish throne—thanks to the military skill of the refugee scion of British royalty, Marshal Berwick, whose name, by the way, has lately been again strangely brought before the public by the alliance of his successor, the Duque D'Alba and De Berwick, with the Napoleon dynasty—at that period, about the end of the seventeenth century, a total darkness had overspread the land. The intellectual influence of Spain had, in fact, fallen as low as its political power, and the nation which had furnished models for European admiration and imitation was content to copy blindly the "monotony on wire" of the Boileau school, just as it allowed itself to become the battle guage of the Austrian and French princes, after having ruled Germany and Italy, and shaken France to its very centre by the wars of the League. In the beginning of the eighteenth century it can hardly be said that any literature existed in Spain; and Ferdinand VI. appears to have been so impressed with the necessity for a strenuous effort on the part of his government to revive this departed glory of the nation, that he founded and endowed

schools and colleges in great numbers throughout the length and breadth of the land. The Bourbons seem, however, only to have communicated a species of galvanic life to any of the nations unfortunate enough to fall under their influence. In Spain, especially, they failed to revive "the fires" still "burning in the ashes" of one of the most decidedly marked nationalities of Europe; nor could it be expected that the mental idiosyncrasy which had produced such authors as Cervantes, Quevedo, and Calderon, should develop itself under the artificial rules and the false refinement of the period which produced Luzan and Velasquez. About the latter half of the eighteenth century, the Spanish indigenous genius had begun to reassert its claims to notice, and La Huerta, Yriarte, Valdes, and De la Cruz, boldly casting aside the Gallicisms which had defaced the literature of the former portion of the century, gave promise of a revival of the glories of their nation—nipped, alas! in the bud by the foreign wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon, and the apparently endless civil wars of later years. What will be the future fate of this strange country? What new phase will its intellect pass through? It cannot be that every social and moral problem should continue to be discussed with all the fury, bitterness, and passion which have characterized the recent political events of that country, and yet that men's minds should not be violently roused to their lowest depths. The struggle and the strife raging on all sides, must strike some chord in the national mind which shall make itself distinctly heard and felt; or if this should not be done,—if the Spanish nation cannot exhibit some unmistakeable indication of the tone, temper, and feelings of its heart of hearts, all its recent revolutions will be but as a raising of the dust in the desert—a useless disturbance of the face of society, productive only of suffering and misery, but impotent to advance the happiness of our race. We ourselves argue well for Humanity in this matter, for the future well-being of Spain in particular; for although much of the recent Spanish literature has been sadly disgraced by a blind imitation of the worst school of French socialists, and although those whom it is the fashion to call the educated classes are in that country sadly tinctured by the atheistical principles of the Voltaire, Volney, and Sue schools, yet there is still prevailing in the mass of the nation, the peasantry, a strong faith and a distinct national character, which, if carefully directed, might soon enable Spain to resume her former proud position in the family of European nations.

The consideration of the numerous questions connected with the subject thus briefly alluded to, would lead us into a discus-

sion which would far exceed the bounds of a review article ; especially as some of them are of a nature to involve an examination of the most obscure principles of the psychological constitution of man. For indeed there are few phenomena more strange, or apparently more inexplicable, than the synchronous existence of the most brilliant period of Spanish literature, and of the darkest days of the Spanish Inquisition ; or again more remarkable than the recent incapacity of Spain to produce a new intellectual era, in spite of the numerous and fearful convulsions which have stirred up its society from the lowest depths. In any other country of Europe the changes of government, which have lately taken place there, would have brought the heart of the nation itself into evidence ; and the latter would, in more or less direct manner, have modified the outward expression of society to its own image. Why should this law cease to hold on the south side of the Pyrenees ? Was Napoleon really correct when he said that Africa began there ? It was not so formerly ;—why should it be so now ? and yet, alas ! it seems but hoping against hope to argue that Spain will yet for many years “shake off the dew-drops from her mane,” or again play a leading part on the great stage of the world, upon which such ignoble farces have been played out of late years. There is a strange fascination in these inquiries, but we have now to deal with them only in an incidental, subsidiary manner ; so we turn to our more immediate subject, the writings of Fray Feyjoó.

At about the very darkest period in the history of the Spanish literature, and at the mature age of nearly forty-nine, Feyjoó made his appearance before the public by an essay entitled “*Carta Apologética de la Medicina Sceptica del Doctor Martinez*,” which was issued in the year 1725. In the course of the next year he commenced the publication of a series of essays called “*Teatro Critico Universal, o Discursos varios en todo genero de materias para desengaño de errores communes*,” which extended to eight volumes, and were succeeded by the “*Cartas Eruditas y curiosas*,” in five volumes, the last of which appeared in 1760, when the author was nearly eighty-four years of age. Feyjoó was a native of Galicia, born amongst the mountains which bound the lovely valley of the Miño, and at a village situated a little below the junction of that river with the Sil ; the name of his natal village being Feligresia de Santa Maria de Melias, in the bishopric of Oviedo. He was born on October 8th, 1676, and was the eldest son of Don Antonio Feyjoó Montenegro and Donna Maria de Puga. In very early life he displayed a taste for study, and his parents appear to have encouraged this tendency of his mind, although

few of the Spanish nobility of that period attached much importance to the education of their eldest sons, no doubt upon the principle of the blockhead of Oxford, who refused to study "because there were plenty of others who wanted to get their living by their wits, and he did not." Feyjoó also, in very early life, adopted strong religious opinions; and at the age of fourteen he entered the monastery of San Juan de Samos, under the Benedictine rule. From thenceforward his history was, comparatively speaking, a blank, although he lived during the troubled period of the Wars of Succession, which placed a Bourbon on the throne of Spain. He did not, however, confine himself exclusively to the duties of his monastic life, but entered warmly into the struggle for the diffusion of sound knowledge, then going on as a species of under-current to the political intrigues of courts and cabinets. Feyjoó became professor of theology in the college of Oviedo, and the remainder of his life was passed in the fulfilment of his duties as professor, and in the defence of what he firmly believed to be the true principles of the philosophy which Bacon, Descartes, and Martinez had introduced into their respective countries. Ecclesiastical honours, beyond the limits of his own convent, do not seem to have tempted him; and all the biographical notices we have of this worthy man represent him to have been much like that charming character, the parson of the "Deserted Village," "who never changed, nor wished to change, his place." He was a bold, conscientious, and open exponent of the opinions he had once espoused after careful investigation; and no consideration of the weight of authority or of the influence arrayed against his opinions, seems to have made him hesitate in attacking anything he believed to be false. Such uncompromising frankness involved him, however, in constant disputes, and the latter years of his life were spent in defending himself from the personal attacks of the advocates of the opinions he impugned, or of those who had direct interests in preventing the diffusion of truth. The number of these people has, in all ages, been great, and the advocate of reason and common sense has always been exposed to the attacks of parties who thrive on the ignorance of the world. Feyjoó was for many years subjected to this kind of persecution, and he appears to have felt keenly the annoyances to which he was exposed; but the only interruption to the even tenor of his way was confined to these literary troubles, and the more or less bitter controversies which ensued from them. He was not without receiving public acknowledgments of the estimation in which his efforts for the diffusal of true philosophy were regarded, even during his lifetime; for the Pope Benedict XIV., Cardinal Querini,

and other eminent literary characters, rejoiced to do him honour. Ferdinand VI. of Spain rewarded him with the title of "Consejero de S. M.;" and Charles III. also acknowledged his merit and services. Thirty-five years after his first appearance as an author, Feyjoó retired to the contemplative duties of his monastery; and at last, full of years and honour, he died at his College of San Vincente de Oviedo, on September 26th, 1764, at the green old age of eighty-seven years, eleven months, and eighteen days, leaving behind him the truest and most enduring monument of a well-spent life in the long series of his works.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, although the scholastic interpretations of Aristotle could hardly be considered to retain the consent of learned men, yet the public in general, and at heart even the learned, looked with dislike and suspicion upon the school of philosophy so brilliantly inaugurated by Bacon and Descartes in Western Europe. The rigid orthodoxy of the Spanish religious feelings constituted also a serious obstacle in the way of the diffusion of a system of philosophy which, disguise it as its advocates may, starts with a denial of authority. "Cogito, ergo sum," is the foundation of all modern philosophy. We believe in our own individual existence, and in all the infinite phenomena attending the external world, simply because we ourselves can feel and know them: dimly and "as through a glass darkly," too often, alas! Such doctrines as these, with all the fearful train of infidelity they arouse in weak minds, and with the calm reasoning they require from all, were hardly of a nature to please the indolent, warm-hearted, and impressible Spaniard. The political events to which we have alluded, also played their part to retard the intellectual progress of the nation; and one consequence of these combined causes was that when Feyjoó appeared—nearly at the same time by the way that Le Sage wrote his inimitable novels "Gil Blas," "Le Bachelier de Salamanca," and "Le Diable Boiteux—the ridiculous opinions of the so-called philosophers of the Middle Ages, were still implicitly received by the bulk of the Spanish nation. There is nothing overdrawn in the picture of *le docteur Sangrado*, of Le Sage; and they who will take the trouble to follow the history of the controversy raised—firstly by the publication of the "Medicina Sceptica," by Don Martin Martinez, in 1722; then by Feyjoó's "Carta Apologética de la Medicina Sceptica," in 1725; and finally by the more recent publications of the last-named author and of his commentator Sarimento, must be convinced that it required no ordinary degree of moral courage on the part of the men who thus dared to attack mediæval error in its last strong-

holds. It was the avowed aim and end of Feyjoó to produce a series of "Various essays on all sorts of subjects for the purpose of dispelling common errors." He spared no labour or pains to advance that end; nor, in spite of some mistakes into which he, in common with all his contemporaries, fell, can he be considered to have failed in attaining his object, so far as the efforts of one sincere, earnest man at least could influence the tone and feelings of a national intellect. Had Feyjoó passed any time in France, and been in contact with Malebranche, Spinoza, Fenelon, and Bossuet, or had he been in personal communication with Huyghens, Newton, Leibnitz or the other English or German philosophers of his day, he would no doubt have struck out a bolder path than he did. But every man is affected, more or less, by the temper and feelings of those around him; and Feyjoó who resided at Oviedo, in the midst of the Galician mountains—where even at the present day no roads exist, where journals are never published, and book-sellers only pay angelic visits, few and far between—could hardly have been expected to have struck deeply into the mysteries of natural philosophy or of metaphysics. His works want depth, and are deficient in solidity and grasp of reasoning—but perhaps their very nature and their aim may explain and excuse this defect, for the work written avowedly to counteract popular errors should be written in a popular style, and the principal thing to be desired in the days of Feyjoó was rather to lead the bulk of the nation to question the authority of their blind guides, than to substitute others, who might be more fallible than those thrust from their stools. At certain periods of the history of our race, it would seem that a degree of scepticism, a tendency to deny the rights of authority, is essential to our onward progress. It is a tendency which, when unchecked by a proper spirit of humility, must infallibly lead to fearful mischief; yet amidst the strange oscillations of the human mind, this seems to be the inevitable consequence of a long period of unreasoning belief; and therefore it may be that Feyjoó and his school, were either the exponents of a vague feeling pervading society, and leading it to question the principles and the authorities it had hitherto followed, or that they were the inevitable prototypes of the modern sceptical school of Spanish writers, who have in their turn, and by a natural reaction, alas! brought the intellectual classes of that nation to a state of negation of belief, so to speak, of all principles, political, moral, and religious, of the most complete and fearful description. How often is it that in actual life good and evil are thus closely intermingled! As Cervantes is said to have "laughed Spain's chivalry away," by bringing the tales of knight-errantry

into contempt—an assertion, by the way, we are not prepared to admit unreservedly—so also it may be said that the dispersion of the vulgar errors of the Spanish nation may have shaken its faith in its former idols, without substituting others in their place. Yet the duty of every conscientious man is clear. Error must be combated at all times, and in all seasons. It is enough for one man, the precursor of reform, clearly to perceive the errors of his day; his successors must discover the truth, starting from the vantage-ground he has secured for them. Feyjoó must then be considered to have rendered real service to his country by finally overthrowing in the opinions of the public, the relics of a philosophy discarded already in all other parts of civilized Europe. That he did so with perfect singleness of heart must be evident to all who read his works.

There is indeed about the “Teatro Critico,” and the “*Cartas Eruditas*,” a general tone which, allowing for the difference of the respective countries where they appeared, reminds us occasionally and forcibly of the “*Tatler*” and “*Spectator* ;” and in the latter more especially, of the papers written by Addison. It is not that the subjects treated are similar, or that even the style and manner of discussion are alike. There is a distinctly marked local character, a nationality, about both the English and the Spanish essayists. But there is also in both of them a purity of thought, a delicacy of feeling, and a fresh racy character of originality in the turn of mind, and to a great extent in the language adopted to express it, which is more remarkable because of the tyrannical influence of the French taste during the reign of Louis XIV., on the authors of other nations at the same period. In Feyjoó’s case, the merit of remaining true to Spanish literary taste is enhanced by the consideration of the effect which political events must have produced upon all around him; and it, therefore, strikes us as being very strange that Bouterwek should not have even alluded to an author who so decidedly characterizes a school, even if he cannot be considered to represent an epoch, and who did, in fact, more than any other author of the early part of the eighteenth century to prepare the short-lived revival of the literary glories of his country, under the reign of Charles III. To some extent perhaps, Feyjoó may have escaped the influence of the French literature of the Louis XIV. school, owing to the fact, that in those days France produced no models of the peculiar class of writings we usually designate by the title of *Essays*. At an earlier period it is true that Montaigne, St. Evremond, Gabriel Naude, La Mothe Le Vayer, and De Balzac, had written many very charming works of this kind; and perhaps Feyjoó may be suspected to have had the example of Montaigne constantly

before him, for there is an analogy between their manners of treating the subjects they discuss which can hardly be accidental. Yet in Montaigne's Essays the constant recurrence of the question, expressed or implied, "*Que sçais je ?*" casts an impression of a gloomy, aching void over the mind of the reader, from which he is protected in the writings of our Addison, or of Feyjoó, by the firm faith and the sincere religious belief which pervades even their scepticism upon subjects connected with popular opinions. Feyjoó also appears to have studied deeply the writers of the English philosophical school; for he often refers to, and quotes from Bacon, Hobbes, Sydenham, Hervey, Newton, Whiston, Boyle, Locke, Barclay, Sir Kenelm Digby, and boldly avows his obligations to fine old Sir Thomas Browne's "*Treatise upon Vulgar Errors.*" He *naïvely* admits that, notwithstanding our heresies, we had proved ourselves to have been sound philosophers; and, as we said, the tone and character of both the "*Teatro Critico,*" and of the "*Cartas Eruditas,*" bear a strong resemblance to the English literature of the time of the later kings and queens of the Stuart dynasty.

This last observation with respect to Feyjoó's indulgence towards us, notwithstanding our asserted heresies, recalls to our minds some other proofs of the charitable character of our Benedictine, and amongst the rest the passages relating to Savonarola, a man who has not been regarded in Protestant countries with the respect or consideration he unquestionably merits. It is true that Feyjoó alludes to him in order "to point the moral" of some illustrations of common errors, and to exemplify the ease with which even the most cultivated nations may be imposed upon, or misled, by artful or impassioned false prophets. Yet, even though the notice given by Feyjoó is so superficial as to induce us to believe that his opinions with respect to the Florentine "Reformer before the Reformation" were borrowed from others, without any examination of the original productions of that wonderful man, there is in Feyjoó's remarks upon Savonarola so sincere a regret for what he believes to be the errors of the "*precursor de Lutero,*" as he calls the Dominican, who declaimed so violently against the court of Rome, that we pardon the defective criticism on the score of the kindly feeling displayed. Throughout the whole of the Essays and Letters the same tenderness of heart may be traced, and the genial charity of Feyjoó reminds us of the tolerance of *My Uncle Toby*, who could not hear of the eternal damnation of the Father of Evil himself without exclaiming he "*was sorry for him.*" But, alas! poor human nature! when our author replied to the criticisms upon his works, this universal charity seems to have failed; and he then proved that

he could be as good a hater as even our sturdy lexicographer himself could have desired. These contradictions at the same time move our anger and our mirth ; for it is sad to think that even the best of us cannot rise above the influence of the baser passions, whilst it is somewhat ludicrous to find the practice of teachers so manifestly in discordance with their principles. Abstractedly, Feyjoó was, however, remarkably tolerant ; and, like Fenelon and Ganganelli, he showed that it was possible to be a true disciple of the church he followed without insulting or manifesting the desire to persecute those who differed from him in faith. It is a pity that some of our modern polemical writers cannot understand the obligations of Christian charity equally well. There are many in the present day who would re-enact the tragedy of Savonarola's death were he to differ from them as much as he did from the General of the Dominicans, the Bishop Romulino, and the Pope, of his day.

Feyjoó did not, perhaps strangely for a professor of theology, dwell much upon the discussion of points of religious doctrine. His allusions to them were only occasional, and were introduced for the purpose of adding more powerful illustrations of the tendency of the bulk of mankind to fall into error. The subjects he delighted to dwell upon were those connected with the false opinions prevalent in his generation upon matters connected with natural philosophy, medicine, astrology, and physics. The field in which he laboured was vast ; but still, when we consider that Feyjoo wrote his work many years after Newton and Leibnitz had published their immortal discoveries, it must be matter of surprise that it should have been necessary to have seriously undertaken the refutation of the mediæval superstitions with respect to the starry influences, comets, climacteral years and days, and all their trumpery. Yet, we pause to inquire, are we wiser in our generation than the Spaniards of the first years of the eighteenth century ? So the question rises before us on perusal of some of the strange essays of the “Teatro Critico ;” for error seems hydra-headed—*uno avulso non deficit alter*—and when one is cut off, countless others arise to replace it ; often, alas ! but modifications of the same folly. Feyjoó began his series of discourses by an inquiry into the degree of importance to be attached to public opinion ; and really, were some of the illustrations altered, his remarks would be as applicable now as they were when he wrote them. “*Æstimas judicia non numeres, decia Seneca,*” cries Feyjoó in commencing his remarks, “*nihil tam absurdum dici potest, quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum*” he quotes from Cicero elsewhere ; and the two quotations, as well as the inferences he draws from them, may be applied to England in the year of grace 1856,

we fear, with nearly as much truth as to Spain in 1726. Public opinion is as easily misled now as ever it was. The dogmas of many of the so-called philosophers of the official schools especially, are as false as those Feyjoó exposed to ridicule and contempt; whilst, oddly enough, the belief in judicial astrology, and in weather almanacs, is as deeply rooted as ever in the minds of large portions of our population. There is a quiet humour mingled with the sound common sense of Feyjoó's discourses upon these subjects, of the most admirable description, and which might advantageously be addressed to the purchasers of "Moore's Almanac," or of the "Almanach Liegois" of our neighbours. Many of the remarks in the discourses upon medicine might also well be addressed to those who are too apt to listen to every medical alarmist. "*Estos medicos officiosisimos, que recetan siempre que se lo piden los enfermos son los mas perniciosos de todos;*" or, to translate freely, "the physicians who prescribe the most are the worst of all." "*En ninguna materia hablan los medicos con menos verdad, ó fundamento, que en esta de la virtudes que falsamente se atribuyen a muchos remedios,*" — "Medical men talk with the least certainty of the value of the remedies they employ." Feyjoó quotes from Sydenham, with sincere approval, the quaint remark he made upon some of the learned discussions of his day, which might be printed as an epigraph to the blue books upon cholera lately issued by the Board of Health, "*Statim me didici ideo tantum aperuisse oculos, ut pulvere, haud quaquam verè Olympico, eidem complerentur.*" All this might be said and written for our special benefit, and who shall say that the lessons read to the people whose intellectual condition we somewhat pharisaically despise, might not be pondered over by ourselves with profit? A nation which can allow itself to be "frightened out of its propriety" by tales of silica butter, or by magnified pictures of the "hydras or chimeras dire" in cheese or water, has little reason to smile at the credulity of the Spaniards in the beginning of the last century, and it is to be feared, is much exposed to become, like they then were, the victims of the designing quacks who speculate upon its ignorance.

Feyjoó's attempts to diffuse amongst his countrymen the knowledge of Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy were not only sincere and numerous, but they contrast rather oddly with the affected attempts of Fontenelle and Algarotti in the same direction. The witty authors of "*La Pluralité des Mondes,*" and of "*Il Newtonismo per le dame,*" wrote brilliant dialogues upon natural philosophy, in which elegantly turned compliments to the fair sex, brilliant conceits, and superficial reasoning glittered like the rays of light reflected from the facets of a cut-

glass lustre. Very fine gentlemen explain to very pretty marchionesses with a tendency to play "*les femmes savantes*," the laws of physics in madrigals and epigrams made to their "mistress's eye brows," in a manner which was perhaps consistent with the taste of a period when bag-wigs and red heels were in fashion, and gentlemen and ladies played at pastorals in the trim gardens of Sceaux, Marly, and L' Isola Bella, but which now-adays appears supremely ridiculous. The grave Spaniard, like the discreet Dutchman S'Gravesande, appears to have felt the real influence of Newton's philosophy in a more sober and a truer manner; at any rate, the mode he adopted to diffuse its principles in his own country, appears to us to have been a wiser and a better one than that of his more sparkling contemporaries. He laboured earnestly to reform the course of study adopted in the various schools and universities; and calmly reasoning upon natural phenomena, he endeavoured to convince his fellow-countrymen that the knowledge which was only derived from the traditions of the schoolmen must be inferior to that derived from the observation of nature. He proposed, virtually, a plan for the reform of education by calling attention to the futility of the studies which still prevailed in Spain, and by endeavouring to point out the alterations required in the modes of teaching logic, metaphysics, physics, medicine, as well as by exposing the "abuse of verbal disputes," "the absurdity of scholastic sophisms," "the dictation of the schools," and "the undue extension of the principle of authority." To us all this must seem strange; for in Northern Europe, Bacon, Descartes, Boyle, Pascal, Galileo, and the numerous philosophers of the seventeenth century, had so effectually destroyed the influence of the schoolmen that even such men as Boileau did not hesitate to attack and ridicule them; but it required great courage, and a firm conviction of the propriety and necessity of his course of action on the part of a studious monk, such as our author was, to attempt to prove the dangerous nature of the course of education still countenanced by the clerical and temporal authorities of his bigoted country; or even to demonstrate the absurdity of the "great art of Raymond Lully," to whom the Spaniards clung with the greater pertinacity because he was one of themselves; or the folly and wickedness of the so-called arts of chiromancy and judicial astrology. As we said before, the progress of knowledge has caused many of the illustrations cited by Feyjoó to appear puerile and inappropriate; but a man must be judged by comparison with others of his time, and even without this indulgence, Feyjoó may still be read with profit, certainly with pleasure, by all who are curious to trace the steps by which the human intellect develops itself.

It would be difficult in a work of the avowedly discursive character of Feyjoó's Essays, for so indeed the conjoined series of compositions in the "Teatro Critico," and the "Cartas Eruditas," may be called, inasmuch as the latter were really but the defence and amplification of the subjects in the former,—it would be difficult to select particular passages to illustrate his opinions or style of expression. Without entering, therefore, into any examination of his doctrines, we avow that we ourselves have read with the greatest pleasure, his "Discurso sobre la Musica de los Templos;" his "Discurso sobre los libros Politicos," and his "Discurso sobre la Honra y Provecho de la Agricultura;" perhaps, because many of his opinions on these subjects, which are of an every-day character, agree with our own; or, perhaps, because many of the remarks these Discourses contain, remind us of things and scenes still to be witnessed in that most beautiful, but most neglected country, Spain. The Letters upon the subjects of "Qual debe ser la devocion con la Virgen, y con los Santos," and the "Advertencias sobre los Sermones de Misiones," although naturally characterized by what we firmly believe to be the mistaken doctrines of Roman Catholicism, may be read with profit by Christians of any denomination; for differences of opinion upon points of dogma should never blind us to the existence of true devotion, or of real charity, in an author of an opposite opinion to our own. As true Eclectics, we should endeavour to separate the wheat from the tares; and if this rule be borne in mind whilst reading not only Feyjoó's occasional and rare polemical discussions, but many other of the devotional works of the Spanish monks, it strikes us that we should form a truer opinion of their tendency and merits. In the Essay on Church Music, Feyjoó expressed his indignation at the attempts to introduce the profane airs, and the voluptuous style of composition admitted in opera music, to the church service; and he objected even to the presence of violin players and other instrumentalists in choirs. Many of his remarks might even now be well addressed to those entrusted with the direction of the choral service, both in the Church of England and in the Church of Rome, for, too often the oratorios, masses, and anthems, are composed in the style of, and upon the same musical principles as, ordinary operas; and if the subjects were not nominally different, and the mode of representation devoid of scenery and action, we confess that we ourselves can see little distinction between such works as the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini, and some passages of his "Moïse in Egitto." Yet Feyjoó, like a true inhabitant of the South, was a lover of harmony, and in due manner anxious to employ that faculty to the glory of his Maker. So far even Protestants must agree with him; and, indeed, we confess

that we ourselves would also participate in his desire that church music should be perfect of its kind, and become the subject of far more study and cultivation than it usually is; for too often both the church music and the poetry adopted in our country, are offensive to well-educated minds, or even ears. "Whoever is harmonically disposed, delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church music," said old Sir T. Browne, and we partially agree with him too, in the unfavourable opinion he draws of those who oppose the cultivation of this captivating form of devotional expression, it being always understood that we regard it as being merely of the class of ornamental accessories, and that in this case, St. Augustine's phrase should always be borne in mind, that "*pietatem ibi quærebatur, non voluptatem.*" "It is not," says Feyjoó, "that it is desirable to exclude lively, or pleasant music, but only the lively music which is puerile and silly. Music may be at the same time very delightful, as well as noble, majestic, grave, and of a character to excite in its auditors, sentiments of respect and devotion. Or rather, to speak more correctly, the most pleasing and delightful music of all is, that which inspires a gentle tranquillity in the mind, casting it, as it were, upon itself, and elevating it with a kind of rapt ecstasy beyond the body, so as to enable it to soar to heavenly thoughts. This is the pleasing music which St. Augustine considered useful in the church service, whilst speaking of the over severity of St. Athanasius in reproving it; for its real effect is to raise depressed souls from earthly to noble inclinations, '*ut per oblectamenta aurium infirmior animus in affectum pietatis assurgat.*'" (By the way, oddly enough, Feyjoó states in his footnote, that this quotation is taken from lib. 10. Confess. cap. 32: it is from cap. 33.) Alas! the danger St. Augustine referred to in the very next sentence, is of so serious a character, that too often it overweighs the advantages even he himself attached to the use of church music; and we regret that Feyjoó should not have continued the quotation from the wonderful work to which he so frequently alludes. In his terribly severe style of self-analysis, St. Augustine cries, "*tamen cum mihi accidit ut me amplius cantus, quam res quæ canitur, moveat; pœnaliter me peccare confiteor, et tunc mallet non audire cantantem;*" and he ends by saying in true humility: "*Tu autem, Domine Deus meus, exaudi; respice, et vide, et miserere, et sana me, in cujus oculis mihi quæstio factus sum, et ipse est languor meus!*"

St. Augustine makes us forget Feyjoó, which is an injustice to both—one we propose to endeavour to remedy at some future opportunity by a more detailed notice of the life and writings of the

Father thus incidentally alluded to, and we return to our immediate subject by translating the section ix. of the “Discurso sobre la Musica de los Templos.” as a characteristic specimen of the tone and manner of our author. He had previously spoken of the hymns in the vulgar tongue sung in the churches of his country, and he proceeds to say that—

“The disorder in church music already alluded to, is not alone confined to the hymns in the vulgar tongue, but also to the psalms, masses, lamentations, and other parts of divine service, because fashion has thrust itself into all of them. In some of the Lamentations which are learnt, I have seen the changes of air marked by the same names used in songs; and the words ‘grave,’ ‘allegro,’ ‘recitative,’ may be found, as though in a lamentation the whole ought not to be grave. And is it necessary that the air of an opera should be introduced into the representation of the most serious mysteries? If weeping take place in Heaven, Jeremiah must weep again to hear such music applied to his Lamentations! Is it possible that allegros and recitatives can be tolerated in those sacred complaints in which, according to many authorities, grief is expressed not only for the destruction of Judea by the Chaldeans, but also for the punishment of the world for sin, for the affliction of the church militant in its troubles, or finally, for the grief of our Saviour in his Passion? In the Alphabet of the Penitent, as some call the Lamentations of Jeremiah, ought we to hear the airs or sonatas of a feast? With how much more reason may we in such cases exclaim as Seneca exclaimed against Ovid, because he introduced a verse too elegantly turned into his description of the tragic scene of the Deucalian deluge, ‘Non est satis sobria lascivere devorato Orbe terrarum?’ The harp of Nero did not sound so ill whilst Rome was burning, as dancing music sounds whilst the sadder mysteries of religion are being performed!” (He speaks as a Catholic).

“Not only in these cases are the rules of reason cast aside, but also the laws of music are broken through; for these prescribe that the score should be in accordance with the letter; and that, therefore, when the whole of the letter is grave and sad, the music should be grave and sad also.

“It is true that very frequently musicians still offend against this rule, which is one of the most important of all, in every kind of composition; some by defect, others by excess. By defect, they fail who compose music without any attention to the genius of the words; but they do not fall into such gross error as they who, not being composers, do nothing but tack together rags of sonatas, or portions of the compositions of other musicians. They err by excess, who follow the letter with puerile scruple, and try to modify the song so as to suit every phrase in itself, without any reference to the context. I will exemplify this, by an illustration given by P. Kirquer, when endeavouring to correct this abuse. A composer was endeavouring to set to music this verse, *Mors festinat luctuosa*. What did he?

For the words *mors* and *luctulosa*, he used a low, solemn, key ; but in the word *festinat*, which stands in the middle, inasmuch as it signifies celerity and haste, he used so many quavers of the gayest kind as would have excited the dullest jade. Another, if not a worse case occurred with one of the above-mentioned Lamentations, in which the phrase *Deposita est vehementer non habens consolatorem*, is marked *allegro* ! What is there *allegro* in this lamentable fall of Jerusalem, or of the whole human race overwhelmed with the burthen of its sins, and further with the aggravating circumstance of being without consolation in its misfortune ? But the whole fault was thrown upon the adverb *vehementer*, because the musician thought that the idea of vehemence could only be explained by lively music ; and therefore, when he came to it, he hastened his steps and wasted some forty bars in quavers. Whereas this word, considered by itself, required a totally different music, because in this case, it signifies the same as *gravissimè*, expressing energetically that violence with which the city of Jerusalem, borne down by the weight of its sins, fell to the earth with its temples, houses, and walls.

“The celebrated Duron falls into this defect more than any one else, and to this extent, that sometimes in the same couplet, he will vary the movement of the song seven or eight times, as the particular words may themselves vary. And although to do this required considerable skill, which he certainly had, it was very ill applied in such cases.”

This is good criticism and good sense, not for a particular age, but for all time, and the remarks Feyjoó makes on the subject of religious poetry are equally correct ; but it would be impossible for us to convey an adequate opinion of their scope and tendency, unless we were to enter into an elaborate discussion of the Spanish poetry of this description. It may suffice, therefore, to say that Feyjoó appears to have formed such an opinion of the objects and beauties of this branch of poetry, as even any Protestant could subscribe to, and to have considered that the subjects his contemporaries treated with lightness, even if not with neglect, were of an importance too vital to allow of their being made the subjects of the false wit and the strained conceits so much the fashion in his day. Fortunately, English people of every rank of life, and of every form of faith, have an instinctive appreciation of the respect due to religion under any circumstances, and we are never offended here by the shameful parodies which pass elsewhere under the name of Sacred Poetry. Why, as Feyjoó suggests, should not the highest intellect be devoted to a service so holy, a cause so worthy of our most strenuous efforts ?

The discourse “*Sobre los Libros Políticos*” is a curious exemplification of the keenness of perception and *naïveté* of our worthy Benedictine, and of the strange mixture of pedantry and com-

mon sense to be observed throughout his works, as in most of the philosophical works of his age and country. On reading it, we involuntarily ask ourselves, how could a man think so clearly, and yet express himself in such an involved and obscure manner. But however this be explained, our admiration for the man who could overcome the restraints and difficulties of his position, must increase when we fairly weigh all these circumstances; and we confess that, notwithstanding the objections we feel to the tone of some of his remarks, our opinion of Feyjoó's moral rectitude has been more raised by the perusal of this discourse, and of that upon "*la Política mas fina*" in his first volume, than by any of his other productions; simply for the reason that he appears to have expressed more freely his own true and honest individual feelings in them.

The object of the "*Discurso sobre la Política mas fina*," is to prove "against the opinion of all the world, that the most adroit and the safest policy, even for the purposes of this life, is one in strict accordance with the laws of justice and truth." Did Franklin borrow this sentiment from the Spanish monk? or did the same idea suggest itself independently to his mind, when he propounded the demoralizing maxim, that "honesty is the best policy?" We say demoralizing; for in the shape this maxim assumes to the world in general, it appears to counsel honesty, solely because it is the best policy; not because it is right in itself. Feyjoó did not make this mistake in so glaring a manner as the American statesman; but, alas for his age! he could not rise above motives of the earth earthy, or seek for the confirmation of this great moral truth, that "virtue alone is happiness below" in the nobler or purer aspirations of man's immortal soul! Monk, Roman Catholic, and Spaniard as he was, the philosophy of Bayle and Spinoza had "left its trail" upon his mind; and he dwelt alone upon the positive ease, comfort, or the advantages, which a strict adherence to the laws of truth and justice, invariably secure, rather than upon the inevitable conscientious obligation to fulfil them. We said before that men must be judged by their times; and if we apply this rule, we may be more indulgent to Feyjoó's illustrations of his moral code, than we should be were we to examine the productions of authors of more recent date. It would have been hard indeed for a writer upon moral subjects to have erected for himself a very refined standard in the days when the Roman Catholic church persecuted Port Royal, and compelled Fenelon to renounce the doctrines of the Quietists; when Louis XIV, William III., and Victor Amadeus, with the applause and support of Tillotson, Abbadie, and Bossuet, were cheating and over-reaching one another in the most disreputable manner; and, when in fact, the leaven was at

work throughout society, which in the next generation, produced the sad school of Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, J. J. Rousseau, Hume, and Gibbon. Yet Feyjoó was a sincere man, and that quality covers a multitude of faults; we may regret that his leading moral principles were not of a purer and nobler character than they seem to have been; as far as they did lead him, however, having an ultimate reference to a purer code than that of Franklin, they were safer, and more worthy of our assent.

The "Discurso sobre los libros Politicos," was written to prove that it is absurd to learn statesmanship from books, and that no school education can confer the qualities requisite for conducting public affairs. He illustrates these positions, amongst other examples, by the conduct and fate of Richard Cromwell, as compared with those of his father, of whom Feyjoó says, that "he was one of the greatest statesmen the world has ever seen;" and truly the experience furnished to us by the changes and revolutions of Europe since the days when this Essay was written, confirm the truth of the doctrines it contains. "At all times there have been great statesmen without the aid of books, and very mistaken politicians with unlimited stores of learning," which makes us seriously question the correctness of the system of educational competition we in England seem about to enforce. Feyjoó says, that "no one can become a statesman without possessing a noble character, a clear judgment, and a firm virtue, with prudence, activity, and valour." He who is endowed with these qualities, will become a great man, whether he shall have received a profound education or not; he who has them not, may read all the books in the world, without learning how to deal with men, or to bend and control them to his own will. Even Macchiavelli could not secure himself from a miserable old age. The study of Tacitus could not preserve our Charles I. from his fate; nor could Gabriel Naudé teach the ministers of Charles X. the art of safely executing a *coup d'état*.

The "Discurso sobre la Honra y Provecha de la Agricultura," is very curious, and able to inspire serious reflections in the minds, not only of those who are acquainted with the present state of Spain, but also of any one who wishes well for the progress of humanity. At the present day, and in England, we should smile at an author who endeavoured to prove that agriculture was a noble pursuit, and one which the state ought to encourage. The wonderful development of our manufacturing population, and the continually increasing difficulties of providing for its nourishment, have taught us these truths in a manner we cannot for a moment refuse to perceive. The portion of Feyjoó's Essay in which he endeavours to enforce them would,

therefore, have but little interest to us ; but this is far from being the case with the other portions, in which he points out the necessity for improving the processes of agriculture, and for instructing the farmers in the true principles of their art. He dwells eloquently and feelingly upon the desolate state of many parts of his own noble country—a state of desolation, which unfortunately continues to the present day, and it is to be feared will continue so long as the government of that country, for which God has done so much and man so little (that is good at least), shall remain in the hands of the corrupt and bigoted class now paramount. He earnestly calls for teachers who should enable the peasants to cause the howling wastes to smile with plenty ; and indirectly addressing a reproach to the science and literature of his day, he expresses his regret that “many books should be written on general subjects, but none upon agriculture,” and he quotes with feeling, the remarks of Columella, “*Sola res rustica, quæ sine dubitatione proxima et consanguinea sapientiæ est, tam discentibus eget, quam magistris,*” and a little further, “*Agricolationis neque doctores, qui se profitentur, nec discipulos, cognovi.*” The ignorance of the agricultural classes of his native mountains seems to him to be no valid reason why books should not be written upon their pursuits, or why science should not be applied to them. They who could read might teach those who could not do so ; and he replies to the persons who objected that, after all, agriculture was a practical science, and therefore not one of those which could be advanced by the promulgation of abstract theory ; that practice was very often founded upon error, and that many of the opinions of the so-called practical men, were notoriously incorrect ; and he cites as an illustration, the belief in the influence of the moon upon the weather, which oddly enough exists, even in England and France, at the present day. To those who objected that the principles of agriculture were very simple, and that they could be all conveyed in one book, Feyjoó very properly replies, that their assumption was not correct, for every province, nay almost every small locality, required its own peculiar system of agriculture, according to the differences in the soil, the position, and numerous other accidental circumstances. Any one who travels at the present day in “Galicia, Asturias, or the mountains of Leon,” could recognize the truth of the portrait Feyjoó draws of the poverty of the noble race which inhabits those lovely districts, and of the utter neglect which there prevails of all sanitary laws in the dwellings or the habits of the people. In parts of England we could apply the remarks with as much truth as in the north-west of Spain ; and it is interesting too, as indicating the influence of the geological

constitution of a district, upon the happiness of its inhabitants, that whether we turn to England, to France, or to Spain, we find that the indigenous races retain their hold of the portions of the country where the primary, or the plutonic formations occur; that civilization diffuses itself more slowly amongst granitic hills than in the secondary or tertiary plains, and that poverty and filth characterize the dwellers of those regions long after they have disappeared from the other portions of a country. The explanation of all this fact is simple enough, but the universality of the law renders its discussion interesting.

Be all this as it may, Feyjoó suggested a system which he considered would serve to advance the interests of the pursuit he held to be of such vital importance to the state. Like all people who have been educated under the Roman law, he looked to the direct intervention of the state as being essential to remedy evils we Anglo-Normans far more wisely endeavour to obviate by our own exertion. But if we leave out of account the portion of Feyjoó's projects for the advancement of agriculture in his country which refers to the intervention of the central government, we shall find, that substantially, the remainder differs but little in principle from the system adopted by the founders of our agricultural societies, allowances being of course made for the different social organizations and the relative states of civilization in the respective countries, and at the two particular periods. Feyjoó, in fact, proposed that a congress of agriculture, composed of the most enlightened farmers, selected from all parts of the kingdom, in numbers from each province proportioned to its importance, should be regularly convoked in order to discuss the measures it might be advisable to adopt for the general benefit of agriculture, and to recommend to the ministers of the crown the course they should adopt for that purpose. Was there any reminiscence of the mediæval provincial Juntas of Spain floating before the mind's eye of Feyjoó when he made this proposition? or was it inspired only by his own original reflections upon the state of agriculture in Spain? It would now be hard to decide this question—even were it worth the decision; but it is curious that a Spanish monk residing in the midst of the still semi-barbarous mountains of the north-west of Spain, should, even in 1739, have recommended a practical remedy for the neglect of agricultural science, which all our boasted march of intellect has been unable to improve. The only real differences between the system he proposed, and that which the agriculturists of England have actually adopted, are that Feyjoó suggested that his congress should be recognized by the state, whereas we leave ours in a totally unofficial condition; and that one of the

ministers of the crown should be perhaps “presidente de la Junta,” whereas our ministers keep studiously aloof from any interference in matters of this kind, nor do we see any cause to regret that we are left alone in this matter. In Spain, however, it may still fairly be questioned whether any system but that proposed by Feyjoó could effect any permanent good, and alas! it is as much wanted now as it was in his days. When we ourselves travelled upon the banks of the Miño in 1852, we found the agriculture of that inexpressibly rich district in the same state of neglect Feyjoó so eloquently lamented; and, worse than all, we fear that the means of intercommunication between the various portions of the country are now more difficult than they were fifty years since. It is by no means rare to find a variation of even a hundred per cent. in the price of corn in places but a very few miles distant from one another; and very recently famine has raged in Galicia when the harvests of other parts of Spain were of unexampled fertility. Spanish statesmen who are only occupied by the intrigues of that most profligate of all profligate courts, or that most corrupt of all corrupt legislatures, cannot see the remedy to these evils. A congress of agriculturalists would long ere now have found out that roads, canals, improved river navigation, and at a later period, railroads, were essential to the prosperity of the state. Feyjoó cites some of the defects of the agriculture of his days, and of his province, which does not now appear to be really open to the objections he urges; but it is the essence of every system founded upon the principle of national representation, fairly and honestly carried into effect, that the errors it may at first adopt will sooner or later be rejected; and therefore it is that we consider Feyjoó’s proposition to establish a national agricultural congress to have indicated on his part a far seeing appreciation of the difficulties of the question he was then considering, and that it was one which eventually would have been productive of great benefit to his country.

It may, in conclusion, be cited, as a singular instance of the inconsistencies of the human mind, that Feyjoó, who could plead so earnestly for the adoption of means for advancing the true interests of his country, and who, moreover, could write the very elegant “Discurso, o’ paralelo de las Lenguas Castellana y Francesca,” should have also devoted a discourse to the purpose of sneering at “el Amor de la Patria.” Fortunately for our appreciation of the writer’s heart, this discourse is so evidently dictated by his head alone, that we are justified in regarding it as one of the attempts at foreshadowing a species of Utopian cosmopolitanism which M. de Lamartine and the modern French socialists have delighted to honour in words alone, and

to ignore by their practice. There are several of the other discourses to which we are disposed equally to take objection, both on moral and on political grounds; but upon the whole, as we said before, there is such a sterling honesty of intention, and, in the main, so true and sound an appreciation of the bearings of the moral principles discussed, and so much good feeling expressed in their discussion, that attention may again be very properly called to an author whom we in England have too long and too entirely neglected.

“ Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.”

We Englishmen are, unfortunately in some respects, rather too insular and too exclusive in our tastes and studies, and at all times too susceptible of the influences of court and fashion. Of late years those influences have operated in such wise as to confine the studies of the limited number of English readers of foreign literature, to the productions of France and Germany; probably also, reflecting men have been induced to join this stream, on account of the greater vigour and originality of mind observable at the present epoch in those nations. But we can assure our readers that there is a wide field for study in the intellectual development of the Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian races—a field as valuable as it is singular, instructive, and amongst us little known. Spaniards themselves look upon Feyjoó as one of their most sterling authors; and a careful perusal of his works, and of his friend Sarmiento's “*Demonstracion Apologetica*,” has convinced us that their opinion is substantially correct. In commencing thus a series of sketches of the literature of the Latin races, we turned naturally to an author of such mark and eminence; and though we cannot agree entirely with the exalted opinion we have heard expressed by Spaniards, and by Galicians especially, upon the merits of Feyjoó's writings, they have appeared to merit very considerable attention, as well as great and sincere approbation on the score of their generally moral and useful tendency, their sound philosophy, their elegant scholarship (for a monk, be it understood), and for the graces of the style of their composition. Most sincerely do we recommend our readers to return occasionally to the study of Spanish literature in general; and in particular we call their serious attention to the *Essays of Feyjoó*.

ART. II. — *Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel*. Published by the Trustees of his Papers, Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope), and the Right Hon. E. Cardwell, M.P. Part I. *Catholic Emancipation*. Murray.

2. *Sir Robert Peel*. By Guizot. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15th, 1856.

3. *The Political Life of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel*. An Analytical Biography. By Thomas Doubleday. 2 Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

OF the three publications placed in this list, two are remarkable. The third is a well constructed book addressed, and likely to be useful to the general reader. In Peel's Personal Memoirs we have a statesman's justification of himself, not haughtily or vainly written; but simple, manly, generous, and as free from jesuitry as from the traces of self-deception. In Guizot's monograph on Peel, the fallen minister surveys the works and the character of the dead, and amid all the triumphs of his career, only envies him the death that cut it short, suddenly and without the preliminary passage of obscurity and decay. M. Guizot, no longer a practical statesman, has returned to the studies of his youth; he excludes himself, reluctantly, from the high places of public action and power, and avows a sombre jealousy of the fate that brought Peel to the grave at a moment when his political achievements were fresh in the national memory, — when the gratitude of a whole people rewarded him for the loss of party position, — when his last speech was still the talk of the House of Commons, the topic of journalistic debate, — the rival of Lord Palmerston's finest parliamentary effort in the admiration of the country. It is not for us to moralize over the austerity of M. Guizot's regrets. If as an administrator and as a diplomatist, he has been guilty of memorable errors, he expiates them in his fretful and cynical seclusion. He, once the first counsellor of a great realm, is now compelled to study at a distance the political aspects of the times. His ascendancy is gone: the lustre of his position, the power that made him a proud man, the throne he laboured to uphold, the court in which his seriousness appeared grand amid the prevailing frivolity, the courtesies of ambassadors, the correspondence of princes, — all these are gone, and M. Guizot is writing in support of his reputation. What a commentary upon a conspicuous career! M. Guizot, from his involuntary retirement, casts a glance of envy at the *opportunitatem mortis*, the premature catastrophe of a distinguished career, the tomb of Robert Peel.

Peel, however, knew that the assailants of his public character

would not be silenced by his death. The character of a deceased statesman is always the weapon of the party that survives him, and accordingly his personal antagonists have continued, and do continue, to disparage and reproach his name. Moreover, he understood—no man understood better—that the three points of his career most likely to become the topics of historical debate were those at which his conduct might be considered weak and inconsistent, if not inexplicable. It would be remembered, and his political adversaries would lay great emphasis upon the fact, that he had defended the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and had abandoned it; that he had resisted the Reform Bill to the last vote of the House of Commons, and had assented to its passage through the House of Lords; that he had fortified, if he had not actually constructed, a great party to maintain the principle of the Corn Laws, and had, in the open field, divided from that party, and gone over to the opposition, leading his personal friends and followers after him. In his conscience, Sir Robert Peel believed that this policy was justifiable. He undertook to justify it, not in his own lifetime, but to his surviving contemporaries, and to the next generation; and with that object, his Memoirs were composed. Upon public opinion in our times this apologetic record will have, has had already, a marked and satisfactory effect. In the third generation, the historian will take charge of Peel's character; ordinary readers will then cease to consult documents or parliamentary journals; and we can only hope that the historian will be generous in his estimate of acts and motives.

Sir Robert Peel was the victim of a factious education. The political bigotry of his father was intense beyond the conception of any one but a thorough-bred Tory. His early associations fostered in his mind a set of artificial opinions totally at variance with the natural formation of his character. His position, when he entered parliament, was made for him. Placed, at an immature age, in command of a phalanx, the phalanx seemed to propel its leader, until, in the thick of the engagement, he saw that defeat might be safety, and victory ruin. Then, the strongest combatant, the one least influenced by personal fears, surrendered the cause; the opposition triumphed, and Peel was accused as a traitor. Twice accused, however, before the crowning act of his life, he proved to the Tories that they could not exist as a great party without him. They might have the reliquary Eldon, the Bishops of Limerick and Oxford, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Derby, and that Saturnian commoner who trod in the footsteps of Peel until his final separation from the party, and then rushed into his place, and challenged him. Mr. Disraeli had succeeded in making Radicalism

ridiculous ; he now seemed bent on making Toryism disgraceful. It was not the desertion of the Corn Laws, but the preference of Smyth and Gladstone to himself, in 1841, that seemed present in his mind when he spoke of "the great parliamentary middleman," "the political pedlar ;" when he said, "cunning is not caution ; or habitual perfidy high policy of state," and when he advised Peel to "stick to quotations," because he never quoted a passage which was not a familiar and a favourite one in the House of Commons. Now, from his tomb, the parliamentary middleman replies to the insolent asperities of the men who have assailed him. The Memoir on Catholic Emancipation does not, of course, touch the ground over which Mr. Disraeli revelled in his parliamentary elegiacs on the abolished prohibitive laws ; but the measure of 1829 was as bitterly abused as the measure of 1846, so that the tenor of the one vindication may be judged from the tenor of the other. Both were written after an interval of calm contemplation. In the first, we are bound to say, there is not an ungenerous or rancorous word. Peel sometimes lets fall his adversaries with an avowed disregard of their anger, of their capacities, and of their opinions ; but this was inevitable. There were sections of men in the legislature that he could neither respect nor fear. He thought so, and he says so ; but not with oblique, malevolent allusion. All that he expresses is a little well-bred, unembittered irony.

We are not now speaking of opinions, but of character. Most of our readers will, probably, consult Peel's personal history, and trace for themselves the change and progress of his mind. Yet it may not be useless to examine the Memoir in comparison with the result of previous analyses, and ascertain how far Peel's public life, as bearing on his character, consists with the views that have been formed of him by the historical critics of our age. Mr. Doubleday, a conscientious and meritorious writer, describes Sir Robert Peel as a paradox, except to those who are willing to admit an essential defect in his character. Following the positive traces of his policy, as they are exhibited in our legislative annals, Peel certainly appears to have vacillated and wavered—to have followed a tortuous course—to have continually left the path of the Tories, crossed the path of the Whigs, and returned to execute, upon a similar occasion, a similar manœuvre. His mind wanted unity ; his acts wanted purpose ; he sailed as a navigator would sail, who, without chart or compass, sounded as he went, listening to the call from the mast-head, and steering by extempore instructions. Mr. Doubleday thus proceeds to sum up :—

"It seems quite certain that his fame can never be that of a great

minister, although in his own time he has been styled 'great' by those who compared with him the lesser men who were his opponents. When compared with the leaders of the Whig party, his superiority is at once manifest; but calm reflection will show that this superiority rested on his possession of two or three highly available, but not great qualities, of which his rivals were destitute, or nearly so. His knowledge of mankind, of the immediate tendency of events, and of the bent of public opinion, was beyond that of all men of his time; and this joined to great administrative talents, was the source of his wonderful influence over the House of Commons, and the political parties to which he attached himself."

This is Mr. Doubleday's verdict. But it must be remembered that, as a politician, Mr. Doubleday is inordinately exclusive. His interest in Catholic Emancipation, his interest in the Reform Bill, his interest in the Corn Laws, bear no comparison with his interest in the Currency; and his interest in the Currency places him at a point of view diametrically opposite to that which, from an early period of his life, was adopted and developed into a policy by Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Doubleday is a theoretical financier, a member of an old economical school, who could compose an essay in Arabic numerals, or arrive by a logarithmic process at the constitution of a statesman's mind. The centre of his ideas is a fixed Currency; the circumference, Bank paper; the substance, Bullion. To appreciate Mr. Doubleday's judgment on Peel, therefore, we must bear in mind that he regards him askance, and, whether writing of the Corn Laws, of Emancipation, or of the Reform Bill, is remembering and regretting "the rash act of 1819."

So far Mr. Doubleday. What is M. Guizot's opinion? Peel, says M. Guizot, had no political theory, or more strictly, no theory constructed upon broad and logical principles. He lived in the light of the present. He consulted facts at every step. He regulated his political conduct by exigencies, not by general views. This, so far as one aspect of Peel's character is concerned, may be stated as M. Guizot's verdict. Is it true? Is it corroborated by the Memoir? Does Peel say, or imply, anything that is equivalent to it?

We think he does. He took the constitution as he found it, reared by the old political parties, solid and unshaken after the passage of a storm across continental Europe; he was impressed above all things by the conviction that to propose change was unwise; but he practically understood, at a later stage, that to resist change might be dangerous. The points for consideration are, then, whether he was originally right in resisting all change; whether, when change had become to all appearance inevitable, he was right in ceasing to oppose, and even volun-

teering to assist it, and whether some important element was not wanting in his character which prevented him, though he had received lesson after lesson in practical politics, from adopting broad plans of reform, and applying to the general body of public questions, the principles he had conceded at the crisis of every great and special discussion within his experience.

We cannot avoid treating as a total fallacy the opinion that radical changes are at all times unwise. The argument against innovation in the abstract has been surrendered, of course, by every section of politicians, except the few lingering shadows of the Winchelsea and Redesdale connexion. But it is necessary, and has been demonstrated to be necessary, by the experience of the last twenty-five years, to walk continually and boldly in the direction of reform. Sir Robert Peel accepted this maxim in particular cases; but it was only in the mellow afternoon of his career—its evening was out short—that he seemed to have made up his mind to a *policy* of liberalism. Why was this? Because his father was a settled, immutable Tory. Because he was attended into public life by the opinions of Addington, Eldon, Perceval, Bexley, Castlereagh, and Liverpool. Because the weight of Eton and of Oxford was upon his mind. Because scholastic, collegiate, family, personal, parliamentary, and cabinet influences formed him into a Tory. But there were two sets of Tories, and he belonged to the advanced and refined set. He refused to act merely in the interest of the country gentlemen—"fox hunters," as he called them—and was continually at issue with his private friends because his speeches did not flame with senseless rhapsodies against all proposals of reform. He considered the bad effect of a bad argument even on the House of Commons, among men, as he expressed it, "who know very little of the matter, care not much about it, half of whom have dined, or are going to dine, and are only forcibly struck by that which they instantly understand without trouble."

When the Test and Corporation Acts were about to disappear from the category of unjust and insolent legislation, Peel was importuned by the exaggerated advocates of exclusion to employ every kind of wholesale and violent reasoning against the contemplated measures of repeal. He parried the requisition with his usual coolness and dexterity: "The Commons will pass repeal. Is it advisable for the Church that repeal should be rejected by the Lords." He then considered the prospect of being victorious or of being beaten. "Your line," he wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, "is a high line, and a good line. Now a high line and a good line is the best possible if it succeeds, and is supported by a large majority. But if it fails?"

Peel was here tampering with his convictions. He knew the struggle to be hopeless, and desired to soften the repulse, and to leave open a doubt whether a more vigorous opposition might not have influenced the result. Again, there is some resemblance to a mental reserve in the following: "I do not say there ought to be equality of civil privileges; all I say is, that I should be sorry to rest the question of our Establishment upon that issue." He did not say it; but did he think it? And, if he thought it, why did he not say it? At that time he professed the existence of a doubt in his own mind whether Lord John Russell and Lord Brougham were not inimical in their "private sentiments," to the very origin and basis of a state church. He feared lest the approximation of so many sections of politicians, hitherto divided on the principle of religious liberty, might not leave the Conservative party in isolation, and opposed to a vast and united body, capable of seizing the government, and holding it uninterruptedly for several sessions. He not only regarded the special point under debate; he calculated the effect of identifying with a Whig policy so many men whose talent "must influence the future decisions of the House of Commons."

The serious part of his vindication, however, must not be omitted from view at this stage of the narrative:—

"I deliberately affirm that a minister of the crown, responsible at the time of which I am speaking for the public peace and the public welfare, would have grossly and scandalously neglected his duty if he had failed to consider whether it might not be possible that the fever of political and religious excitement which was quickening the pulse and fluttering the bosom of the whole Catholic population, should inspire the serf of Clare with the resolution and energy of a freeman—which had in the twinkling of an eye made all considerations of personal gratitude—ancient family connection—local preferences—the fear of worldly injury—the hope of worldly advantage, subordinate to the one absorbing sense of religious obligation and public duty; whether, I say, it might not be possible that the contagion of that feverish excitement might spread beyond the barriers which, under ordinary circumstances, the habits of military obedience, and the strictness of military discipline, oppose to all such external influences."

That is the thought developed at large in the Memoir, which abounds in proofs, historical and official, in private and in public forms, from confidential letters, and from newspaper reports, that a religious conflict of unappeasable and irrepressible violence must have ensued had the ascendancy of the dominant church been permitted, by the statesmen at the head of affairs, to stand in the way of all concession whatever. The discussion

had been removed from its original ground. From 1812 to 1827, Catholic Emancipation was the subject of divided opinion throughout the country, and an open question in the cabinet. That was the basis of Lord Liverpool's administration. When Canning became premier he resolved to adopt a similar course. At that moment Peel did not foresee the consummation of the struggle which had been waged, and which had now approached its crisis. He would not embark, he said, under the pilotage of a prime minister who was notoriously disposed to concede the Catholic claims. This was a proof of the failing, not concealed in this Memoir, namely, that of being unable to understand, at a distance, the signs of the times when they concerned great proposals of change. "It might have been difficult to rebut that charge," is the confession of Sir Robert Peel. The seceders from Canning's ministry joined him; he led the House of Commons under the Duke of Wellington; the storm rose high; the party of Emancipation was making rapid progress in the House of Commons; but so much more rapid was their progress out of doors that it became reasonable to anticipate the possibility of a collision between the social and executive elements of the state. Peel's testimony as to the condition of public feeling is unequivocal. The ultra-Tories, for whose dissatisfaction he cared little, placed the matter in this light: "The Protestant constitution in church and state must be maintained at all hazards and by any means: the maintenance of it is a question of principle, and every concession or compromise is the sacrifice of principle to a low and vulgar expediency."

By what means, then, and at what hazard, was this Protestant constitution, in the Tory sense of the term, to be maintained in Ireland?

"Again, I can anticipate the reply: by the overwhelming sense of the people of Great Britain—by the application, if necessary, of physical force, for the maintenance of authority—by the employment of the organized strength of government, the police, and the military, to enforce obedience to the law."

Whatever may have been his motives, inordinate love of power was not among them. Twice he resigned his position as a cabinet minister, and leader of the House of Commons; and twice the Duke of Wellington persuaded him to remain. The entire body of the ministers then placed their resignation in the hands of the king, and the king, who had only just declared that he never could or would deviate from the policy of his father, abandoned that policy, and invited Peel to propose, in his name, to the astonished parliament, the political emanci-

pation of the Roman Catholic population in the British dominions. An outbreak of anger followed. Peel lost his seat for Oxford, and nearly lost his seat for Westbury. The Bishop of Limerick offered to die for the Protestant ascendancy. The minister was accused of selfishness, of pusillanimity, of perfidy :—

“This is a very delicate matter to discuss ; but why have I deferred for twenty years the vindication of my conduct ? Why have I consented to submit for that long period, to every reproach which malice, or mistake, or blindness to the real state of affairs, could direct against me, except in the hope that the time would come (I cared little whether I were in the grave or not when it should come), when delicate matters might safely be discussed, and when, without prejudice to the public interests, or offence to private feelings, the whole truth might be spoken ? ”

There is much force in his statement of the alternative that might have been preferred :—

“If I had been stimulated by personal ambition—that sort of ambition, I mean, which is content with the lead of a political party, and the possession of official power—I might have encouraged and deferred to the scruples of the sovereign, and might have appealed to the religious feelings of the country to rally round the throne for the maintenance of the Protestant religion, and the protection of the Royal Conscience.”

Pitt, Castlereagh, Grattan, Burke, had argued this question ; Sir Robert Peel resisted their arguments ; but, in 1829, Emancipation seemed to him the price of national peace :—

“It may be that I was unconsciously influenced by motives less perfectly pure and disinterested, by the secret satisfaction of being,

“‘—— when the waves went high,
A daring pilot in extremity.’

But at any rate it was no ignoble ambition which prompted me to bear the brunt of a desperate conflict, and, at the same time, to submit to the sacrifice of everything dear to a public man, excepting the approval of his own conscience, and the hope of ultimate justice.”

We have not touched the general question of the Catholic Relief Bill, or presented our own view of its historical results. We have confined ourselves to an exposition of the Peel papers referring to that great parliamentary event. With a slight additional notice of M. Guizot's essay, and of Mr. Doubleday's historical view, we may close the analysis. Peel, says the French statesman, who had many opportunities of conversing with him, in 1840, seemed to be animated, on all occasions, by a natural love of honour and justice, to have been impressed

with a confused feeling of sympathy and fear, by the events of the French Revolution of 1789, to have withdrawn from the narrow creed of the old Tory party, and to occupy himself, earnestly and incessantly, with the interest of the working classes in England. "Through the political reserve of the minister, the emotions of the man continually penetrated." In illustration of this remark, he quotes some interesting observations that fell from the British Premier in the course of a private colloquy. "I perceive," said Peel, "widely spread sufferings, and as widely spread perplexities among the industrious orders of the people. They are the danger and shame of our civilization. It is positively necessary to render the condition of the working man more happy and less dependent on daily chances. I know we cannot do all that may seem good; but we can do something, and we are bound to do what we can." If M. Guizot understood these words, that was the idea which marked for Sir Robert Peel the direction of his future policy.

And now a few words, parenthetically, to the rigid conservative party, on the successes of the Church of Rome. It is this party that still haunts the tomb of Sir Robert Peel with deep-drawn expletives of vituperation, partly on account of his abandonment of the Corn Laws, partly on account of his concession of Emancipation without securities. Setting that point aside, is the Conservative party a real bulwark of the Reformation, of pure doctrine, of practical religious liberty? The principle of a state church is a fundamental approximation to the papal heresy, and, proceeding from this, there are innumerable correspondences between the Anglican and Roman churches, which it is the avowed object of Conservatism to perpetuate. By tracing all spiritual practices to one official source, by constituting the Christian ministry into a priesthood, by preaching the doctrine of sacramental efficacy, and something very like the doctrine of the real presence, as well as verging in their modes of worship towards the ceremonials of the Popedom, have not our privileged champions of Protestantism done all in their power to disparage its pure doctrines, and to substitute a mutilated and barbarously decorated form of religious ritual for the simple and perfect institutions of original Christianity? Not to insist on these points, which might lead us beyond our purpose, we may glance, in another light, at the *Protestant* policy of Conservatism. What has been its influence on the Protestantism of Europe during the last forty years? Has it not sedulously flattered and supported the principles of the Holy Alliance? And now, when a vast scheme of Concordats appears, about to radiate from the Roman centre to the various Catholic states, uniting them in the most formidable league ever known,

against the progress of liberal ideas in religion and politics, on which side is the co-operation of England exerted, with the sanction and sympathy of the Conservative party? Austria enjoys the systematic, though indirect, co-operation of Great Britain. Enormous aggressions against the religious liberty of nations are made without a protest from the zealous friends of the Reformation. In France the principles of the *Unicers* are enforced by a military and penal machinery; in Italy, Hungary, and Transylvania, an anti-Protestant Crusade is carried on with terrible violence; even in Piedmont the fires of the Inquisition are not completely quenched;—yet the Tory party is the assiduous sycophant of military despotism on the Continent, which exists through the aid of the Roman Catholic Church, and at the same time,—at this very moment,—is reviving the accusation against Sir Robert Peel, that he capitulated to Catholicism, and weakened, by his policy, the Protestant securities and Anglican institutions of the realm.

To represent this as his deliberate object is ridiculous. He was only too zealous in favour of the Establishment and of Episcopalian privileges. To represent it as a policy of chance is equally absurd. It was, as Mr. Doubleday suggests, a concession of principle which three-fourths of the Irish nation had made up their minds should be conceded. Mr. Doubleday goes on to describe the state of parties and opinions in reference to this subject:—

“An avalanche of petitions for and against the claims of the Catholics loaded the table of the House, and scenes of the most violent character were enacted at the county and other public meetings all over the country. Nor would it be easy to refute the oft-repeated assertion and asseveration, that ministers, on this occasion, had not a majority of the people with them. They had with them those of their ordinary supporters that made a point of supporting a government to which they were accustomed to defer; they had with them, also, the whole of the Whig and extreme Liberal party, and a portion of the moderate or Low Churchmen; they had, also, a few liberal dissenters, Unitarians, Quakers, and Presbyterians; and a few of the moderate Established clergy and liberal dissenting ministers. But against them the majority of the old High Church Tories, a large portion of the established Scotch Churchmen, the whole of the High Church clergy, a portion of the Low Church or moderate clergymen, the whole of the Evangelical clergy, and nearly all the Baptist and Methodist congregations with their ministers.”

The accuracy of this statement may be questioned; but, as we have said, it is the personal question that is now under review, and the weight of a large party was certainly thrown into the scale to assist Sir Robert Peel, when he undertook to

vindicate his concession of the Catholic claims. It seems to follow that, setting aside the abstract propriety of the act of 1829, Sir Robert Peel was justified by his education in his early opposition to concession and reform, and that he was justified by circumstances in changing his course. But why did he never become, systematically and reflectively, a liberal reformer? That is less a question of conduct than of character. He was scarcely fitted to become a liberal reformer. The Tory root had struck deep into his mind. He had inherited its prejudices; his opinions were those of the Oxford cloister. But, in cases of political emergency his advice to the Bishop of Durham might have been applied to himself. He was resolved "to trust to his own judgment, and not to that of Lord Redesdale, Lord Winchelsea, or the Duke of Newcastle."

M. Guizot, as we have shown, does not attribute to Sir Robert Peel the possession of a large political system regulated by precise ideas. But his estimate of him as a statesman is not the less exalted. This is natural. Between his own character and that of the British minister there was a strong resemblance. Twelve days before his death Peel had uttered a touching and generous eulogy on the public conduct of M. Guizot. He did not live to hear the response, which is composed in the writer's peculiar, melancholy, almost morbid style:—

" 'Wise and renowned counsellor of a free people!' Thus, on the morrow of his death, his country praised him. I will say *happy* as well as *glorious*—happy in the end, no less than in the varied course of his career, despite the fatal accident that brought it to a violent close. For forty years Sir Robert Peel had been engaged in the political arena, perpetually contending, oftentimes vanquishing. On the eve of his death, though still in the arena, he stood in tranquil dignity, spreading from his place in Parliament the tone of a long experience over the politics of his country. There he enjoyed serenely that ascendant influence admitted and accepted by all. And he died, regretted by sovereign and people, respected and admired by the adversaries whom he had overthrown, as well as by the friends who had conjured with him.

"God rarely accords to one man so many favours. He had gifted Peel at his birth with high mental faculties as well as fortune. He had given him a place in such an epoch, that his great qualities might be exercised with success in great affairs. After the final triumph, he recalled him suddenly, without diminishing his power or glory; like a noble workman who, completing his labours at the close of the day, goes at once to receive his supreme reward from the master whom he has served so well."

This is essentially French in spirit, French in manner. But it is not an ungraceful tribute from the statesman in retirement to the memory of the statesman in the tomb.

It must not be supposed, however, that we are yet in possession of materials sufficient to justify a final decision on the public character of Sir Robert Peel. His *Memoirs on the Administration of 1833*, and on the *Corn Laws*, remain to be published. Moreover, his literary trustees refuse to publish, before a long interval has elapsed, some documentary matter of the highest interest which is in their possession. We must wait awhile then, as a critic in *The Athenæum* has already observed, "for the pure light of history" to shine on the name of Sir Robert Peel.

ART. III.—*Freston Tower : a Tale of the Times of Cardinal Wolsey.* By the Rev. R. Cobbold, A.M., B.D. ("Run and Read Library.") London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

2. *The Monk.* By Mrs. Sherwood. ("Run and Read Library.")

3. *Holiday House : a Tale for the Young.* By Catherine Sinclair. ("Run and Read Library.")

4. *Nellie of Truro : a Tale from Life.* London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1856.

5. *Rosalie ; or, the Truth shall make you Free.* An authentic narrative of Mademoiselle Bertin Depriester. With an Introduction by the Rev. Joseph Ridgeway. 2nd Edition. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1856.

6. *Good, Better, Best ; or, the Three Ways of making a Happy World.* By the Rev. I. Alexander, D.D., New York. With Introductory Notice, by the Rev. R. S. Candlish, D.D. London: T. Nelson and Sons. 1856.

7. *Clerical Economics ; or, Directions Social, Rural, and Household, showing how Ministers and others of Limited Incomes may ruin the whole Platform of their Order.* By J. Aiton, D.D. 2nd Edition. Johnstone and Hunter. 1856.

THE number of religious or semi-religious publications of the character indicated in the titles of the first six books which we have prefixed to this article, has of late years so increased as to form a special element in the religious history of our country. They exhibit an attempt to adapt religious truth so as to make it food "for the million ;" to make religion popular by presenting it in an attractive garb, or to gain admittance for religious controversies and special points by disguising them in some story, where otherwise the very mention of such controversies would have been scouted, and the "special points" summarily dismissed. In some respect this tendency in religious

ture corresponds to one which pervades every other department. Cheap and popular serials take the place of thorough treatises, pamphlets (although, they may not be called such, for the one is unpopular) that of books, while everybody knows everything about every subject, having picked up crumbs of disjointed information in a stray popular lecture, in an article or review. Truth, as we are generally under temptation to go to extremes in all matters, so in this also. If it would be deemed entirely out of the way of a "General of division" to have any practical notions of hutting or feeding men and horses, so some time ago could not have been expected that a person who had specially devoted himself to one branch, should possess acquaintanceship with more than the rudiments—sometimes not even with them of another. We are now going to the opposite extreme. A snatch at everything is the rule; a course of popular lectures must embrace everything, and every topic from the creation of the world and the fall of Adam, to the latest discoveries at some learned society and the restitution of all things. We bid fair to realize the "ex omnibus aliquid, ex nihil," unless a healthy reaction ensue—and of this, we are, that we can already perceive the first signs.

The mania for "popularization" manifests itself principally in this: whatever you say, you must say it in an attractive manner, or rather in a form adapted to the taste of the moment. Whatever you write or speak, though its value be absolutely nothing, write or speak attractively; paint, daguerotype, give word-pictures, though they be but word-pictures. Let us not be misunderstood. We repudiate all dryness, stiffness, and formality. We dislike the circumlocutions of our German friends, when at the beginning of a sentence, as in that of a lane, you do not know where you may end, and where *à propos* of a head-ache, you may be treated to a digression of twenty pages on the appearance and possible or impossible inhabitants of the moon. We desiderate a style clear and perspicuous, where the author communicates to his readers exactly what he means, and gives them an opportunity to understand what he wishes to convey. By all means let him explain and illustrate, but withal let him avoid verbosity, let him forget that illustration is but illustration, a means which he may use, but not the end which he is to prosecute. It needs no argument, it only requires an appeal to reflection to convince the reader that in proportion as painting is the main object in view, the style becomes laboured and cumbrous, instead of easy and flowing, while the subject-matter of the book generally suffers in the same degree. Historical verity must suffer in proportion as you desire and attempt to paint. In this respect, "truth is stranger than fiction," and where you wish to

exciting than truth. Unable to perceive poetry or reality, when presented to them, they will at least stare at, if they cannot be moved by coarse fictions. The colouring of theatrical decorations has for some more real attraction than all the variegated tints and exquisite beauties of nature. To elevate such, you need not try the impossible task of addressing them through their favourite media; you must address yourself to their minds and hearts. Educate these, and the rest will closely follow; neglect these, and all the rest will be in vain. You do not pour oil upon the troubled waters; you mistake it; these are not troubled waters, but a raging flame which your oil can only feed. Hence, we have still our scarlet-coloured stories, and last, though, alas, not least, we are getting our scarlet-coloured religious stories.

Let not the reader deem us uncharitable; we believe that in presenting a truthful picture of the faults and dangers of our "Popular Religious Literature" (and it is to these we chiefly advert), we are performing a painful duty. Since, then, with the "trade" and the "public" a good religious book must be a *popular* book, what are its essential qualities? Its contents are comparatively of little moment with many, have it much or little thought, much or little truth. If it contains something *new*, so much the better. Its style must be in the best water-colour; if a story, so much the more promising. And then for a title! The title is one of the most important points. "Days" and "Nights," "Clouds" and "Rainbows," "Lamps," "Sounds" and "Voices,"—in short, the odd, the remarkable, best of all the terrific—such is the desideratum. In truth, title-making, like shirt-making, has become a trade, and you may as well expect a book without a striking title to sell, as a crow without wings to fly. We deny not that books of the kind to which we have adverted may have their use. But, in point of fact, they have almost wholly engrossed the religious public, they have become the substitutes for every other kind of religious reading. It is a fact well known to every agriculturist, that weeds spread with uncommon rapidity, and that unless immediately checked, they almost hopelessly overrun the ground. These little religious books and stories, which might have had their use if kept in their own place, threaten to overrun the whole ground, and to banish almost everything that is deeper or better, or at least to prevent it from receiving the attention or awakening the interest which it deserves. Let the reader make trial of it for himself. Before writing this article we resolved to make an experiment, and accordingly asked two leading religious booksellers to send us on sight the most popular religious books in their stores, which had appeared within the last few years. Accordingly,

two immense parcels arrived, which contained, with very few exceptions, nothing but books filled with religious platitudes and pseudo-spiritual trash. We say there were exceptions, for we had "The Successful Merchant," "The Christian Life," "Hours of Thought," "Captain Vicars's Memoirs," and a number of others which we have highly appreciated. But the vastly preponderating were religious stories, or books filled with the merest platitudes. The sight reminded us not a little of an incident in the Crimea, for the authenticity of which we can vouch: A certain missionary engaged in distributing religious tracts, &c., had received a large supply from home; the first step which our friend took, was to read the various articles sent, the next, to dig a deep hole, and to bury the largest part of them.

When the reader bears in mind that these books are perused by thousands, and constitute their principal religious mental food, he can easily infer the consequences. The mere repetition of religious common-places and generalities can do no good: it does harm. It acts as a soporific upon the conscience, and substitutes a morbid sentimentalism for spiritual reality and earnestness. It excites the feelings, and produces the drawling, the dolorous, or the self-satisfied, instead of "Life in Earnest." Again, the representations of the wants and ills of society which these books contain, are as defective as the remedies which they propose are superficial. In many cases they ignore the vast gulph which amongst us separates classes; in still more numerous instances they have not apprehended the state of the world, or the mission of the Christian and of the Church; most frequently they attempt a cure without having explored the disease, being properly acquainted with the remedy, or having even approached the patient. The handshaking with the white glove on the hand, which may not be defiled by contact with the unwashed or the hardwrought—the Christianity which recognizes differences of caste, and says to the man with the gold ring, "Sit thou here," and to the poor, "Sit at my footstool,"—the not descending to the wants of men—the doling out of a theological penny, instead of hand to hand and heart to heart, is, we will not trust ourselves to say, a hypocritical grimace, but certainly an excrescence on the good tree which the Lord had planted. In this respect we need a reformation, not in externals, but in internals, a penetrating of the leaven of the Gospel—and especially truth in the inner and outer man.

Another and a special objection which we have to religious stories lies in this, that most of them are, in different form, the same thing over again. "*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*," may be applied to most of these compositions. Withal,

they are unreal stories. The good and the bad, the religious and the irreligious characters are such as are never to be met in real life. Nobody has ever seen them, and if the reader does not succeed in fancying himself, or somebody he specially admires, as the perfect hero or heroine of the book, the only alternative left to him is, either that the religious sketches of life there presented are false, or that religious life is something which has no actual existence. The American stories, especially, can be summed up in one sentence. There is a perfect hero or heroine, not a fault, not a slip, not a mistake, perhaps from childhood upwards; and, by his or her instrumentality, everybody else becomes in the most unaccountable manner at last *perfectly* good. Such is the outline of almost all these stories which we have read. It is the same set of tunes which are played off on the religious barrel-organ, in every town and in every street, and a tedious enough tune it is after all.

If the reader have thought us too severe, let him bear in mind that the evil is real, growing, and requires to be checked. If he wishes to convince himself of its existence, let him examine the store of any religious bookseller and ask for particulars. We have purposely omitted reference to individual authors in our strictures; if the principles are correct, their application cannot be difficult. Having thus cleared our way by a preliminary caveat, we shall attempt to put the reader in possession of the purport, and of our estimate of the books of which we have as yet only mentioned the titles.

"Freston Tower" is a story from the times of Cardinal Wolsey, and connected with an old castle on the banks of the Orwell, near Ipswich. The tale describes at the same time the youth and career of Cardinal Wolsey, and some stirring incidents connected with the Reformation. "Freston Tower" forms one of the issue known as the "Run and Read Library," and bears on it "149th Thousand." It is not said whether this number has reference to the whole issue of that library, or only to this particular book; either way, it has appeared to us an unusual and undeserved figure. Freston Tower is in the occupation of Lord de Freston and of his lovely daughter, Ellen, who, by the way, is something of a blue-stocking. Young Wolsey, who is soon to distinguish himself at Oxford, is patronized by them, and falls deeply in love with Ellen. But he meets with a successful rival in his class-fellow, William Latimer, cousin to Hugh Latimer, the martyr. Accordingly, Wolsey resolves to become a priest, and to seek an outlet for his energies in ambition. Having, himself, performed the marriage ceremony between Ellen and Latimer, he returns to Oxford, and gradually emerges the Cardinal. We must be allowed to say that his appearance

throughout is far from natural. However, in the meantime, our friends at Freston Tower have become sound Protestants, and Lord de Freston is ultimately brought up to London to answer for his heresies. By the intervention of Wolsey he escapes from the clutches of the bishops. The whole family spend a most happy day with the Cardinal, who, on this the last day of his grandeur, has apparently laid aside his assumed character with all his reserve, and is entirely himself again. But, on their return to Freston, new calamities await them. A bigoted Roman Catholic lady, who bears deep enmity to the Frestons, is told by her confessors a very curious story about the flames of seven dedicated candles dividing, one half forming the letter E, which is suddenly extinguished. The lady takes this as an omen that Ellen is to be extinguished, and gets incendiaries, on Christmas Eve, to set fire to Freston Castle. Old Lord de Freston falls down dead, but Latimer and Ellen escape, sell their properties, and all ends well. So far, then, it will be allowed the story is not badly planned, but the incidents and characters are sometimes unnatural, the digressions many and not very interesting, the remarks often trite, the poetry, of which there is not a little, not always in the best taste, and the style often turgid. But with all these exceptions, "Freston Tower" is a readable book, and gives a good idea of the times which it describes. No doubt it might be considerably improved. Indeed, we had marked a number of passages which might safely be shortened or omitted. Such alterations would make the book more fluent and attractive.

If we cannot give a decided recommendation or the opposite to "Freston Tower"—a book of which the aim far exceeds the execution—we can have no hesitation about our judgment of "The Monk." "The Monk" is neither more nor less than a *horrible* story, full of unnatural and shocking incidents. The hero, a spiritual Jack Sheppard contrives to kill not less than four individuals, all his intimate friends and relations, and by a hairbreadth misses murdering two others. However, it is a comfort to know that a person naturally endowed with such absolute scoundrelism—devoid of affection, conscience, and principle—can so readily turn good as our hero does in the end of the story, and when he does turn good he "returns again to the bosom of that gentle mother, the Church of England, from whom he tore himself with a petulance and self-conceit of which he now blushes to think," (p. 356). The reader will allow that matters could not end more charmingly for all parties, the more so as all, murderer and murdered, have become pious in the end. The object of the story seems to us three-fold: first and principally, it details the horrors of Romanism; secondly,

it is meant to show that Puseyism, or at least High-Churchism is the way to Popery ; and finally, in opposition to Popery, High-Churchism, and Dissent, the latter in its exclusive claims being frequently compared to Popery as its other and corresponding extreme, it is meant to shew that Evangelical views in communion with the Church of England are the safest and the best for clergy and people. The two first propositions we, of course, readily admit. Of the third, we will only say that we are neither so bigoted as to deny that Evangelical views in connexion with *any* Protestant church are good or safe, nor so ignorant of Dissent as to take "Mr. Watson" as the proper representative of a Dissenting preacher. Indeed, if the whole performance were not so weak as to render it needless to discuss Mrs. Sherwood's statements in detail, we could have no difficulty in showing how one-sided and unjust her representations of Dissent and of Dissenters are. But irrespective of this, does Mrs. Sherwood not see that to decry Protestant sects and parties is the likeliest means of assisting Popery ? It is, indeed, difficult to say whether the narrow-mindedness, bigotry and injustice of those, who instead of looking to our points of agreement, elevate what in themselves can only be very minor differences into cardinal points, is more sad or culpable. We have, of course, our own views of church government and church arrangement ; but in the common duty which rests on all Protestants we feel that these may safely occupy a secondary place, and we are ready together with all who love the truth, to do battle against the two great foes which threaten our common Christianity—Papal superstition, and anti-Christian infidelity and irreligion.

To return. The three objects which Mrs. Sherwood has in view in her performance, are of course embodied in three persons. Popery is represented by the Father Juliano Giovanni Sacripanti and his coadjutors ; High-Churchism by the hero of our story, the Honourable Edmund Etherington, his father (the dean of something), and Mr. Short, an examining chaplain ; Evangelism appears in the persons of the Rev. Henry Clifford, and of a good bishop ; Dissent is represented, or rather *mis*-represented by a Dr. Watson, together with sundry hits at Dr. Watts's hymns, &c. So far for the arrangement, and now for the story. Our hero is the younger son of a dean, and connected with the aristocracy. Being the cleverest and handsomest of the family he is spoiled, and at an early age, becomes heir to considerable property. There is an understanding in the family, that Eustace, our hero's elder brother, is to be married to Savona the elder of two daughters of Lord C——, the uncle of the Etheringtons, and Edmund, our hero, to Emmeline the second, both of course lovely, but the one essentially an Italian,

the other a Briton, in character and beauty. From his earliest childhood Edmund manifests the scoundrel in marked degree. Wherever he can, he wantonly wounds, offends, tells lies, disobeys—in short he is the impersonation of low rascality, to all which his father's High-Churchism together with sundry nursery stories about hell and perdition, and rhymes such as Dr. Watts', &c., may—it is darkly hinted—have not a little contributed. Edmund is destined for holy orders, but while a student, falls into vicious habits, and amongst other accomplishments is the cause of a young girl's death, in consequence of which we are told by the hero: "I never recovered the elasticity of my spirits after this event; I was from henceforward incapable of being gay, except when under the influence of excitement"—a circumstance which is scarcely borne out by the rest of the narrative. Although Mr. Edmund's conduct is pretty notorious, he is to take holy orders. At this time he is in some difficulty as to the meaning and the rights of "the Church," and is successively, like Sancho Panza, tossed on the Puseyite blanket, and on that of Dr. Watson (the Dissenter)—the only effect of which seems to be a general mental and moral bruising of the little intellect and heart the young gentleman possessed. He now meets his intended and her sister, the bride to be of his brother, and for the love of mischief, or from sheer wickedness, forthwith sets to courting the latter, and succeeds in entrapping her affections. However, she returns to Italy and he takes orders; which in his own eyes invests him with a sanctity and superiority to which, we should have fancied, he would have thought himself little entitled. As curate he is exceedingly rigorous; but alas! Savona returns, this time in company with an Abbé Beauregard—for she has turned Roman Catholic—and now recommences the wooing between the curate and Savona, and attempts at conversion on the part of Abbé, who addresses himself to the weak points in the youth's creed: those about the Church. All the while, Edmund is really in love with Emmeline; Lord C—— discovers his duplicity and turns him out, while a bishop who finds that he had imbibed too many of the Abbé's views, refuses to present him to a living. Our hero now throws himself into the arms of the Abbé, and goes to London, where he becomes dissipated. Here, after a fit of drunkenness, he is suddenly introduced to Father Sacripanti, who is even a greater villain than our hero. Descended from a princely family, he had fallen in love with Savona, who had first trifled with, and when she had met Edmund, ultimately refused him. In despair, Sacripanti had given himself up to dissipation, squandered his fortune, and at last taken orders. Only one wish remained to him—to be revenged on Savona and her lover. Between the fit

of drunkenness and the return of sobriety, Edmund is wholly converted to Popery. His ghostly adviser pretends to carry on for him the intrigue with Emmeline. In reality he intrigues with Savona, in the hope of bringing her to the Continent, and taking revenge on her. Edmund is told that Emmeline would flee with him to the Continent. In reality Savona comes, and Eustace has followed her. Before Edmund can recognize Savona, he is involved in a quarrel with his brother, which ends in the discharge of a pistol by Edmund. Eustace falls; Edmund thinks he has murdered him, and flies with Sacripanti; Savona remains at home, but is disgraced. Lord C—— dies from sorrow, so does Emmeline, and Savona goes to the Continent. Meantime, Sacripanti has by working on his fears and feelings, prevailed on Edmund to become a priest. Only after his consecration does he learn that his brother was not killed, and he now commences a life of dissipation as a priest—although, be it observed, he is a conscientious Roman Catholic. On his return, to Sacripanti's monastery, to which a nunnery is attached, he finds that one of Lord C——'s daughters has followed him, and become a nun. His great object is to see her in the confessional, in which he at last succeeds. He supposes her to be Emmeline; in reality it is Savona, who, however, does not undeceive him. Poor Savona had been decoyed into the nunnery. Sacripanti arrives, and becomes speedily aware of the intrigue. An episode occurs in which Edmund falsely accuses a Bible-studying monk, Francesco, of the communication which he himself had held with Savona. But before the inquisition can get hold of Francesco, he is allowed to escape by a subterranean passage through the intervention of another monk, Bernard, who afterwards, in similar circumstances, does the same service for Edmund. Meantime, Savona is being tortured by Sacripanti, and at last rises from a dangerous fever, declaring herself a Protestant, and is consequently poisoned by her confessor and superior. While her funeral obsequies are being celebrated, Edmund, who is still under the impression that it had been Emmeline, escapes to a distant monastery, where he acquires the fame of superior sanctity. Julian, a prey to despair, comes to confess to the holy monk, whom he does not recognize till the latter rushes from the church. But while Edmund is pursued, he is met by Clifford who appears as his good genius, and by Francesco, who had set out in search of him, and is brought to England. On the voyage he becomes again a Protestant, and ends a clergyman of the Church of England amongst the Papists of Ireland. Such is a brief outline of a story as horrible and unnatural as any which it has been our lot

to read. Of its purposes, uses, and execution, we can allow the reader to form his own estimate.

A vastly different production is "Holiday House," by Miss Sinclair—a book as sunny and delightful as "The Monk" is sombre and dreary. Although professedly "for the young," we confess that we read it from first to last with undiminished interest and pleasure. Not only have our own young people enjoyed it, but we have shared in their admiration and amusement, and can thoroughly recommend it to old and young as "a real treat." Besides genial humour, it contains truthful representations of religion and of life, and most valuable hints on education. Whether the number "156th Thousand" on the title applies to this book, or to the whole issue of the "Run and Read Library," we would willingly aid in the circulation of "Holiday House" to and beyond the amount there indicated. Frank, Harry, Laura, Major Graham, and the old Scotch nurse, Mrs. Crabtree, are all characters drawn from life. We will not spoil the interest attaching to the story by attempting an outline of it. We would recommend parents and benevolent uncles and aunts to procure a copy of it, and to give it as an appropriate and, we are sure, a welcome gift to young expectants of "holiday presents."

"Nellie of Truro" is one of the American religious stories which have of late been imported in such number. Although possessing the usual characteristics, and we would add the usual faults of that class of compositions, it is a book of more variety and interest than we could have at first expected. It has, of course, its perfect hero and heroine, through the instrumentality of whom everybody becomes at last good in a most unaccountably easy manner. In general, in most of these works, conversion seems to be thoroughly misunderstood. A conversation which, to a sober critic, appears to contain nothing but trite platitudes, or a trifling incident, is sufficient to bring about a change which Scripture designates as the "new birth." We miss not only "the heart" but also the "head work," — to use a Scotch theological phrase, which we are accustomed to associate with true religion. Not that we doubt that God can work when and how he pleases; but that, as far as our knowledge of these things goes, such representations find no analogy in real life, and, in our opinion, can only mislead or give an incorrect idea of Christianity and the Christian life. The *per atra ad astra* does not occur in these accounts of conversion, and sentimentalism seems often a more accurate term than Christianity for such pseudo-spiritual inanities. However, we have said that, comparatively speaking, we liked "Nellie of Truro," and we believe the reader who may

wish to spend an afternoon with the book, will agree in this opinion. It is difficult to make out what school of theology constitutes the "stand-point" of the author or authoress of "Nellie of Truro." Certain we are that some of the religious conversations in it are the most curious specimens of the kind which can be met *in print*; their real occurrence, of course, will scarcely be maintained by any others than those whose fancy is stronger than their judgment. The attempts at "awakening" on the part of Mr. Amos Graves are either caricatures, or his religion is a caricature (p. 38). Nor is Mr. G. more successful when attempting to impress his superiors. Sometimes the descriptions of tender, romantic, or pleasing things are decidedly weak and silly. Thus we are told of two children: "The one shaking sunshine out of light curls, and smiling it out of blue eyes, and the other darting it out of hazel grey eyes, or catching it among his thick locks of brown hair!" Mr. Sickles is another odd man—in fact they are all odd men and odd women—most niggardly in his professions and most wasteful in his expenditure; a person of which both the original and all copies must be sought on the other side of the Atlantic. In short, it would be almost endless to mark the unnatural and odd both in life and religion, of which this book is full. But, as in the end everything turns out well, and everybody becomes religious, in a fashion after the author's own heart, we may as well dismiss the story with the remark, that while it may afford a pleasurable afternoon to a person who is not critically inclined, we cannot understand what *good* it can do either in the church or to the world.

"Rosalie" is an account of the conversion of a young lady from Romanism. It is well written, but contains no point of special interest and might be indefinitely repeated in recounting the conversions of others in similar circumstances.

"Good, Better, Best," by Dr. Alexander, of New York, is an interesting little book, of which the purpose is to show that social improvement, where it addresses itself first to the physical condition of man, is good; where it attempts to impress the mind, is better; and, where it primarily seeks to operate by spiritual motives, is best. The whole is cast in the form, not exactly of a tale, but of an account of the attempts made in this direction by two young people, under the superintendence of their uncle Dr. Lee. We confess that some of the social views broached in this small volume are considerably different from those which we have been in the habit of entertaining. Its assumption of a difference of sensations and feelings between rich and poor, high and low, is, we will not say sometimes bordering on heartlessness, but might easily be transformed into a defence of

that hauteur and pride which is one of the most anti-Christian characteristics of our pseudo-Christian society. The gospel does indeed recognize the difference of classes, as it recognizes the differences of intellect and station; but, constituting all into one grand brotherhood, it connects them by bonds the closest, and causes an interchange of feelings the most tender, because the most real and lasting. Nor are we quite sure that in our attempts at doing good there should be any isolation of the physical, mental, and spiritual. That "godliness which is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come," operates indeed, primarily, upon the heart as the well-spring of affections, but the Christian labourer will do well to remember that there are social ills with which, if he cannot cure them, he must sympathize, prejudices to remove, and ideas to form; in short, that there is body, soul and spirit, of which in his spiritual labours he may not neglect one single part. Probably on all these points Dr. Alexander and we may be fully at one, nor do we say that his book is calculated to convey principles different from ours. But we think it is liable to misapprehension, and on subjects like these, especially in our days, it is necessary to speak distinctly and unmistakably. Between the extreme of secularism which seeks social elevation in the things of time only, and the other which we may designate as that of mysticism which neglects them entirely, lies the *aurea mediocritas* of Gospel duty. Still, Dr. Alexander's little volume may be taken as the contribution of an earnest mind towards the solution of one of the great social problems set before the church in our days.

Come we now to the last book to be reviewed in this article, which has already exceeded the bounds we had set to ourselves. "Clerical Economics" has certainly no claim to be ranked amongst Christian stories, unless in a sense which the author would scarcely deem complimentary. But inasmuch, as it is not only written by a clergyman, but professes to show "how ministers and others of limited incomes, may raise the whole platform of their order," and is besides, to a considerable extent, interlarded with pathetic, indignant, and hortatory religiosities; it falls fairly within the range, if not of the foregoing class of books, yet of the object which, in this article, we had in view. "Clerical Economics" combines the two qualities of great promise in the title, and very little performance in the book. Its style is in the jaunty, care-for-nothing strain, with a frequent happy disregard of the rules of grammar. Perhaps the reader has heard of the varied ingredients of a certain favourite dish of Dr. Aiton's countrymen. We can assure him that, in a literary point of view, there is here a

reproduction of it. The Court of Session, the disruption in the Church of Scotland, her claims and rights, together with sundry religious sentiments and exhortations, and not a little righteous indignation against the judges of the "Tiends' Court," who will not increase the minister's stipends, are mixed up with directions for the kitchen, the brewing of beer, and the keeping of cattle. However, since the author's estimate of himself is rather low, he should not be criticized too harshly. In his address to the reader, page ii., in answer to an imaginary expostulation, "Physician, heal thyself," he tells us, "here, indeed, nothing more can be said in reply than that a fool may give wise men an advice. All have heard of the *lucus a non lucendo*," &c. To this passage we do not feel inclined to take exception. In short, while the book contains a good many hints as to the kitchen, the dairy, the stable, the piggery, &c., which are very useful in their own way, and gives advice, which Scotchmen and especially the Scottish clergy have, by their example, proved to be sound, we confess that the book neither answers to our idea of "Clerical Economics," nor would, we think, materially help to "raise the whole platform of the ministerial order."

The first chapter describes the income of the minister and is full of pathos and racy address. Here are a few specimens, equally of the subject matter, the style, and the grammar. The minister of the Established Church is one of the firmest supporters of order and social well-being—in fact, he belongs to the "moral police," and as such, he claims sufficient support. "While other orders of society are getting forward, if the income of the clergy be kept back, then the accumulation of national wealth by relatively sinking those who minister at the altar into abject poverty, renders them contemptible, and causes the church to be supplied solely from the lowest orders of the people, which is said to be of old the greatest national sin of the Jews." Before the Reformation the clergy held a large amount of land which, as our author elegantly remarks, "was wrenched from the church." Only a moiety of these funds which "belong as much to the church as the coat on the heritor's back does to the heritor himself," is now expended on the payment of the clergy; as to the rest the landlords or titulars, according to our author's simile, "the large and lazy drones fall and fatten upon it." The amount of stipend to be paid to the minister depends upon the Court of Session, which acts in this respect as "Commission of Tiends." Dr. Aiton assures us that "this court have been guided in all their decisions by the maxim, that the church of Scotland is best founded upon the rock of poverty." A desire for augmentation of stipend involves a long and sometimes tedious litigation in the Court of Session, which, to say nothing of its unseemliness,

beginning with a public notification in the papers, that the Rev. Mr. Wantmore, of Smallglebe, has raised an action for augmentation of stipend, often, alas, ends only in a long bill of legal expenses. To explain this new "Scottish grievance" to the general reader, we must inform him that the majority of the Scotch clergy of the Established Church are paid according to the value of corn, which is annually fixed by a kind of jury, fifteen or sixteen chalders being the modicum allowed to the clergy. As our author remarks, "of all the cruelties which even a modern Star Chamber could inflict on the church of their fathers, this is the worst." The injury inflicted by this "modern Star Chamber" becomes the more aggravated when it is borne in mind that these "limbs of law"—judges and sheriffs—had lately their own salaries increased. "But in dealing out an income to the church of Scotland, the judges of the Court of Teinds, instead of being blind, open one of their eyes, and that the nearest to their own case; they make a mighty difference between the *meum* of the court and the *tuum* of the clergy." Evils of this kind must be energetically dealt with. Our author proposes two plans. The one is in application of the *jus talionis*. "Let any of the senators of the college of justice try the sixteen chalder system, during even the shortest vacation they have in the year, and let him report to the rest of their lordships at the president's breakfast on the morning of their first meeting; and let the public see how hungry he looks, and what he has got to say experimentally in behalf of the pure and poor system, springing from starvation-root." The other plan is still more fierce. "Respectful remonstrances of every kind should be tried so long as there is hope of their being effectual; and when these are disregarded, paragraphs and pamphlets should be hurled at their heads till they amend their judicial morality. Instead of feeding the flock of God which is among them, and taking an oversight thereof, they lord it over God's heritage." Manifestly the case is desperate, the more so as, according to Dr. Aiton, "taking money out of any man's pocket is like drawing blood from his nose, very offensive." But who are to blame for all this? 1. The government. 2. The Teind's Court. 3. "But the fact is, the church, and the church alone, *are* to blame; or, more correctly speaking, *they are* to be admired. Notwithstanding all they have suffered, and all that they may yet suffer, one single appeal to any one lord chancellor has not been taken by any individual minister in any one case." The complaint is the better founded as the day was when "the majority of that very court of session behoved to be clergymen." "From a pure and patriotic desire to be useful, the church of Scotland barred themselves out from the bench of the Court of Session." But, alas for human

ingratitude! "the interests of the church *have* suffered; the confidence *has* been misplaced; the result *has* miserably disappointed the country; the virtuous resignation of churchmen *has* long been forgotten," &c. No wonder all this should have made a deep impression on Dr. Aiton's mind. In truth, all the wonders of nature and art connected themselves in his imagination with chalders and Teinds. "In the course of the author's travels of ten or twelve thousand miles through the lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope, he was reminded when standing on the top of a pyramid in Egypt, of the solid integrity and independence of the Court of Session, so firm and fixed that nothing could move either the one or the other. But when he came to Pisa, in the north of Italy, the singular leaning of the well-known tower there, reminded him of the Court of Teinds, who, by their cruel bias to the lairdocracy, starve the ministers of the kirk, and hunger their helpless bairns." Truly "the force of nature could no further go," and musings like these in Egypt and at Pisa can only be compared to those of a Marius or Bellisario.

Had our space allowed of it, we should willingly have given the reader some insight into the position—alas, not a very enviable one—which the established church at present occupies in the country, and which may, perhaps, to some extent, account for the "sixteen chalder grievance." No person would wish to see the incomes of the clergy stinted; a respectable and comfortable competency is their due, and will readily be given by an affectionate people who value and profit by their ministrations. But we allow the reader to judge whether the clamouring of which the above is only a specimen, is either seemly or likely to accomplish its purpose.

In truth, "Clerical Economics" labours under the twofold error of introducing what should have been left out, and of omitting what should have been introduced. We sadly miss the spiritual element; we have too much, a great deal, of the worldly. Even where the spiritual is introduced, it is, in our opinion, not in the manner in which it should be treated. Besides, the blemishes of the book vitiate it, and detract even from the value of the prudent and acceptable advices which it offers to persons with limited incomes. In this respect we have indeed derived useful information, and obtained valuable hints from Dr. Aiton, although here also some things might safely have been left to the ordinary manuals on cookery and domestic economy. On the whole, severe as our criticism may appear, we have nothing to retract from it. We would not countenance the spurious spirituality which deems it sinful in a clergyman to seek a competence, or to give advice to his brethren as to the

best mode of managing their income. On these subjects, Scotch clergymen, who really are equally distinguished for their prudence and for the admirable manner in which they not only uphold the dignity of their order, but educate often large families, are specially entitled to be heard. We are also willing to allow that Dr. Aiton has in this little book given hints which are worth remembering. But we would take the liberty of advising him to correct much, to re-cast more, to omit what can neither be profitable or edifying to any party, and to introduce what might be of equal service to clergy and laity. In our days and circumstances, we have a right to expect much from a clergyman who addresses his own order and the laity through the press.

ART. IV.—*Hours with the Mystics; a contribution to the History of Religious Opinion.* By Robert Alfred Vaughan, B.A. In Two Vols. London: J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand.

HOURS with the Mystics! who of our scholars is necromancer enough to raise the spirits of those old seers, wizards, philosophers, and saints who bear the name of Mystics, and who of the bustling, knowing, and pragmatic men of our time, will accept his invitation, and spend a few hours in such a company? Certainly the greatest of all spirit-mediums in our day, is the author of this book. He has wrested from nature that mysterious power of calling back the shadows of the past into the life of the present, and of compelling them to speak to us words of needful wisdom. There is enchantment, therefore, in his presence, and witless must be the man who does not feel it; but the spell thrown upon us is that of admiration for his erudition and insight, and for that ethereal spirit which glows so genially through the pages of his book.

Mr. Vaughan's scholarship is not confined to those remote fields of history which he has so diligently and successfully explored, but is laden with treasures of poetry and philosophy gathered from the literature of almost every country in Europe. Let any one inspect the notes at the end of each volume, and he will be amazed to find that in this age of slovenly and ephemeral book making, one scholar, at least, has been true to his function. And yet these notes, which make explicit reference to a host of ancient and unknown writers, do not fully display the wealth of our author's erudition. This is seen in the imagery, which casts a prodigal splendour over his compositions. We congratulate the Nonconformists of this country,

that they still maintain their high place in its literature, and that the son of one of their theological professors has accomplished a task, which is alike unique and marvellous, whether it be viewed as a work of art or as a work of learning.

"Hours with the Mystics," though the title seems modestly to repudiate the assertion, is a complete history of Mysticism from its earliest oriental development to its last New-England manifestation in the hymns of Emerson. The name of Mysticism is frightful to many, and will be thought to afford a barren and repulsive theme for any writer. Let such read this book, and confess their mistake. We can imagine what lugubrious volumes might have been composed by some lifeless chronicler, who would patch together shreds of MSS. torn from mystical writings, but who had no sympathy with the spirit of the Mystics, and therefore misunderstood their aims, labours, and aberrations. It is true of history, what Coleridge beautifully says of nature,—

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud."

In the pages of Mr. Vaughan, as in those of Macaulay, we see history which has been chilled and stiffened into death, and then wrapped in the cerements of the grave, once more pulsating with a glorious vitality, and arrayed in her bridal vestments. These writers have the "vision and the faculty divine." And they have the graphic power of the painter to reproduce the lives of their heroes with the glow and aspect of intense reality. Hence the interest that hurries us through their pages; we are brought into sympathy with thinking, working, suffering men; and the story of their life, whether spent in camps and cabinets, or in the sickly gloom of a monastery, makes every breast quiver with excitement.

It must be confessed, however, that peculiar difficulties encounter the historian of Mysticism. It is easier to understand the plots, and strifes, and victories of ambition, and the rapid convulsive changes of political feeling, than it is to sympathize with the feverish struggles of a lonely intellect, grappling with the dark mysteries of being, or with the spiritual movements that sweep through a continent suddenly and apparently without cause; and even if the latter facts be understood, how difficult must it be to describe them.

The cabals of parties, the "pomp and circumstance of war," the material grandeur of a nation, its palaces, its armies, its navies, its manufactories,—these objects lay hold at once on the imagination. But who can describe the subtile and profound

yearnings of the soul after forbidden knowledge, or invest the remote abstractions and the delirious transports of the Mystic with the charm of human interest. In consequence of such difficulties, this section of history has hitherto been left unexplored; and like every unknown land, it has become peopled with imaginary fantastic monsters. It has been deemed the very limbo of the poet,—

“ Whether fleet
All the unaccomplished works of nature’s hand
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
Dissolved on earth.”

Historians have shrunk from encountering the shapeless horrors, which they imagine to wander there, as they would from accompanying the Sybil “*perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna.*” Mr. Vaughan has shown how unfounded were these notions. He has vindicated the necessity and importance of a work which he alone has had the courage and ability to undertake, while he seems to make known the appalling magnitude of its difficulties in the very act of overcoming them. Great honour should rest on the man who has ventured alone into this region of mystery, and has scattered the clouds of ignorance that enveloped it in preternatural darkness.

In exact proportion to the difficulties of such a history, do we estimate its importance. As a matter of speculation, we are eagerly impelled to pry into the doctrines which fascinated the most ardent, truthful, and heroic spirits both of heathendom and the church, and protected them alike from lawless scepticism and lifeless formalism.

Mysticism transcended the necessary conditions of human knowledge, and was struck aghast at the “boundless dark” into which it sank; but if we are to define and defend these limits of thought, we must prove the extravagance, contradiction, and logical self-suicide of those who have overleaped them.

The circumference of light which encloses the sphere of truth must press against the darkness, and if we mark off for ourselves this “light sphere’s keen circumference” we must approach the farthest verge of truth, and gaze with shuddering at the formless void beyond. A clear perception, therefore, of the metaphysical errors of Mysticism will save us against the specious fallacies alike of spiritualism and materialistic infidelity. Moreover, Mysticism furnishes the psychologist with subjects of peculiar interest. The phases of mental and emotional experience which it presents, demand from him the most thorough investigation, simply on the ground that they are extraordinary. Botanists and physiologists have learned the proper structure and

nature of plants and bodies by carefully studying those monstrous aberrations of nature, in which the processes of its manufacture hidden in its normal and finished results, are exposed to view. So, in the spacious realms of Mysticism, stretching from the sublime abstractions of Pluto to the magical incantations of Cagliostro, we have every aberrant form of spiritual development; and from a searching inquiry into these abnormal states of the faculties of the soul, we shall acquire a completer acquaintance with their normal laws and operations.

We see, therefore, what significance and interest are attached to the history of Mysticism, and what great results in the two chief departments of knowledge, philosophy and theology, may be expected from an enlightened and thorough examination of the facts which it records.

The acquirements fitting any scholar to write such a history are manifestly of a most exceptional and enviable order. To make this history classical and authoritative, there must be immense learning, and this learning must be the slow acquisition of intrepid and original research, for it lies wholly out of the beaten track of scholarship.

The dreary volumes of Alexandrian philosophy, the lives of the saints, the vedas of India, the dizzy systems of Boehmen and Swedenborg, the quackeries of Paracelsus and Mesmer, and other authors equally unknown to the majority of this generation, must be ransacked in order to give accuracy and synthetic fulness to this history. We cannot estimate too highly the irksome labour and indomitable perseverance necessary to accumulate these materials. There is daring in such scholarship as Mr. Vaughan's. Now that he has returned from his perilous journey among the wildest and most distant regions of thought, and relates to us the wonders he has seen, we listen to him with an awe similar to that excited by a Mungo Park or a Captain Parry. We admire the courage shown in pursuing his way over untrodden tracts of learning, shaking the dust from the big volumes of the bottom shelf, which no one has previously disturbed, and plodding through them in defiance of their barbarous jargon, grim aspect, and chimerical fancies. Such enterprise tasks the fortitude of a man more than plunging alone into the deserts of Central Africa, or taking a three years' cruise in the Arctic zone. But a much rarer quality than labour and perseverance is more especially needed; there must be sympathy with the Mystics, even in their strangest eccentricities; otherwise they will not be understood. Great advantages we have shown will accrue from a lucid exposition of these eccentricities. In order to know the condition and

discipline of bodily health, the physician seeks to become acquainted with the noxious forms of disease; but he must have a sort of mental affinity towards his pursuit to be successful in it. In like manner, if an inquiry into Mysticism be instructive and profitable, there must be an insight into the peculiar temperament of the Mystics, and a conscious sympathy with those powerful tendencies which led to their excesses. Mr. Vaughan says, in his preface, "Through all the changes of doctrine and the long conflict of creed, it is interesting to trace the unconscious unity of mystical temperaments in every communion." Whoever is to be a faithful interpreter and expositor of Mysticism, must himself share in this temperament. In order that one mind may commune intelligibly with another, there must be a common experience. To know the language of colours a man must see. To know the language of emotion a man must feel. To know, therefore, the very alphabet of Mysticism, a man must have been conscious of those insatiable cravings after the Infinite, in which it originated. Men of stolid earthly natures, whose souls have never trembled with dim thoughts of unseen beauty and terror, are as profoundly ignorant of the language of Mysticism as though it were the utterance of another order of beings.

Many of the Mystics, in whom the evil consequences of their faith were partially neutralized by a sense of practical duty, such as Tauler and Madame Guyon, Mr. Vaughan evidently loves with his whole soul, and in rehearsing the vagaries of others, he evinces a clear recognition of the problem which they hopelessly attempted to solve, and a profound, kindly sympathy with those impatient desires which goaded them into their fanaticism. Whilst, however, he has that sympathy which is the only medium of spiritual communication, so that he knows both what the Mystics wished to do, and what they have done, he is never deceived by it into any undue concession to their most plausible doctrines. He is prepared alike to give a lucid and complete statement of their systems, and at its close to demolish, with unsparing hand, the fallacious assumptions which lie at their root. We have been surprised to observe the calm impartiality with which his judgment is exercised, while his fancy and his heart are warmly enlisted in favour of the persons whose history he narrates. We confess that we have needed the firm support and guidance of his critical powers in reading his book, for so exquisitely has he portrayed the lives and theories of some of the Mystics, that we had almost swerved from our orthodoxy, had not Mr. Vaughan himself dissolved the spell he had thrown over us, and reminded us continually of the primary spiritual facts which are more or less ignored by all the Mystics.

The mind becomes readily magnetized by frequent intercourse with any peculiar class of thinkers, so as to be invested with their peculiarities. An opinion which is often presented to the mind, gradually adheres to it, and becomes a fixed belief, without being adopted consciously or from rational persuasion. A feeling that excites the people around us, will soon insinuate itself into our own hearts. How Mr. Vaughan has escaped from the infection of this spiritual magnetism, we can scarcely conceive. His admiration is most marked for the fervid imagination and passionate religious sentiment of the Mystics. Yet he is never tempted by it to palliate their hallucinations and blunders. Occupied as his mind must have been for years with their extravagances of opinion, he is never extravagant himself; and while he can describe with a gorgeous affluence of language their bewildering ecstasies, he holds his own feelings under a steady curb. In reading his thrilling narrative of old visionaries and fanatics you are sure the writer must be a Mystic himself, so intense seems to be his appreciation of all their utterances; but when he criticizes these ebullitions, his reason rises with keen concentrated strength to explode the illusions of fancy and the symposium of feeling in which they indulged. By his comprehensive sympathies he is fitted to record the aspirations and achievements of Mysticism; by his impartial reason he is fitted to test and determine their value. His work, consequently, is not merely a history of Mysticism, but a philosophical estimate of the mingled truth and falsehood which it contains.

There can be no doubt that the fascination of this book results from the method which the author has adopted. Macaulay dreamed in his youth that the history of his country could be so written as to cause a livelier stir in every circulating library than the most fascinating novel of the season, and he has lived to fulfil his own ambitious and splendid dream. But it did not enter into his dream of the possible to imagine that the history of Mysticism could be written as he hoped to write England's history. There are many, however, whose attention will be fixed as by a charm upon the pages of Vaughan, and who will remember more impressively the company of solemn, weird, and ardent spirits whom he has grouped together, than the intrigues of Whitchall, and the glorious campaigns of William, so vividly portrayed by Macaulay. To impart such popular interest to his history Mr. Vaughan has wisely abandoned the monotony of continuous narrative for a more lively and varied method. This method is similar to that of the "Eclipse of Faith," and the three friends, whose conversation and essays form the substance of the book, are genially introduced to us in these opening words:—

"It was on the evening of a November day that three friends sat about their after-dinner table, chatting over their wine and walnuts, while the fire, with its huge log, crackled and sparkled, and the wind without moaned about the corners of the house."

The names of these friends are Atherton, Gower, and Willoughby. Atherton's home, named Ashfield House is their rendezvous; and we have pleasant alternations from the library, where they prosecute their severe studies, to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Atherton and her sister grace their company, and give an air of simple elegance to their *réunions*.

Gower is an artist whom Atherton met at Rome, and the very dissimilitude of their natures became the bond of after friendship between them. Willoughby is a literary man, with a versatile and impetuous mind, and, like Gower, strongly attached to Atherton, whose powerful, reflective, and disciplined intellect impressed both of them with profound respect. He accordingly is the ruling spirit of the party. He is not only the ἀρχιτεκλινος at the dinner-table, but he also presides over the deliberations in the study. His influence has prevailed upon his friends to join in the investigation of Mysticism, and his learning furnishes the materials for that investigation. He proposes the plan which they are to adopt: "One of us may take up some individual or period; write down his thoughts; and we will assemble there to hear and talk the matter over;" and he, having more leisure, inclination, and ability, takes the "lion's share" in the work to be done.

We shall now present our readers with a photographic likeness, taken by Mr. Vaughan, of Atherton, only regretting that we cannot place by its side the equally vivid and truthful likenesses of his friends.

"First of all, the host. See him leaning back in his chair, and looking into the fire, one hand unconsciously smoothing with restless thumb and finger the taper stem of his wine-glass, the other playing with the ears of a favourite dog. He appears about thirty years of age, is tall, but loses something of his real height by a student's stoop about the shoulders. Those decided, almost shaggy, eyebrows he has, would lead you to expect quick, piercing eyes, the eyes of the observant man of action; but now that he looks towards us, you see instead eyes of hazel, large, slow-rolling, often dreamy in their gaze, such for size and lustre as Homer gives to ox-eyed Juno. The mouth too and the nose are delicately cut. Their outline indicates taste rather than energy; yet that massive jaw, again, gives promise of quiet power, betokens a strength of that sort most probably which can persevere in a given course once chosen with indomitable steadfastness; but is not an agile combative force, inventive in its plans, rejoicing in adventurous leadership. Men of his stamp are the leaders whose

water-column a sudden gust of wind may drive aslant, or scatter in spray across the lawn, but the violence once past, they play upward as truly and as strong as ever."

The few chapters of the first book are occupied with an inquiry into the essential idea of Mysticism, under the hope of obtaining a correct definition of it. All the friends take their part in the conversation, and as we might expect from the description given of them, they rival each other in the tact, acuteness, and brilliancy of their conversational powers. Gower has more of the playful fancy which adorns with airy beauty every idea suggested to his mind. Willoughby, with keen energy of mind, makes rapid analysis, institutes remote and startling comparisons, suggests sudden doubts, and gives equally sudden explanations; but for solid intellectual power and splendid imagination, Atherton stands greatly above his friends, whose remarks are generally comments upon his well chosen and fruitful words. In seeking the etymology of the word Mystic we are referred to Suidas, who derives it from the root $\mu\nu$ "to close," and shows its applications from the practice of Mystics, who close as completely as possible every avenue of perception by the senses, for the purpose of withdrawing the mind from everything external to itself, so as to fit it (raised above every sensuous representation) for receiving divine illumination immediately from above. The essential idea of Mysticism, which is the root of its several developments, is expressed in the following sentence by Atherton: "Philosophers and monks alike employ the word Mysticism and its cognate terms as involving the idea, not merely of initiation into something hidden, but beyond this of an internal manifestation of the Divine to the intuition, or in the feelings of the hidden soul." This last clause of the sentence expresses that idea which at once constitutes and defines the various species of Mysticism. Another idea, however, is involved in it, viz., that this immediate revelation and enjoyment of God in man can only be attained by an identification of the human spirit with God, in which act or process the limits of our reflective consciousness and of our personality are broken through, and our spiritual essence is commingled with the essence of the Deity. In these two ideas we have summed up the distinctive doctrines of Mysticism, though they are variously worded, and applied very differently by those who have embraced them. One prominent error, which is the result of these beliefs, appears in the writings of every Mystic in philosophy and religion. Believing that there is a substantial union between his soul and God, every operation of his faculties is regarded as a divine manifestation. The man is inhabited by God, and not by

his own faltering and responsible spirit. Hence, his knowledge—an effluence from within—is infallible, because the intuition of Omniscience. His feelings are inspirations which it is his supreme duty to indulge without restraint. In all varieties of Mysticism, as Mr. Vaughan says, “the relationship, real or imaginary, which it sustains to the divine is its primary element. They are all developments of the religious sentiment.”

We exceedingly like the division which Atherton makes of the different kinds of Mysticism. There are three kinds, *Theopathic*, *Theosophic*, and *Theurgic*. The two former are united in their root-principle, which may be thought to belong peculiarly to Theosophy, viz., that God reveals himself immediately in human consciousness, so that in fact, the human becomes the divine consciousness. So far, Theopathy is grafted upon Theosophy, since all feeling involves a certain belief or knowledge as its condition. But though they are united in that principle which makes Theosophy the basis of Mysticism, they immediately diverge and become so distinct as to be fitly regarded as co-ordinate species. It conduces much to clearness of exposition so to distinguish them. Some men have elaborated systems of universal truth from the vaporous fancies of their heated brain. Their craving has been for knowledge, and they have turned their mystical faith to account, by first believing themselves, and then making others believe, that their unreasoned rhapsody was the unerring revelation of God. These are the Theosophists who “give you a theory of God, or of the works of God, which has not reason, but an inspiration of their own for its basis.” Theosophists may be again sub-divided into three classes: first, Plotinus, Schelling, &c., who believe the secrets of nature are to be explored by unfolding the ideas of the mind, which is divine, and therefore contains all knowledge hidden in its infinite depths. The mind in revealing itself reveals God, for the mind of man is a part of the universal mind, and its intuitions are the eternal principles and archetypes of all existence. Second: Boehmen and Swedenborg assert that they received supernatural illuminations which communicated to them divine knowledge. Eternity was laid open to their view, and they saw the hidden processes of nature so clearly, that they could explain its phenomena. They differ from the former class. They do not believe that the common intuitions of the mind are essentially divine. Their illumination was a peculiar and transcendental endowment; but the knowledge given in that state was divine. The conceptions that shone with dazzling glory before the mind could not have issued from it. They were thoughts of God, lifted high as the stars above the errors of humanity, and their illumination shed clearest light upon the mysteries of the universe.

The third class are represented in Hugo and Richard of St. Victor, who exaggerated the Christian doctrine, that "the pure in heart shall see God;" and imagined that a separate faculty was vouchsafed to them in order that they might have an immediate intuition of Deity. Their position is stated with remarkable precision and force in the following words:—

"The error of these Mystics consists in the exaggeration of experimental evidence. They seem to say that the Spirit will manifest to the devout mind verities within itself, which are, as it were, the essence and original of the truths which the church without has been accustomed to teach. So that supposing a man to have rightly used the external revelation, and at a certain point to suspend all reference to it, and to be completely secluded from all external influences, there would then be manifest to him, in God, the ideas themselves which have been developed in time into a bible and an historical Christianity. The soul, on this Platonist principle, enjoys a commerce once more with the world of intelligence in the depth of the divine nature. She recovers her wings. The obliterations on the tablet of reminiscence are supplied. A Theosophist like Paracelsus would declare that the whole universe is laid up potentially in the mind of man, the microcosm answering to the macrocosm. In a similar way these Mystics would have us believe that there is in man a *microdogma* within answering to the *macrodogma* of the church without. Accordingly they deem it not difficult to discover a Christology in psychology—a Trinity in metaphysics. Hence, too, this erroneous assertion, that if the heathen had only known themselves, they would have known God." —Vol. i., pp. 171, 172.

Theopathic Mysticism, Atherton himself has subdivided into two kinds, transitive and intransitive. The bent of such Mystics is not towards speculation and knowledge, but towards enjoyment and action. They resign themselves in a passivity, more or less absolute, to an imagined Divine manifestation.

"Now one man may regard himself as overshadowed, another as impelled by duty. One Mystic of this order may do nothing; another may display an unceasing activity. Whether he believes himself a mirror in whose quiescence the Divinity 'glasses himself,' or, as it were, a leaf driven by the mighty rushing wind, and thus the tongue by which the Spirit speaks—the organ by which God works, the principle of passivity is the same."

In both cases the exercise of the will is suspended, and the idea that occupies the mind either fills him with "maddening ecstasies" of emotion, or hurries him on with resistless force to a specific, generally a violent, line of conduct. These varying results will be determined according to the natural temperament of the individual. In a man of contemplative habits and of

fervent sensibilities, the idea of Divine love may so absorb his mind as to dwell perpetually in his thoughts, till they are all quenched before its brightness. Then comes the sumptuous feast of enjoyment, in the description of which Mysticism has exhausted the language of poetry for terms of ravishment and bliss. A new sense of ineffable joy is discovered. Heaven opens its awful brightness about the soul, till the dazzling light blasts its vision, and it swoons away in delirious darkness. The succession of ideas is lost;—there is no change. The revolutions of the mind have ceased;—there is no thought. One idea glares insupportably upon the soul—Divine love; and under its burning heat the soul rests, and palpitates with the swollen luxuriance and the awful silence of a mid-day in the tropics.

“ Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy : his spirit drank
 The spectacle ; sensation, soul, and form,
 All melted into him. They swallowed up
 His animal being ; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live ; they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God
 Thought was not : in enjoyment it expired.

Two errors are noticeable here, one, a practical error, in withholding or not calling into exercise the rightful function of the will, so as to regulate the succession of ideas. One idea engrosses the attention, and no effort is made to escape from its domination. In such cases, according to a well-known psychological law, this idea will assume a portentous magnitude, and will agitate the entire nature with a fearful convulsion. When an object of terror is perceived, precisely the same results follow : one conception penetrates and enthralls the mind, till it becomes so distinct, and vivid, and awful, as to freeze and stiffen the soul with horror, or to lash it into unwonted and terrific actions. A man then loses for a time independent control over his own emotions and muscular powers. An idea impressed upon him from without, rules him with arbitrary and despotic violence. There is a difference, however, between this familiar example and the Mystic ; the latter *must* by strenuous and prolonged effort of will, call up the idea upon which he meditates, and to which he wishes to give such absolute dominion. It is an idea of God, which no external object will communicate or impress upon the mind. It must, therefore, be self-formed ; and since the mind is naturally indifferent to spiritual conceptions, a watchful, resolute effort will be needed to fix

and hold his attention upon it; but when the attention is keenly set, and the mind is inflamed with the burning vision, he may then suspend all volitional effort. The idea thus fixed will maintain its tenacious and fiery grasp without his interference. The longer it burns, the vaster and distincter it grows, feeding upon the vital energies of the mind, till they are consumed; and the intenser the conception, the more vehement are the emotions which it awakens. This psychological law may be realized by any one who thinks for awhile of some fearful object or catastrophe; he will soon discover that the idea has got the mastery over him, and that he cannot exorcise the spirit which he easily evoked; he will lie and tremble for hours, as though the ague were upon him, before a flitting spectre which he has created out of the dim twilight around him, nor will he rest till nature is exhausted and he has sunk into a swoon, or till some interference, either from without, or by a spasmodic impulse from within, has broken the spell of his tyrannous imagination. The Mystic has chosen happier thoughts, but exemplifies the same law. He precludes all external objects that could distract his mental vision, which is contracted and fixed upon one solitary idea. If it be the love of God, this glorious conception will grow and brighten before him, till its dazzling rays, flooding heaven and earth with light, overpower and blind his senses. This is the ecstasy of contemplation. He seeks to interpose no check on this abstracted gaze, by which he fancies that he can peer into the "Glorious brightness where God sits throned inaccessible." All sense of time is lost, for there is no succession of ideas. His very personality is almost extinguished. There is a dreamy gorgeous reverie, and tides of blissful emotion are felt to rush like seas of molten gold through his heart, but this experience appears to be something distant and aloof from himself, in which he takes no part and feels no interest. And when the mighty enchantment of this vision is broken, he is startled as from a sleep, and remembers nothing but this haze of brightness that was suffused around him. Our personality is centred in the will; and both reason and emotion, if they are removed from its control, become as much impersonal as the limbs of the body. It is strange that a man should be separated, as it were, from his own faculties, and be conscious that they are impelled by a foreign power, which he cannot oppose; that ideas should so master them as to give ravishing pleasure or unutterable pain, while he is helpless; that passions should gather strength enough to sweep him into perdition, while he weeps in despair;—but one fact is certain the relation of the will to our impersonal nature can be incalculably strengthened, or weakened,

according to the laxity or rigour of discipline which we practice. Now it is our supreme duty to strengthen and perfect the authority of the will to the utmost ; since by it we have power over the nature so mysteriously placed under its government ; and through it alone we are made responsible to God. We consider that we have traced here the fundamental error, and the crime of the Mystics ; they abjured the authority of the will, and sought to destroy it ; they strove to subjugate their spirits to the thralldom of one solitary idea ; they thus depraved, instead of perfecting their souls ; they rendered themselves unfit for the duties of life, and disgracefully abandoned that service of obedience to which God had called them.

The second error of Mysticism is now easily explained. Those conceptions of God which acquire such preternatural intensity, and produce such marvellous effects, are thought to be divine manifestations, simply because they transcend ordinary human experience. The delusion is now complete. The mystic submits to an unnatural discipline, and so induces an abnormal mental state. He does so in hope of a divine revelation, and *that* revelation he believes has been given him. The lurid light which flashed upon his sight, and the sudden rapture which thrilled his heart, were the symbols of the Divine presence. Having enjoyed this sublime vision, he henceforth disdains the trivial round, the common task of earthly duty ; and pants for the renewal of his supernal visionary enjoyment, till in many cases, the nervous system is shattered, and he sinks into a poor hysterical, drivelling, almost idiotic, creature.

“ Too, too contracted are those walls of flesh
The vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs
Tho’ inconceivably endow’d, too dim,
For any passion of the soul that leads to ecstasy.”

In the most celebrated of the professed Mystics, the extreme consequences of their faith were averted by the salutary restraints of official duty preventing that entire isolation and constant abstraction toward which they aspired.

For transitive Mystics, *the idea* which possessed their mind, and which they accepted as a revelation of God, was one urging and compelling zealous, incessant labour. Generally, it was an overwhelming conception of the sins of the age, the vision of which drove them with an ungovernable fury to the wildest excesses of fanaticism. Their history is repeated in every man, on suddenly beholding the flames of a conflagration : under the shock of excitement, he leaps himself to extinguish the fire, and shouts with unconscious frenzy for others to help him. An equally vivid and irresistible impression is continued in the mind of the

religious fanatic. He believes it is an inspiration of God, and hence his insanity is dignified with the name of Mysticism.

In the intransitive division of Theopathic Mysticism, "we have the names of Suso, Ruysbroek, Molinos, and all the Quietists, whether French or Indian; and in the transitive Theopathy, all turbulent prophets and crazy fanatics." Theurgy is the third division of Mysticism. It follows in the train of its former developments, and is the legitimate result of the presumption of Theosophy to share the omniscience of God, and of the intoxication of Theopathy. Willoughby remarks, "Whether the Mystic seeks the triumph of superhuman knowledge, or that intoxication of feeling which is to translate him to the upper world, after a while he craves a sign! Theurgy is the art which brings it. Its appearance is the symptom of failing faith, whether in philosophy or religion. Its glory is the phosphorescence of decay." There is a feverish excitement accompanying such outrages of our spiritual nature, as are witnessed in Mysticism. The sublime experience which it professes to enjoy, is purchased by an immense overstraining of our faculties, which by a sure reaction, become depressed and imbecile. The calm, abiding, and progressive strength of mental health is lost. The restless, fitful changes of disease ensue. There are sudden trances of power and joy, with long relapses of gloom and weakness. The mind in this condition has a morbid craving after the marvellous, as the sated epicure for highly flavoured meats. The nerves are unstrung, and flutter in response to every freak of the credulous fancy. Hence, spectral forms cross the eye, psalms and shrieks are wafted along the air. The realm of spirits has been opened to his view, and is made subject to his authority. His flickering fancies are projected into space, and become the good and evil demons which are said to people it. Because he can shift the phantasmagoria of the inner world, he dreams that he holds an awful kingship over the powers of the air. The laws of God avenge themselves upon the transgressor, and the Mystic, "blasted with ecstasy," is haunted with visions, which have the same origin as the blue imps of *delirium tremens*. A sound mind discards the pretensions of Theurgy as contemptible, but a feeble, tremulous intellect, drunken and wasted from excessive pleasures, becomes the sport of its own hallucinations. Mr. Vaughan's expression regarding Theurgy is apt and beautiful, "Its glory is the phosphorescence of decay." The mind has sunk into decay, when it assumes the mock splendours of Theurgy. The idiot wears spangles of glass as his kingly jewels; such are the honours of his aerial kingdom worn by the Theurgian Mystic.

Cousin, in the following words, has brilliantly described the fall of Mysticism into Theurgy :—

“ On veut de l'enthousiasme, des inspirations, des contemplations soit ; mais on n'en peut avoir tous les jours, à toutes les heures ; les âmes douces attendent en silence l'inspiration, les âmes énergiques l'appellent. On veut entendre la voix de l'esprit ; il tarde ; on l'invoque, et bientôt on l'évoque. Il vient, messieurs, et l'on passe de la revelation rationnelle aux revelations directes et personnelles. On appelle, on écoute, et on croit entendre ; on a des visions et on en procure aux autres. On lit sans yeux, on entend sans oreilles ; on commande aux elements, sans connaître leurs lois ; les sens et l'imagination qu'on croit avoir enchaînés, se mettent de la partie, et des folies tranquilles et innocentes de quiétisme on tombe dans des delires souvent criminels de la Theurgie.

After thus classifying the different kinds of Mysticism, and making his readers acquainted with the hopes and failures of the men, to whom he wishes to introduce them, Mr. Vaughan commences his history. According to the plan proposed, the three friends furnish papers on the different epochs of Mysticism, and on those men who stand forth as “ fair representatives of its stages and transitions ; whose enthusiasm has been singularly benign or notoriously baneful.” The peculiar nature of Mysticism allows of this distribution. It has no genealogy. There is no slow process of development and delay through which it passes. Men of ardent souls are lured to such forbidden knowledge and enjoyment ; and they become, by this act of transcendentalism, Mystics. Hence, they appear in every age and country, and under every religion ; in India, in Persia, in Ancient Greece, in the Catholic Church, and in the Protestant Church ; and the history of each is complete in itself. There are *eleven* books devoted to the several individual Mystics, or groups of Mystics, who have been most influential on human thought in different eras of the world's history. The titles of a few of these will show the wide fields over which Mr. Vaughan has travelled : Early Oriental Mysticism ; Mysticism of the Neo-Platonists ; Mysticism in the Greek Church ; Mysticism in the Latin Church ; German Mysticism in the Fourteenth Century, &c., &c. The learning that is condensed into each book is immense ; and yet it is presented in forms so light and attractive that no extraordinary effort is needed to receive and digest it.

There is magic in the method by which Mr. Vaughan passes the prosy details of a mystical system through the alembic of his mind, and presents it to us radiant with beauty. No book of late years has exhibited the same massive scholarship, and in no book of our language is the same learning so permeated with

the quickening breath of genius. If the learning be great which furnishes the material of his books, what must we say of those resources from which the imagery is gathered, which vitalizes and adorns its pages. The illustrations, which are applied with exquisite felicity, are endless. They are drawn from recondite sources, and so strike upon us with delicious freshness. Within thirty pages we count six illustrations from Scandinavian mythology and history, three from the Greek classics, besides others from natural history, Shakspeare, &c.; and over all is the fragrant purity and joyous richness of language teeming with metaphors from nature. How fresh the tints! How true the shading! The poet's eye and the painter's hand are manifest in every paragraph. If these words be thought extravagant praise, let our readers study the following passages with which we close, and judge for themselves. We scarcely know where to seek passages that will rival them in exact and powerful conception, in gleaming brilliancy of style. Gower thus describes a sunset of unusual splendour:—

“I was watching it an hour ago,” said Gower. “Then the western sky was crossed by gleaming lines of silver, with broken streaks of grey and purple between. It was the funeral pyre, not yet kindled, glittering with royal robe and arms of steel, belonging to the sun-god. Now, see, he has descended, and lies upon it—the torch is applied, the glow of the great burning reaches over to the very east. The clouds, to the zenith, are wreaths of smoke, their volumes ruddily touched beneath by the flame on the horizon, and those about the sun are like ignited beams in a great conflagration, now falling in and lost in the radiance, now sending out fresh shapes of flashing fire;—that is not to be painted!”

In the concluding chapter, we are informed that Gower walked home after their final conversation upon the Mystics. He quickened his steps, for the starless, unfeatured night seemed to him too much to resemble the blank and bleak abstraction of the severe Mystics—that tyrannous curfew of warm natural life and of all bright thoughts. In his study, his lamp was unlit, and while watching the play of the firelight, he fell into a reverie.

The following are descriptions of parts of his dreams, wildly, weirdly beautiful, the memory of which, when once read, haunts the soul for ever:—

“Then he dreamed that he stood in a Persian garden, and before him were creeping plants, trained on wires slanting upward to a point; and in and out and up and down this flower-minster hung with bells, darted those flying jewels, the humming-birds; the sun's rays

as they slanted on their glancing coats seemed to dash off in a spray of rainbow colours. Some pierced the nectaries of the flowers with their fine bills ; others soared upward, and as they were lost in the dazzling air, the roses swung their censers, and the nightingales sang an assumption-hymn for them. Yet this scene changed incessantly. Every now and then the pinnacle of flowers assumed giant size,—was a needle of rock, shooting up out of a chasm of hanging vegetation, and innumerable spirit-winged souls of Sufis were striving to reach the silent glistening peak. There was a flutter and a pulsing in the sky as with summer-lightning at night, and the palpitation of some vast eyelid made light and darkness succeed each other with quick throbs. Now it was the pyramid of flowers ; now the star-crowned point of rock. So time and space were surpassed—sported with. Instants were ages, he thought, and cycles ran their round in a moment. The vault of heaven was now a hanging flower-cup ; and presently the feather of a humming-bird expanded to a sunset of far-streaming gold and purple.”

“He stood next before the mouth of a cavern, partly overhung with a drooping hair of tropical plants. At his side was a nun, who changed, as is the wont of dreams, into a variety of persons. At one time she was St. Theresa, then Christina Mirabilis, and presently Gower thought he recognized Theresa once more. He followed his conductress into the cavern, in the gloom of which a hermit rivulet was pattering along, telling its pebble beads. As they passed on, the night-birds in the black recesses of the rock shrieked and hooted at them. As he touched the dank sides of the passage from time to time, his hand would rest on some loathly, wet lump, shuffling into a cranny, or some nameless gelid shape fell asunder at his touch, opening gashes in itself, where lay in rows seeds of great tarantula eye-balls, that ran away dissolved in venomous rheum. Bat-like things flapped down from funnel-shaped holes ; polypi felt after his face with slimy fingers ; crabs, with puffed human faces, slid under his tread ; and skinny creatures, as it were featherless birds, with faces like a horse’s skull, leaned over and whinnied at him. ‘These,’ said Theresa, ‘are the obscene hell-brood whose temptations make so terrible the entrance on the higher life.’ ”

There are two topics suggested to us by Mr. Vaughan’s book, which we have reserved for discussion in another article, as they bear especial reference to religious phenomena of our day, and will require ample and careful treatment. First, the *metaphysical* error of Mysticism manifest in the spiritualism and spirit-rapping of modern times. Second, the *causes* of the rapid infectious spread of these and other epidemic religious plagues.

Art. V.—*History of the Jewish Nation after the Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus.* By the Rev. Alfred Edersheim, Ph.D. Edinburgh : Thomas Constable and Co. 1856. Pp. 580, 8vo.

“THE Last of the Arctic Voyages” has, we are told by its somewhat uncouth chronicler, been undertaken without reaching a higher latitude than that attained by earlier explorers, so that although the problem of the North-West passage has at length been set at rest, we shall, it seems, never arrive at a decisive solution of that other great hyperborean question—Whether upon the discovery of the North Pole a Scotchman will be found perched on the top of it. Most people, of course, will still think it probable. Nor will many doubt that if so, a Jew must have already climbed half-mast high ; for wherever Scotchmen are to be met with, plenty of Jews will be sure to find their way, save, perhaps, north of the Tweed and amongst the Yankees. The New Englanders are too ‘cute, and Auld Reekie is too canny as well as too poor to tempt even a Hebrew. But with these exceptions, what country is there without a tolerable sprinkling of the children of Abraham ? They are as ubiquitous as the sparrows, not to say as voracious ; and like these cosmopolitan birds, are as much at home in the streets of Pekin, Rangoon, and Timbuctoo, as in those of London and Berlin ; in Fez and Morocco, in Abyssinia and Nubia, as well as in the remotest provinces of All the Russias, no less than in the purlieus of Capel Court, and the Bourse at Paris, both races manage to build their nests ; aye, and to feather them too. No mountains, no oceans have availed to stop their march. From their central fatherland, and from Jerusalem—the navel of the earth—they have radiated in every direction, until, in the sense of occupation at least, they have already long ago realized the old dream of their huge national ambition, and taken possession of the whole habitable world. Yet they have no more mingled with the races with which they have come in contact, than the globules of quicksilver will amalgamate with the dust of the floor on which it is spilt. The people still dwells proudly alone, and is not reckoned amongst the nations. They are *amongst* us Gentiles everywhere, but *of* us nowhere ; and though we no longer calumniously tax them with the *odium humani generis*, yet it is impossible to deny that the ancient chasm between Israel and the nations still yawns between us. Two thousand years of juxta-position have not sufficed to atone this inveterate feud, save in isolated instances. Nor is it a slight argument in favour of the truth of Christianity, that in every case in which a fusion has been truly effected, the Gospel

has been the solvent. There is, we should imagine, no man who believes in a moral order of the world, at all, but expects the realization at some future time, upon a grand scale, of the idea of human brotherhood, and consequently the reconciliation of Jews and Gentiles, and the removal of the undeniable and notorious antagonism between them. Let then anything be pointed out which has ever been able to bridge over the gulph save Christianity. We are convinced that no other sufficiently harmonizing influence can be named. It alone has ever as yet broken down the middle wall of partition, and made both one—a sure presage this, were there none else, of its being destined to universal triumph. It alone is the catholic religion—the religion for man as man—and by it alone can the most intensely national religion that ever existed, that of the Jews, ever be subsumed.

The dispersion of the Jews had commenced centuries before their national overthrow under Vespasian. It began with the former dissolution of the kingdom of Israel, and the deportation of the Ten Tribes by the Assyrian king, Shalmanezar, soon followed by the similar catastrophe of the kingdom of Judah, under Nebuchadnezzar. From that epoch downwards, a people which for a thousand years previously, had seemed rooted to its native soil, and had shown itself no less jealous of intercourse with foreigners than the Chinese, has become a horde of wanderers. The Ten Tribes never returned; and even of the house of Judah, the fervid patriotism and sacred enthusiasm of Ezra and Nehemiah, could induce only the smaller half to join the caravans bound for their fatherland. During the troublous times that succeeded, Alexander colonized Egypt and Lybia, and Antiochus the Great, Syria and Asia Minor, with Jewish emigrants. The Ptolemies and the Romans continued this policy, so that long before the destruction of Jerusalem, the Jews must have been almost as widely scattered as they have been since. In the third chapter of the excellent work before us, we have as good a statistical view of their dispersion, as we ever remember to have seen. One is astounded to find what vast numbers of Israelites, and proselytes to their religion, were resident beyond the borders of Palestine, especially in the Parthian empire, at a time when we know that the mother-country itself, though scarcely larger than Wales, must have been crowded with a population of at least seven or eight millions of souls. Philo, in his letter to Agrippa, states that his countrymen numbered more than a million in Egypt, and swarmed besides in Cyrenaica and other parts of Africa; that in Asia, they abounded throughout Phœnicia, Syria, Pamphylia, Cilicia, Bithynia, and Pontus, as well as beyond the Euphrates; and that in Europe, they formed an appreciable portion of the population of Thessaly, Bœotia, Mace-

donia, Ætolia, Attica, and the Peloponnesus, not to mention the islands Cyprus, Crete, and Eubœa, and the Italian peninsula. The great Parthian cities of Nabardea and Nisibis were fortified and almost entirely inhabited by Jews, and were the seats of flourishing colleges of Hebrew learning. A few miles south of Nahardea, lay Phirus Shanbar, with no fewer than 90,000 Jewish inhabitants. Near it on one of the canals formed by the Euphrates, was Pumbaditha, the commercial capital of the Diaspora. The Jewish settlements extended as far as the Persian Gulf, and embraced Southern Armenia, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Mesene; and east of the Tigris, Corbiene, Assyria, Susiana, Chusistan, and Adiabene. Josephus relates how the royal family of the last-mentioned country became proselytes of the synagogue in his own time. The history of the subjugation of this distant kingdom to the yoke of the Mosaic law is very interesting, and is thus given by Dr. Edersheim:—

“The father of Izates, King Monabaz, had a son by his sister Helena, to whom he was afterwards united in wedlock. Informed in a dream that his first son (after the marriage with Helena) should enjoy the special favour of the gods, he preferred him to all his other children, even to his elder brother Monabaz. This favourite son was Izates. Under the apprehension that the jealousy of the princes might endanger the safety of Izates, his father sent him, laden with rich presents, to the court of Abennerig, king of Spasinus, whose capital lay in Mesene, an island formed by the Pasitigris and the Eulaeus, which was also known by the name of Spasini-Charax and Characene. Izates married the daughter of the king, and received with her a small province as dowry. At the royal court a Jewish merchant, of the name of Ananias, exercised considerable influence. He succeeded not only in converting some of the noble ladies, but in convincing even the heir of Adiabene of the truth of Judaism. Strange to say, about the same time, Helena, Izates’s mother, had undergone at home a similar change. Soon after, Monabaz feeling his end approaching, recalled Izates, and assigned to him the administration of a beautiful tract of country, where he continued to reside during the remainder of his father’s life. At the time of the decease of Monabaz, neither Izates nor Helena had publicly professed Judaism. But the latter was so far influenced by its principles as to refuse her consent to the proposal of the nobles to follow up the proclamation of Izates by a wholesale murder of all the other princes. They were, however, confined to prison, there to await the arrival of Izates. Only Monabaz, Helena’s eldest son, who in the meantime was to administer the government, was allowed to retain his liberty. On his arrival, Izates immediately liberated the captive princes; but sent them as hostages partly to Rome, and partly to Artaban, king of Parthia. The time had now arrived when Izates proposed by circumcision to make an open profession of Judaism; but Helena, who dreaded a popular rising in consequence, and Ananias, who

apprehended that the popular fury might vent itself on the religious adviser of the king, tried to persuade Izates that this observance was not binding on him; but the neophyte, who had more spiritual and less temporal anxiety than his advisers, could not be so easily satisfied.

“Another teacher from Galilee, Eleazar, was now sent for. On his arrival, he found the king engaged in the study of the law. This circumstance afforded the zealous teacher an opportunity of urging the duty of immediate compliance with *all* its requirements. His representations were successful, and the sacred rite was performed, before the queen-mother or Ananias had even been informed of his intention. Happily, this bold step had no evil consequences. To express her gratitude for what was looked upon as a Divine interposition, Helena undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Izates accompanied her part of the way, and added his largesses to the rich presents which she carried to the temple. She found the inhabitants of the holy city hardly pressed by a famine. To relieve their wants she sent for corn to Alexandria and Cyprus, and caused it to be distributed among the poor. In these largesses Izates followed her example. A few years after these events the ruler of Adiabene had occasion to show kindness to his liege-lord the king of the Parthians. Artaban, the then reigning monarch, being driven from his throne, sought safety with Izates. The unhappy fugitive met Izates returning on horseback to his capital. According to Eastern custom, Artaban threw himself on the ground and implored protection and assistance; but no sooner had Izates heard the tale of the fugitive than, displaying a conduct vastly different from that of other governors, he immediately dismounted to assign the place of honour to Artaban, proposing to walk on foot beside him. The friendly dispute which arose about this mark of respect, terminated in the two monarchs entering the capital side by side. But the friendly offices of Izates did not exhaust themselves in marks of attention. He prevailed upon the Parthians to restore Artaban to his throne. In token of gratitude Izates received great privileges from Artaban. Amongst others he got possession of the town of Nisibis, which was chiefly inhabited by his co-religionists. Izates sent five of his sons to be educated at Jerusalem. Monabaz and the rest of the king's relatives by-and-by also embraced Judaism. These multiplied defections to a foreign and despised creed, at last incited the nobles to discontent and rebellion. The insurgents, who had secured the assistance of Abiad, king of Arabia, were successful in the first engagement, owing to treachery amongst Izates's troops; but in a second battle the king defeated the rebels, and Abiad escaped capture only by falling on his sword. However, soon afterwards, another insurrection broke out. This time the insurgents had, by representing Izates as generally unpopular, prevailed on the Parthian king Vologas, the third on the throne since Artaban, to deprive Izates of his former privileges, and even to declare war against him. Izates could not have resisted the whole force of the Parthian empire, but tidings of an insurrection within his own dominions obliged Vologas to return.

From that time Izates enjoyed undisturbed peace ; Helena continued in Jerusalem during the lifetime of her son ; after his decease she returned to Adiabene, but soon died. Monabaz succeeded Izates, having been selected in preference to the children of the latter. He caused the bodies of his mother and brother to be interred in Jerusalem, and erected a splendid sepulchre, which is still pointed out as the best preserved, and in some respects, the finest monument in the neighbourhood of that city."—Pp. 58—61.

The difficulties inherent in the task which our author has undertaken, are necessarily very great, and if he has not altogether succeeded in surmounting them, the cause of the partial failure is to be sought in the nature of the subject itself, rather than in the writer. Dr. Edersheim is, we believe, himself a German Jew by origin, though a Christian from religious conviction, and an eminently pious and useful minister of the Free Church of Scotland. He is thus qualified as few are, though he writes for believers in Jesus of Nazareth, to sympathize with the nation which has suffered so long and so severely for the crime of rejecting the Messiah. On the one hand, he possesses in this respect the advantage over Basnage, whose "*Histoire des Juifs*," moreover, though it will ever remain a monument of sanctified learning, highly creditable to the age in which it appeared, is now, after the lapse of a century and a half, and the numerous additions made in the interval to our stock of facts, quite out of date. On the other hand, the more modern works of Jost and Graetz are too much pervaded by national bias and religious prejudice, ever to become acceptable to the Christian reading world. Our author freely acknowledges his obligations to these and others of his predecessors, and has made good use of their laborious researches, at the same time that he has spared no pains to shed fresh light upon the subject from the stores of his own ample erudition. We here see German science and learning happily naturalized amongst us, and we hail the phenomenon with the more unmingled delight, inasmuch as these precious treasures reach us unalloyed with any dross of German Rationalism. Dr. Edersheim has also become quite at home in the use of our language, and employs it with an ease and a grace, which in a foreigner, are quite marvellous. His style is pure, elegant, and dramatic, or at least, scenic and picturesque. The book is a thoroughly readable one, and is written by a master in the art of historical representation. At the same time its solid merits as a reliable work of reference, and a substantial authority upon all matters on which it treats, will endear it no less to scholars, than its graphic descriptions will serve to arrest and enchain the general reader. We cannot doubt for a moment that if the execution of the second and

closing volume, shall equal that of the first, the work must become the standard manual upon the subject, and an indispensable addition to every moderately furnished theological library. Hence we rejoice that the enterprising publishers have brought it out at so cheap a rate, and are sure that no one of our readers who may be induced on our hearty and earnest recommendation to purchase it, will regret the trifling investment. The single chapter on the "Social Condition of Palestine" (Chap. ix., pp. 267—348), is honestly worth five times the money, and should, we had almost said, be got off by heart by every Christian minister and divinity student in the land. It contains in a nutshell the quintessence of many volumes on Jewish archæology in all its various branches, besides much which the popular manuals too commonly leave their readers to find out for themselves. It is a graphic daguerreotype of the land and its people, such as Herodotus would have written had he passed through them, and noted down his impressions. Nothing is omitted which is essential; and at the same time words and the precious hours of both writer and reader, are saved by rigidly excluding everything of the nature of mere disquisition. In these busy times, when the very subjects of study are multiplying every day, we want such books as Humboldt's "Cosmos" and the "Hellas" of the late Professor Jacobs, both of which are worth their weight in gold. Let premiums be offered for learned and wise brevity, and for great rather than for big books. Oh! for a Liliputian library by Brobdignagian authors! Some men, of course, like Dr. Edersheim, must read the Talmud, and riddle such mountains of rubbish for the good of their fellow-men, and most grateful are we to him for saving us this weariness to the flesh. He is a ripe Rabbinical scholar, and such are rare amongst us. Let them, therefore, have all due honour, and especially when, as in the present instance, the ore is properly washed, and smelted, and coined for current circulation amongst ordinary mortals.

Having intimated our very favourable opinion of the work before us, we hope we shall not be misunderstood, if we yet venture to give utterance to a slight misgiving as to whether the title be not a misnomer. We are, of course, aware that it is usual, and quite in accordance with tradition, to style the matters treated of here, the "History of the Jewish Nation." Perhaps the designation is a correct one, and it may possibly be hypercritical to object to it. All we can say is that to us Dr. Edersheim's book (and the same remark holds of the rest belonging to its class) reads very little like the history of any *nation* at all, and certainly not of that which in a higher sense than is predicable of any other, was constituted by God himself,

and gloried in the sacred name of "His people." The nationality of the Jews, it seems to us, expired with the Destruction of Jerusalem under Vespasian, which event is the starting-point of our author's narrative, and although it is destined to a glorious resurrection, its present existence is the mere shadow of that coming event. They have lost their land, their language, and their law. For Rabbinism is no more the religion of Moses, than Popery is Christianity. Worst of all, they have crucified their Messiah, and have thus committed national suicide, by striking at the heart. What is left is but the carcase, and the ghoul that haunts the tomb. The history of a corpse cannot be written, and no blame is due to our author for not having compassed an impossibility. Israel's history is the most sublime that has ever been enacted, and such as no pen but that of inspired seers was fitted to record. Its annals, however, which were intended for the instruction of mankind throughout all time, have long since been closed; for Israel, as a nation is no more. The satirical drama after the trilogy, may recall by its burlesque contrasts the stirring incidents and the grand scenes of the latter, but no one can confound the two. The fortunes of the Jews since their dispersion are for the most part, related to their earlier history only as irony, often grim enough. Our modern Hebrews present far more resemblances, and a much closer analogy to the Freemasons, than to the old commonwealth of their fathers. They are but a caricature of the Theocracy. They have sunk into a rabble, and their history can no more be dignified with the name national, than that of the Gypsies. The Gitanoes too have common blood, common customs, and superstitions, and even a sacred language (a bastard Sanscrit) which they speak amongst themselves. They are animated by equally strong antipathies to the "Gentiles" with those which fire the breast of the Jew. But who has ever pretended to pen their history, or to treat these swarthy cosmopolites as a nation? They are a striking, though, we admit, far from complete parallel to the Jews, so that we can hardly wonder that some have gone so far as to identify them with the lost Ten Tribes. Of course we would by no means be understood as degrading the Jews to their level. It would be gross injustice to do so. Nothing is farther from us than the intention of denying that the Jews have often displayed many noble virtues, and have evinced great talents of various kinds, even since their melancholy dispersion. It is no less true, moreover, that many of their worst vices are mainly traceable to the ages of wicked persecution, through which they have passed. They often shame Christians by their correct discharge of relative duties, and their family life in particular, is said to be still cha-

racterized by much of that beautiful and patriarchal simplicity and purity, which charm us so much in the Bible narratives. Since as a body they fulfil with exemplary loyalty all the obligations of citizenship, we see no reason why they should be debarred from any of its rights, and trust that the bigotry of our hereditary legislators will not any longer be suffered to overrule the judgment of the House of Commons as to who shall sit upon its benches. The British subject who can lend his sovereign twenty millions, ought surely, if elected by his fellow-citizens as their representative in Parliament, to have a voice and a vote upon the question how it shall be spent. But whilst we cheerfully make these admissions, and cherish these hopes of the complete emancipation of the Jews, we cannot admit them to be in their present state, what is properly meant by a *nation*. Personal and family virtues and abilities cannot constitute them such, and the patriotism which qualifies them for seats in alien senates, demonstrates the extinction of their own nationality. The author of "Coningsby" may vapour about the Caucasian mystery, and may eloquently extol the kingly pre-eminence of the race which had the honour of producing him. It may be perfectly true that the first Jesuits were Jews, and that the Russian diplomatic service—the astutest in the world—is for the most part in the hands of Jews. This proves that they have cunning, which is usually reckoned one of the characteristics of slaves—an accomplishment learnt in the hard school of oppression, in which the Jews have been so long and rudely disciplined. Their Mendelssohns, Rossinis, Meyerbeers, Pastas, and Grisis, have awakened some echoes of the harp of Judah, but remind us no more of "the sweet singer of Israel," who first strung it, than the opera-house which they delighted, recalls the solemn grandeur of the Temple. Marshals Soult and Massena may, for aught we know, have been as good generals as David, and as true heroes as Gideon and Barak; but the dash of Hebrew blood in their veins, made them none the less Frenchmen. The latter would hardly have changed his name from Manasseh, had he deemed the national designation an honour. In like manner, whoever thinks of Mendizabel, as anything but a Spaniard, or of Count Cancrin, but as a Russian, or of Mr. Disraeli himself, save as an Englishman? With far greater reason than in some of his other instances, may our novelist boast of his kindred with such scholars as Benary, Wehl, and Neander, though he goes a little too far when he styles the last the "Founder of Spiritual Christianity." He went still further in his enthusiasm for his Hebrew countrymen, when in his place in the House of Commons, he argued in favour of their admission to Parliament,

on the ground that if Christians profess to base all their everlasting hopes on the sacrifice of the Cross, they owe some gratitude to the nation which offered it: a sentiment which ought instantly to have been hissed down as a piece of shocking profanity. No, surely, it is not because, but in spite of that fearful crime, and owing to their having paid for it the heavy penalty of the forfeiture of their own nationality, that we should generously offer them the shelter and blessings of ours. Were they still really a nation, there would be no need for them to seek, nor for us to grant the boon. But they are not, and have now ceased to be so for nearly two thousand years. Once they were God's peculiar people, and they are still "beloved for the fathers' sakes:" nay, the time is coming, when He will bring them forth out of the grave, and will vouchsafe to them such a restoration as may well be called "life from the dead." Meanwhile, and awaiting this resurrection, Israel is but the ghost of its former and future self, flitting, uneasy and homeless, from land to land—like Cain, a fugitive and a vagabond upon the face of the earth. To the Pentateuch they have preferred the Mishna, and the Gemaras, with their hair-splitting casuistry and dissection of the fourth commandment, for instance, into seven hundred cases of conscience. Instead of Isaiah and Ezekiel, they love the Hagadists. They have chosen Barabbas rather than Christ. That is why, as Carlyle says, they prophetically sing, "Ou clo!" in our streets, and why from the Holy Land to Houndsditch, strikes the imagination as such a terrible anticlimax. The chasm between Moses and those who sit in his seat in the synagogue, between Solomon and the Kabbala, between the heights of Zion and the Ghetto at Rome, or our own Holywell Street, is one which the rhetoric of a thousand Disraeli's will never be able to span. The depth to which a nation must have fallen which lays claim to both, is the grave.

But if, for the best of all reasons, Dr. Eldersheim has not given us the history of the Jewish *nation*, since its dispersion, he has done what alone was possible in such a case of suspended animation, by enriching our literature with an admirable history of Rabbinism. He is the chronicler of the Sanhedrim and the Synagogue. In the present volume, he enables us to follow its various fortunes down to the middle of the fifth century, paying particular attention to its relations to the Christian church. His biographical sketches of the leading rabbies are often very interesting. Here is his account of the teacher of the Apostle Paul, Rabbôn * Gamaliel I., whose grandfather was the cele-

* This form of the honorary title indicates that its bearer was Nasi, or prince of the Sanhedrim.

brated Hillel, the founder of one of the two schools (that of Schammai, his contemporary, being the other), into which the Jewish theologians have ever since been divided :—

“Hillel was succeeded by his grandson Gamaliel I. (the elder), the same who gave the temperate advice which led to the suspension of the persecution of the early church. It is not easy to indicate who acted as principal of the theological school, and who as president of the Sanhedrim, in the troublous times which preceded the destruction of Jerusalem. We conceive that, like Hillel, his immediate successors sustained both dignities at the same time. At any rate the patriarchs who presided after the destruction of the Temple, united in themselves the two offices. Rabbi Gamaliel was deeply versed in the current theological lore, but did not belong to the strict Pharisaical party. Like Hillel, who had throughout supported the government of Herod, he also abstained from political agitation, and unlike the school of Schammai, who were ardent nationalists, was not opposed to Roman supremacy. It is asserted by some that about this time Gamaliel transferred the seat of the theological college to Jamnia, a town a few miles to the west of Jerusalem. If such was the case, he may have removed to that city partly in order to disarm all suspicion of political agitation, and partly to withdraw himself from the influence of parties in Jerusalem. Nor would his residence in the country prevent his taking part, at least on important occasions, in the deliberations of the Sanhedrim. Of his scientific acquirements, his acquaintance with the Greek language and literature, and with astronomy, deserve special notice, as indicating a more liberal spirit than that of his contemporaries.

“In other respects, too, he manifested a similar independence from the prejudices of the Pharisees. Thus while other rabbins, and especially the school of Schammai, scrupulously avoided every contact with heathens, and all that could be construed into conformity with heathen practices, Gamaliel felt himself at liberty to do things which would have been denounced in any other as little less than apostacy. Trifling as it may appear to us, such indulgences as, having a figure carved upon his seal, bathing at Ptolemais in a place where a statue of Venus had been placed, and in general displaying a taste for the beautiful in nature and art, were serious innovations to a Pharisaical Jew. Gamaliel's descent, position, and influence alone could protect him in such a course of conduct, and later writers have felt it necessary to frame certain excuses for those apparent deviations from strict rabbinical principles. Probably Gamaliel had imbibed just so much of Christianity as to abhor the hypocrisy and religious affectation of the Pharisees, who very soon declined in influence and importance; at any rate he only carried out the principles of his grandfather. We must not omit to notice an important measure he introduced into the synagogue. The appearance of the new moon was of the greatest importance in the computation of the Jewish feasts and the arrangement of the calendar. It had been the practice for those who first observed its appearance to hasten to Jerusa-

lem to intimate this to the Sanhedrim, by whom they were closely questioned on the subject. To secure more certainty and to be less dependent on unsatisfactory reports, Gamaliel drew up lunar tables and representations to guide the Jewish senate in the examination of these witnesses.

“Notwithstanding his liberality, which probably was more rationalistic than spiritual, Gamaliel remained to the end firmly attached to the traditions of the Fathers. At his decease, about eighteen years before the destruction of Jerusalem, it was said in the magniloquent language of the period, and perhaps not without reference to subsequent events, that the glory of the law had departed and that general wickedness had seized men. The recorded theological principle of Gamaliel expresses his adherence to traditionalism, and his abhorrence of Pharisaical wrangling and hypocritical over-scrupulousness. It is—‘Procure thyself a teacher, avoid being in doubt, and do not accustom thyself to give tithes by guess.’”—Pp. 142—144.

The soul of the last great convulsive effort of Israel’s despair—the disastrous revolt against the Emperor Hadrian, was the famous Rabbi Akiba, the Jewish Abelard, of whom and his nobler Heloise we have the following graphic portraiture. Pity that such a man should have stooped to employ as his tool the wretched impostor Bar-cochba, and thus, by palming this false Messiah upon his countrymen, should have become the guilty occasion of such a fearful effusion of blood.

“Amongst the many pupils of Joshua none was more justly renowned than Akiba Ben Joseph. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether in some respects he did not surpass even Hillel the Great: Combining originality and even genius with moral earnestness and integrity, he could not have played a secondary part in any community. If to these natural qualifications we add delicacy of feeling, a glowing enthusiasm which invested with a halo every conviction, and made it as much a matter of the heart as of the intellect—and finally, the necessary condition in his circumstances—extensive and thorough erudition, the picture is complete. His early history is almost as romantic as his end was tragic. Tradition makes him a proselyte, and derives him ultimately from no less a person than Sisera. Born in humble circumstances and nurtured in ignorance, we first meet the youth in the service of the celebrated Kalba Shabua, one of the richest men (of the three rich men) of Jerusalem, who had undertaken to keep the city in provisions during a siege of many years’ duration. His beauty, if not his mental qualities, attracted here the attention, and at last secured for the young shepherd the affections of Kalba’s daughter, the beautiful and accomplished Rachel. It was in vain that her father opposed a union apparently so unsuitable, and at last disowned his child with a vow. Rachel gave her hand to Akiba. Only one condition did she attach to it—that he should in future devote himself to theological studies. Akiba had formerly equally hated theology and theologians. His proud spirit could ill brook their

pretensions, or the contempt which they heaped on him or others, whom circumstances alone had prevented from attaining to equal if not greater distinction. According to his own statement he could have killed them; but now everything was changed. Akiba departed immediately after his marriage by desire of his wife for the college, determined to show himself worthy of her he loved; and poor Rachel had to leave her father's abode. And now began a period of unexampled devotion on the part of the faithful bride. Twelve years it had been agreed between them, was Akiba to stay away. Meanwhile Rachel lived in a wretched hovel in extreme poverty. She had been delivered of her eldest and only child on a straw litter. Such was her destitution that she had to cut off and sell her beautiful tresses to procure a miserable subsistence. Meantime her father, bound by his vow, was unable to assist her unless she renounced her husband. The twelve years of separation had elapsed, and Akiba was hastening to his beloved Rachel. He had reached her abode when he overheard a conversation in which Rachel replied to the objections of her father by expressing a desire that Akiba should remain with the sages other twelve years. Without entering the cottage, Akiba immediately returned to his studies. At the close of the second period he returned the most famed among the sages.

"At the head of an immense number of followers, some state them at 2,400, Akiba approached the place where his beloved Rachel lived in wretchedness, and the people flocked from all parts to see the celebrated teacher. The procession moved on when one, whose haggard face was lit up with more than ordinary glow, pressed through the wondering crowd, and unable to control her feelings, fell at his feet, which she embraced. Already his followers were preparing to push aside the forward intruder, but the rabbi stayed them. 'Let her alone,' said he, 'for what I am, and what you are, we owe it all to her.' The poor sufferer was none other than his faithful Rachel, who from that day shared her husband's honours and wealth. It is said that the neighbours offered to lend her new garments to go and meet her husband, but the devoted woman preferred meeting Akiba in the rags she had worn for his sake. Tradition adds that Kalba Shabua was freed from his vow, as applying to ignorant, not to learned Akiba, and that he left his ample fortune to his celebrated son-in-law. Akiba's affection towards Rachel manifested itself in every possible way. It is said that on one occasion he presented her with a golden head-dress, representing Jerusalem in its beauty. So gorgeous was the ornament, that Rabban Gamaliel's wife, jealous of Rachel's distinction, would fain have had her husband interdict its use. But the Nasi refused, remarking that she who for Akiba's sake had parted with her own hair, might well wear any ornament on her head."—Pp. 178—180.

The following amusing passage shows that Rabbi Jehuda the Holy was after all but a man:—

"One of the Nasi's favourites was Bar Kappara, of Babylonian extraction, and equally distinguished for learning, readiness, and

poetical talent; but his mind was of that lower order which descended more frequently to punning and coarse allusions, than it presented the truthful views of man and his relations, which are gained by the highest genius only, and which in the form of aphorisms, so frequently constitute true wit. Rabbi Jehuda was sometimes amused by, and at others afraid of his uncontrollable desire for punning. A marriage feast was always a season of merry-making, where amusement was ever deemed a religious duty. Bar Kappara promised the patriarch's daughter, that at her marriage he would not only keep the company in continual merriment, but even make the Nasi dance. Rabbi Jehuda, dreading his friend's humour, resolved, by way of security, not to invite him to the wedding. Bar Kappara pretended to be so deeply offended at this slight, and took the liberty of expressing his feelings so strongly, that the patriarch at last yielded, and invited him on condition that he was for once to control his tongue, promising in return for his moderation a present of wheat. But the temptation was too great for Bar Kappara. He appeared at the marriage carrying an immense hamper, and demanding from the patriarch the wheat which he had lent him. An explanation ensued, and the shouts of laughter in which the Nasi himself joined, encouraged Bar Kappara to continue. Wine and wit proved too strong for many of the guests: the Nasi danced."—Pp. 491, 492.

Our final extract narrates the conversion of a patriarch to Christianity in the former half of the fourth century. The story is taken from Epiphanius, who heard it from Count Joseph, himself a Christian Israelite, as, indeed was Epiphanius also, and a man high in the confidence of the Emperor Constantine the Great:—

“Joseph related, that at one time he had occupied a high post among the Jews, being attached to the person of the Patriarch Hillel. When at the point of death, the patriarch had sent for the Christian bishop, who, as was frequently the case, seems also to have practised medicine. The latter came as a physician of the body. When all present had been removed, Joseph, whose suspicion had been excited, lingered behind, and witnessed through the crevices of the door an unexpected scene. The dying patriarch opened his mind to the bishop, and craved baptism at his hands. He obtained it, having taken a step, the obligation of which must long have weighed heavily upon his spirit. The bishop visited the patriarch two or three times in the character of a physician, until the converted Jewish dignitary entered into his rest, leaving his trusty friend Joseph, and another sage, guardians of his youthful son and successor, Jehuda IV. That the conversion of the patriarch was kept secret cannot appear remarkable, when we remember not only the theological views of the time, but that it took place on his death-bed, and in a place where, the Jews being the dominant party, the promulgation of the story, if credited at all, would have called down a fearful storm of persecution upon the few Christians. If Joseph had

been deeply impressed by what he had observed in the sick chamber; his curiosity, as well as that of others, was roused, by noticing a large seal on the treasury box of the late patriarch. He secretly opened it, and to his astonishment found there, instead of money, what had proved much more precious to the patriarch—a Hebrew translation of the Gospel according to John, of the Acts of the Apostles, and of the Lord's genealogy as recorded by Matthew."—P. 536.

ART. VI.—*The Border Lands of Spain and France; with an Account of a Visit to the Republic of Andorre.* London: Chapman and Hall.

THE locomotive propensities of the Englishman are proverbial. Drop where you will, however remote from your home, in whatever quarter of the globe you please, you are sure to alight upon an Englishman. He roams about like an unquiet spectre. Often have we, when wandering in foreign lands, endeavoured, nay, made exertions to avoid him; we have even chosen routes along which we felt it almost morally impossible he would think of posting. Enter, however, the public conveyance, and there he is before you—broad-faced, clean shaven, and high-collared, and not improbably grasping an umbrella. Proceed further. Do you visit a place of gastronomic entertainment, eager to satisfy the cravings of a famishing nature—there behold him already bending over a dish of soup which he pooh-poohs, and unmistakable by the manner in which he clutches his spoon. Have you a desire to scale that lofty mountain, or penetrate that gloomy abyss where the torrent falls and foams in solitary grandeur, amidst pine-trees green with the mists of ages, or would you dive deep into that mysterious cavern—the poetical abode of griffins, dragons, and monsters of fiery breath—if perchance you meet a single individual in your perilous path, that individual is—an Englishman.

Let us boast, however, of our national ubiquity as we will, there is—we do not say a spot, a village, a district—but a people, a whole nation, which few of us have ever heard of, and but one or two of our countrymen have ever visited, lying, too, within a distance from our shores less than from London to Vienna, less than from Paris to Madrid. It is an account of this community, jammed in, as it were, between its two powerful neighbours France and Spain, and coming forth to us with all the garniture of the anti-medieval age about it—with all the simplicity of the days of Charlemagne its founder, which renders the present volume specially attractive.

Before, however, conducting our readers to the Republic of Andorre, there is much to interest them concerning the different communities of the Pyrenees, of which this is one. It would not be difficult out of the materials we already possess, and our own experience, to work up a highly coloured picture descriptive of the idiosyncracies of these different races. Any one who has visited the fair of Tarbes, must have seen all the races and all the costumes of the Pyrenees at one view, thousands of persons flocking thither annually for more than fifty miles around. There will be seen the white bonnet of Bigorre, the brown of Foix, and the red of Roussillon; sometimes even the large flat hat of Aragon, the round hat of Navarre, and the pointed bonnet of Biscay; the Basque voiturier also enters the market with his long waggon, drawn by three horses abreast, himself riding alongside upon his ass or mule. But it will be better to accompany our traveller in his tour, and derive from his own pages the experiences of men and manners which it is his object to depict. Our readers will also be able to judge for themselves, of the manner in which he acquits himself. In the programme with which he opens his task, he gives us sketches and descriptions of the people he is about to visit, the truthfulness of which the reader cannot fail to recognize:—

“The cardinal distinctions between the Spaniards and the French,” he says, “absorb but a very small proportion of the phases of Pyrenean life. I shall attempt, accordingly to offer a description of my visit to the Basque population, and of their manners and political institutions;—to the Béarnais, who yet preserve distinctions of character that have survived the original distinctions of their feudal polity;—to the isolated survivors of the proscribed races of the Cagots and Colliberts, whose origin has long baffled the speculation of the antiquary and the historian;—to the mountaineers of Aragon and of Catalonia, in their contrast with the social characteristics of the people of the plain;—to the Spanish church, as it now exists in the northern provinces of the Peninsula;—to the relics of Roman architecture in the south of France, in reference to the light they shed upon the history of conquest and of art: and to the people of Cerdagne and Roussillon, who alone I believe of all the nations of Europe, continue the celebration of the mediæval drama. I shall also have to relate my impression of the government and social condition of the Republic of Andorre, which while scarcely known to the people of this country, has maintained its independence for more than a thousand years, and is now perhaps, the most ancient and conservative of the states of Europe.”—P. 3.

The base of the operations of our author was Bayonne, upon the fretted roof of whose grey Gothic cathedral, the chivalry of

the Plantagenets still glistens, and where, without the fortifications amid a thick grove of limes, stand the ruins of the Château de Narzac, a monument of the perfidy of the First Napoleon. From Bayonne he pushed on through some of the most varied and beautiful scenery in Europe, to the Spanish frontier, passing by the Château de Luz, and crossing the Nivelle and the Bidassoa—the theatre of those victories which cast such a lustre around the name of Wellington. A wooden bridge at Behobia forms the neutral ground between the French and Spanish territories.

“Here a ludicrous difficulty,” narrates our author, “bade fair to await us. The *gens-d’armes* on the French frontier, after another examination of our credentials, had satisfied themselves that we were duly *visé*d out of France; but the satisfaction of the Spanish *gens-d’armes* that we were also duly *visé*d into Spain was quite an independent question. With the endorsement of our passports by the consul of the Queen Isabella at Bayonne, the French authorities had no concern; but a slight irregularity in this respect, would have been viewed in a very different light on the other side of the bridge. The Spaniard, in short, would have refused us admission into their territory, whilst the French would most assuredly not have permitted our return, inasmuch as we had already been *visé*d out of France, and had brought on our return no recognition of our political respectability from the Spanish police. Here, then to all ages we might have wandered on the neutral bridge—the eternal pilgrims of the Bidassoa—exiled and expatriated—neither Englishmen, Frenchmen, nor Spaniards—we should have been living, natural and political phenomena, partaking more of the character of neutral existences than of physical and national beings. There, in truth, we should have been immortalized in future legends as the *genii* of the stream, and have roamed like departed spirits on the shores of the everlasting Styx.”—P. 13.

However, the neutral bridge did not become a ‘bridge of sighs,’ and after escaping the dangers of the *gens-d’armes*, our traveller found himself on Spanish soil, and reached San Sebastian—that fine old fortress-town—in safety. The principal entertainment provided for him here was a bull-fight. Few English tourists, we believe, resist the temptation of seeing the demoralizing spectacle, if it lie within their reach. Some, doubtless, for the excitement it affords; others, and these the largest portion, apparently to convince themselves that men, women, and children, the highest and most educated in the land, as well as the lowest, the fairest and tenderest, mothers and daughters, decked out in their gayest costumes, and with faces resplendent with smiles, do frequent exhibitions of such unmasked cruelty, and applaud over deeds of blood. Spain was lately the only

country (if we except Bayonne, which though a French possession is Spanish in its character) where this pastime was really popular and sanctioned by the government. Within the last few years, however, this brutal spectacle has been introduced into France, and encouraged by the French authorities, so that the ancient arenas of Arles and Nîmes may frequently be seen during the summer months filled with an excited multitude, to witness the achievements of the matadors, picadors, and unfortunate animals. There is, however, a distinction to be drawn between the French and Spanish performances. In Spain the animal is tortured to death, and the exhibition is considered tame unless a man is sent off to the hospital, or some of the horses and dogs killed. In France, however, the sport is confined to irritating the animal without actually inflicting pain upon him, whilst precautionary measures are taken to ensure the safety of the men.

The people of the Basque provinces are a curious people, well worth the study of the antiquarian and philologist. Their traditions reach back to a period far beyond the days of Charlemagne and Roncesvalles. Secure from innovation in their mountains, they have retained the language and much of the manners of their ancestors, and have seen all the nations of the West pass before them—Celt, Roman, Goth, and Saracen. They look down, to use the words of a contemporary historian, with scorn and pity upon our young antiquities. "Do you know," once said a Montmorenci to a Basque, "we date from a thousand years back?" "And we," replied the Basque, "have left off counting."

They are truly a paradoxical people :—

"The reader will share the interest of the traveller in their ethnological, their political, and their social idiosyncrasy. They were in fact a living caricature of every theory of government, and a living paradox of every principle of domestic life. They were the proudest and nearly the most necessitous of mankind; they were the hardest labourers in the field, and the most exclusive aristocrats in the world. They envied the wealth and ascendancy of central Spain, and they despised the old noblesse of Castile as the very mushrooms of society. Their landowners held more frequently but a few acres of the soil, and they would have derided the pretensions of Prince Lichtenstein or Prince Esterhazy. Their mechanical arts continued in their ancient barbarism, and they would have set down the people of Manchester for intolerable impostors. Their house-doors were emblazoned with coats-of-arms, and their dwellings were devoid of the most ordinary requirements of social life. Their genealogies transcended those of the Austrians and the Scotch, and their civilization was inferior to that equal of most European nations. They considered themselves *par excellence* the gentlemen of Europe, and they constituted themselves *par excellence* the boors of Spain."—P. 88.

Besides the epitome of the social characteristics of the Basques, their political constitution, their semi-independence, their occupations, their religious *fêtes*, &c., have all been touched upon, but merely in a cursory manner. Our author devotes, however, a special chapter to the state of the church in Spain, and the influence of religion upon the mind and character of the people. The same deplorable picture which protrudes itself upon the view of all travellers wherever Romanism is rampant, arrests his eye here: ignorance on the part of the priests, credulity on the part of the women, contempt on the part of the men. "The church," he declares "is the bane of the social system."

We forbear journeying with our tourist through Béarn and Navarre, or visiting the baths of the Pyrenees: descriptions of these places are familiar to most of our readers. Few, however, we suspect have heard of the proscribed Cagots, a race whose origin is involved in much obscurity, and into whose history a special inquiry is made in this volume. This people, it appears, are scattered among the villages in the neighbourhood of Bagnères en Bigorre. They are a race who, for nearly a thousand years, have lain under the ban both of church and state; have been excluded from the most ordinary privileges of Christians, and treated with contempt by the prejudices of their neighbours. They long lived in the most secluded valleys of the Pyrenees, isolated from the communion of the surrounding inhabitants, and only within the last fifty or sixty years have they been admitted into social intercourse with the people in the midst of whom they live. At Montgaillard and Campan, the traces of the ecclesiastical severity they were obliged to submit to, are still visible. A distinct cemetery receives their dead; and though they were not forbidden to attend the services of the mass, they were obliged to enter by a small door under the belfry, and not allowed to seat themselves in the body of the church. Marriages, however, have taken place between them and their neighbours within the last half century, the barrier of exclusion having been broken, probably by the Revolution of 1789; and it is not easy to find a pure Cagot, either in the villages around Bagnères, or in the Vallée de Bastan, where another settlement of them, called Agotes, existed. The Cagots that still remain of pure blood, exhibit all the symptoms of a miserable race oppressed by the traditionary cruelty of civil and ecclesiastical power. They are low in stature, weak, and tottering; their figures, though not absolutely deformed, are unlike those of other human beings; their complexions are sallow in the last degree, and their appearance bears out the reputation they have acquired of being of weak intellects.

It is unnecessary here to challenge the successive theories respecting the origin of the Cagots which have been put forward, or to inquire whether they are the descendants of heretics or lepers. The indefatigable researches of MM. Fauriel, Michel, Ramou, and Pelassou have placed the matter in a favourable light, and we coincide in their opinion that this unfortunate race are a colony of Christian Arabs planted in those districts by Charlemagne. According to Eginhard, his secretary, this universal emperor undertook an expedition against the Mohammedan Arabs in support of the Christians on the banks of the Ebro. Soon after this invasion it appears that a considerable body of Spanish and Arab Christians passed the Pyrenean frontiers in search of a refuge from the persecution of the Mohammedans. Charlemagne granted them the valleys of the Pyrenees in the vicinity of Bigorre for a possession, and appointed some neighbouring Counts to afford them protection. It also appears that these exiles were partly Goths, partly Arabs, and partly Latins, and that all of them professed Christianity. By what means, then, did they sink down into the miserable condition of the Cagots of the Middle Ages and of the present day? The answer is easily given. The Counts elected to be their protectors, soon began to despoil them; a charge of heresy was also raised, so that the hand of the ecclesiastical and the civil power lay heavily upon them; they were banned and oppressed by the great, whilst the prejudices of the people co-operated with the church and state to effect their ruin and degradation.

When our tourist leaves the valleys and the villages of the Cagots, he traverses the mountains of Western Catalonia by way of Porte de Venasque, and the giant mountain—the Maladetta; gives us his opinions upon Spanish affairs, and the causes of the evils she labours under; gets nearly into a conflict with a band of lawless marauders in Eastern Catalonia, and arrives safely at Cerdagne and Roussillon. In Cerdagne and Roussillon the people are absolutely Roman Catholic. The ideas which form their manners are far more Spanish than French. They have been secluded in their little corners up in the mountains from external influences, and hence have preserved the old religious ceremonies and sacred rites of the mediæval times in greater perfection. Amongst the most remarkable and interesting of these ceremonies are the dramatic entertainments called mysteries and moralities, which were instituted in those benighted days to teach the multitude the various events recorded in Scripture.

We were tempted, but unfortunately our space prevents us, to give the description of these mysteries in full, to convince the reader of the miserable shifts the Church of Rome adopts to

teach and amuse her credulous children. Compare this vague, stupid, and almost blasphemous method of affording instruction upon scriptural subjects, with the reading of the Bible, and the learned expositions of it that are daily given in our own and other Protestant countries. These representations formerly took place in the churches and cathedrals; at the present day the theatre is the scene of the performance:—

“Never was any drama a more complete practical protest against the doctrine of dramatic unity of place; for the play which was acted on the occasion of my visit began with the creation of the world; and after comprehending, in theory or in representation, the principal events of the first two thousand years, concluded with our Saviour’s pilgrimage upon earth! Paradise was, by a figure of speech, the first scene of the first act. There were Adam and Eve, at first the solitary *dramatis personæ*; then came the animals (by a gentle anachronism), ‘pawing to get free;’ then came the tempting Evil Spirit; and finally, the expelling and avenging Angel. But by a grotesque perversion, the former was represented by a fair woman, and the latter by a dark and bearded man, burnt apparently from immemorial time by the fierceness of the Roussillon sun.”—P. 190.

After this scene followed the Deluge; the Descent of the Patriarchs into Egypt, the Egyptian Plagues; the Wandering in the Desert, &c.:—

“In the fullness of dramatic time, the events of our Saviour’s pilgrimage were introduced upon the stage. The introduction of so sacred a subject must shock, at first sight at least, the notions of a northern visitor. . . . The drama concluded with the Marriage at Cana. It had first shadowed forth some of the early events in the life of our Saviour which are not recorded by St. John, thus setting the chronological question in dispute among learned divines as to the order of the priority of the miracle of Cana over other miraculous acts. It was a fitting close, however, for a play based on such principles (non-dramatic and void of historical perspective as they were), for the drama which had begun with the representation of the Fall, and of the Divine promise which that Fall had elicited, concluded with the event which the last evangelist has introduced as the first pledge of the fulfilment of that Divine promise by our Saviour to mankind.”—P. 198.

When this more serious representation was over, a comedy, or rather farce, was performed, which evoked the hilarity of all parties that were present. The source of the comedy was purely local, some invader of Roussillon or Cerdagne put to flight amidst the buffooneries and jests of the people. “These dramatic celebrations are far from being the only peculiarities of the people of Cerdagne and Roussillon. Their superstitious and religious sentiments find vent in periodical processions, associated either with obscure traditions or with the evangelical history.” Few

persons who have visited the Continent can have failed to notice the deplorable manner in which religion and pleasure are mixed together,—how the Sunday is converted into a saturnalian season, and how saints-days, which the vain imagination of popes instituted to bind people more closely to their bishops' apron-strings, have degenerated into occasions of debauch and licentiousness. Worldly pleasure and religious morality, Sabbath recreations and a high tone of national moral feeling cannot be maintained together.

On quitting Cerdagne and Roussillon, our traveller—for as he does not give us his name we are obliged to notify him thus vaguely—recrossed the Pyrenean pass that must be traversed in the direction from Aix, and entered the territory of Andorre. Many of our readers we suspect are little acquainted with this ancient Republic, which has existed since the days of Charlemagne, in the high valleys of the Pyrenees. These valleys are the wildest and most picturesque in these wild and picturesque mountains, whilst their rugged peaks, steep and inaccessible, seem to penetrate even the blue vault of heaven. The Hon. James Erskine Murray, the only Englishman besides our author that we are acquainted with as having visited this interesting region, describes its beauty in rapturous language: "We kept the Andorrean side of the valley, and numerous as are the spots where the choicest wild flowers may be gathered in the Pyrenees, I never beheld such quantities of them anywhere as I did here. Their profusion was such, and their various tints and colours so beautiful, that in stepping among them I almost felt that I was committing sacrilege, and could venture to say that a larger and more exquisite flower-terrace could nowhere be found." Every one has experienced something of the same feeling who has clambered up the verdant sides of the Alps, those mountain pastures of Central Europe; but this feeling is heightened in an immeasurable degree when winding up the southern slopes of the Pyrenees. The perpetual shelter from the cold winds of the north, the soft moisture which they steal from the clouds, and the brilliant suns that look down upon them from the skies of Spain, favour their richness and profusion.

Soldeu was the first place in the Andorrean territory at which our modern traveller halted. We say modern traveller, for it is upwards of twenty years ago that Mr. Erskine visited these Pyrenean districts, at a time too when the disturbed state of the country, owing to the Carlist war, prevented him from penetrating so far as he intended. Soldeu, though a principal provincial town, is but a collection of straggling huts, built, if the term may be applied to such unarchitectural constructions, of granite and

wood, with holes for windows, and rough unpainted boards for panes and shutters. It is hardly safe for an Englishman with his ideas of cleanliness and order to look into the interior. However, we will introduce him into the principal and only hotel, at which our traveller was necessitated to put up; where he will meet with rather a superior phase of Andororean life:—

“We dismounted at a dwelling somewhat better in appearance than the rest; and after leading our horses into a decent stable, and passing a formidable barricade of the *cochon* tribe, which had stationed itself at the house-door, finally entered. I cast involuntarily a retrospective thought upon the *table d'hôte* at Bagnères de Luchon; but making up my mind for a little more of pastoral simplicity, and a little austere republican self-denial, determined to make the best of everything around me. A long, low, white-washed room, without any other ceiling than such as was afforded by the floor overhead, with a glassless window at the extremity opening upon a rudely constructed balcony, which commanded the wild view of the glen, greeted my entrance. On one side was the only bedroom of the village (!), reserved apparently for the chance visits of republican grandes, and happily disengaged. An aperture, some two feet square, designed to admit the light of day, was closed imperfectly with a board, for the reason that it disdained the luxury of a window. On the other side was the rustic kitchen. Here, by the fireside, the inhabitants of the dwelling congregated while their supper was preparing. The fire consisted of logs of burning wood scarcely raised above the ground, and encircled by two wooden benches on which the party sat. There were no means, even in the day-time, of admitting external light into this apartment. A lighted branch of pine served as a flambeau for its illumination; and a cauldron, suspended over the fire, contained the supper which was usually served after dark, to the chance visitors of my host. The provisions were very superior to the rest of the accommodations. A gigot, dressed with vegetables, cooked after the fashion of the commonwealth, and a bottle or two of indigenous wine, rejoiced the hearts of the party. We numbered some five or six at this banquet in the large room of the house, while the matron and her children supped elsewhere. In this manner, when the labours of the day were concluded, the hard-working people of Andorre loved to renew their social intercourse.”—P. 209.

The territory of the Republic of Andorre measures thirty-six miles from north to south, and about thirty from east to west. It consists of three valleys, one rising above the other, the plains of which become more narrow according to their elevation. This curious commonwealth is bounded on the north by Ariège, on the south by Urgel, on the west by the valley of Paillas, and on the east by the valley of Carola. It contains six communes—Canillo, Enchamp, La Massana, Urdino, Saint

Julien, and Andorre, the capital, besides which there are above thirty villages. The population of each chief town varies from 500 to 800. The total number of the inhabitants of the Republic may be estimated at between seven and eight thousand.

The government of the country is conducted by an assembly of twenty-four elders, who form a council, presided over by a syndic, who is the chief magistrate and executor of the laws. It is unnecessary to enter into further inquiries of his functions. When we speak of the chief magistrate, the doge of a republic, the head of a state, we are too apt to associate artificial trappings with such a one, hedging him round with a certain divinity and consequence, without which we should dread the efficacy of his power and authority. None of these external trappings belonged to the Syndic of Andorre. If he were not at his capital, he rusticated at the village, or more properly speaking, the district-capital of Canillo. This residence, to use the words of our traveller, "was neither a granary, nor a cottage, nor assuredly a house." He was at this time about fifty-five years of age; possessed an intelligent countenance that bespoke also a kindly disposition, and in his manner evinced a certain degree of natural, simple dignity, somewhat of a patriarchal character. The Englishman on presenting himself was treated with every respect. The Syndic introduced him to his family, and showed him the interior of his house. In his principal apartment, or drawing-room, he was drying vegetables. At one end of the room a small carpet covered the floor, and here stood a cabinet, in which were deposited the state papers. The single window of this hall opened upon a balcony overlooking the valley below. "This was his bureau; in this balcony all the affairs of state were transacted—audiences were granted, and documents signed—during the summer months." Here also was the great seal of the Republic, the sight of which for the first time convinced our traveller that his host was not an impostor. On parting they agreed to meet in the capital.

"Andorre was unquestionably superior to all the villages which I had yet visited with in the valley, but it was still a village. The inferior towns were rather its scattered hamlets. It contained but one building that would in France or England aspire to the pretensions of a house. It was the residence of the greatest landholder in Andorre, and was regarded as the wonder of the commonwealth. The other buildings were barbarous constructions of wood and stone, consisting generally of two floors, and singularly deficient both of symmetry and design. The streets, or rather the lanes, which intersected the village, had apparently been devised after the building of the houses, in consequence of a sagacious after-thought which had dictated the desirability of a communication between house and

house. I looked in vain, as we passed by these rude dwellings, for any dwelling which might bear the external appearance of an asylum for travellers. My guide, however, at length, halted at the open door of a house apparently differing in no respect from those around it, and which he facetiously termed the 'Hôtel du Midi.' We entered and found a dinner for ourselves, and a stable for our horses. The accommodation, Andororean as it was, was such as might readily be endured by hungry travellers."—P. 227.

Our friend sallies forth after his repast, to pay his respects to the officials of the government, and to see the lions of the place. Everywhere he met men in rustic apparel, seated on benches or standing in knots engaged in familiar conversation. Amongst these he found the son of the deputy syndic, to whom he was introduced. Like most of the Andorreans he spoke nothing but Catalanian. On searching for the father of this young man, whom it was necessary to find in order to obtain the keys of the public state-apartments, he was discovered in his cow-house. This, however, did not diminish his courtesy and hospitality, and the Englishman and the Andororean were soon upon the very best terms. His excellency, for so this grand functionary was called, undertook himself to conduct our traveller over the palace or government-house, a rude, but very ancient building, constructed of rough pieces of granite. On the ground-floor was the national prison; up-stairs, the spacious hall in which the grand council met. Seats or benches along the wall were arranged for the four-and-twenty counsellors, while at one extremity of the room a chair was raised for the syndic, who presided over all their deliberations. In another part of the hall stood a cabinet which was fastened with six locks, each lock having a different key. In this cabinet were kept the national archives. The locks and keys corresponded to the six divisions of the nation, whose documents were deposited separately within the cabinet. "To the executive officer of each division was entrusted a single key; and the cabinet having but one outer door, no portion of it could be opened, except in the presence of the six heads of the departments, who were required to attend the deliberations of the council." The senators when on duty wore a long, black, strait-collared coat, adorned with two rows of buttons, and a low, black, turned-up hat. Close by the Hall of Council stood the chapel, where this governing body were wont to repair to hear divine service before they commenced the exercise of their administrative functions.

It would be impossible to dwell upon the individual character and social condition of the Andorreans in the restricted limits of a paper like the present. All mountain and pastoral races

seem to be of a simple, frank, and courageous disposition, honest and unambitious, eager neither for wealth nor power, but content with the meagre fare which falls to their lot, and has satisfied the wants of their ancestors from time immemorial.

"The social condition of the Andorreans," we are told, "seems calculated to hand down without improvement, and at the same time to preserve without deterioration, the existing riches of the land. The influence of the church exhibits that beneficial character which it will invariably assume where the ambition of ecclesiastics is controlled by the civil power, and the popular mind is educated in the simplicity of pastoral life. The infidel predilections of Navarre are as alien to the character of this people as the social injustice and violence of the Catalonians. The Andorreans, I may confidently state, believed generally the religion which they professed, and appeared more nearly than any other people that I have ever visited, to carry out its precepts. They indulged in few theories and in no controversies of theology; their faith was simple, but sincere. They regarded their ecclesiastical superiors with respect, but not with superstition; and those superiors appeared content with the exercise of a moderate influence over their flocks."—P. 261.

Education, as may well be imagined from the descriptions already given of the social condition of the Andorreans, is very rare in this Republic; and although in each considerable town a school has been established for gratuitous instruction, the mere elements of learning are taught, and these to a select few, the majority not appreciating the benefits of study. The women are less instructed than the men, education not being deemed conducive to the better discharge of their domestic duties, or the development of their domestic virtues. Though uneducated they are gentle, industrious, and honest. The wife considers the husband as her master, and bows before his assumed superiority. As a people, the Andorreans are extremely sociable and benevolent. They live together with scarcely any distinction of rank—the servant and the master, the maid and mistress, the stranger and the poor inhabitant, being admitted to the same fireside, to the same repast, and to the same shelter for the night.

The reader will have seen enough of the contents of this interesting work from what we have already said, to excuse us from describing the agricultural, pastoral, and mineral resources of this mountain community. He will find much more than we could even suggest in the book itself, all of which is worth perusal, being pleasant information pleasantly told. We do not hesitate to express a belief that the publication of the present volume will induce many English visitors to Pau and the Basses Pyrénées this season to extend their tour and enjoy a ramble amid the flowered terraces and the verdant valleys of free Andorre.

Brief Notices.

Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D., Christ Church, Oxford, Vicar of West Farring, Sussex. In four volumes. London: Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans. 1856.

THESE volumes contain the gleanings of Southey's correspondence; and his admirers, whether political or literary, will find but little in them to sustain their admiration. They will not, of course, expect political consistency, but even in point of literary excellence, the letters will be found a failure. They are, for the most part, vapid and unsatisfactory, and by no means rise above the ordinary average of the correspondence of cultivated and intellectual men. One letter of Sidney Smith, as given by his daughter, Lady Holland, is worth any twenty of those given to the public in these volumes. The greater part of them having been addressed to intimate friends, contain allusions which are perfectly unintelligible to the general reader, while, wherever an important principle is involved, the sentiments of the writer appear to us to be open to serious objection. We take a single instance at random. It is found in a letter to Rickman. (Vol. i., p. 75). "Meantime the damned system of Calvinism spreads like a pestilence among the lower classes. I have not the slightest doubt that the Calvinists will be the majority in less than half a century. We see how catching the distemper is, and do not see any means of stopping it. There is a good opening for a new religion, but the founder must start up in some of the darker parts of the world. It is America's turn to send out apostles. A new one there must be when the old one is worn out. I am a believer in the truth of Christianity, but truth will never do for the multitude." The Saviour of the world once gave, as a proof of his divine personality and mission, in addition to his miracles of mercy, the fact, that to the *poor* the gospel was preached; and the apostle to the Gentiles has left us a comment on these words, which would have troubled Dr. Southey to have reconciled with his views.* It would seem that some of our professed theologians ignore the word of God. It is remarkable that Southey, whose religious opinions may be fairly estimated by the foregoing passage, should have had a special tendency to religious biography. In a letter to Watkins William Wynn, in 1807, he says, with relation to the part he proposes to take in the British Biography, George Fox, William Penn, Wesley, and Whitfield, are all that I feel solicitous to biographize. The two former lives would include a history of Quakerism; the two latter, that of Methodism. We cannot but acquiesce in the opinion of Richard Watson, expressed at the close of his pamphlet in reply to

* 1 Corinthians, ch. i., v. 26. *et seq.*

Southey's Life of Wesley, That the author was unable to understand and appreciate his subject. He had nothing to draw with and the well was deep. "Mr. Southey," says Watson, (we quote from memory) "should recollect the vast disparity which subsists between him and Wesley: a difference as great as that between the wax-lights of a drawing-room, and the sun that shineth on the evil and the good." Southey's closing remark in this letter to Wynn is curiously suggestive, and shows that he had attentively studied the polity of the Wesleyan body. Wesley, he says, is destined to hold as distinguished a place in history as Loyola. On the analogy which exists between the ecclesiastical systems of Loyola and Wesley, we have not now an opportunity to descant, but the influence of the founder of the society of Jesus has extended further than Methodism. We greatly doubt if we should have had Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul in its present form, if Saint Ignatius had not written his Spiritual Exercises. We find in the second volume before us (at page 195), a reference by Southey to Mr. Coleridge, with whom he was intimately connected, to the following effect, "that Coleridge writes worse than he did ten years ago, is certain. He rambles now as much in his writings as in his conversation, 'beginning at Dan, and wandering on to Beersheba.'" This reminds us of a conversation which we held with the late John Foster in reference to this celebrated man. In speaking of biography he observed that for the most part it is either ignorant or partial: ignorant, if written by a stranger; and partial, if written by a friend. As an illustration, he mentioned Mr. Coleridge, whom he said posterity would only regard as a meteor which, for a certain time, had overspread a portion of the sky, and would only wonder whence it came, and whither it vanished. We find in these volumes less than we expected respecting Southey's connexion with the *Quarterly Review*. We glean, however, the following reference to it from his letters in 1809: "I had, in a letter to Scott, said that a review of old books, that is, of any books, except such as were in the province of contemporary criticism, would answer if it were well conducted. Scott talked this over in London; and Ballantyne, returning from thence, came commissioned to treat with me about such a work. Things will not be finally settled till I have seen Scott, who offers to take a great share in the work if I will conduct it. I am offered £100 a year as editor, and ten guineas a sheet; the thing to be in quarterly five-shilling numbers, and the name which I propose is 'Rhadamanthus,' he being the judge of the dead. I can rely upon William Taylor for material co-operation, and hope for some from Rickman and Turner—possibly from Lamb, and, not impossibly, from Coleridge." "You ask me," he says in another letter, "about a new review, and about which I fancied I had written to you. It was set on foot by Walter Scott to counteract the politics of the *Edinburgh*, especially with regard to the subjects of peace with France and the Spanish patriots. I was applied to by the editor, who is the 'Baviad' Gifford. I stated that so far as such opinions would be tolerated by it, I was ready to bear a part. Accordingly the first number contains a defence of the Baptist missionaries

in India, against Scott, Waring, &c., and the *Edinburgh Review*. It has been a good deal mutilated by the editor, and therefore materially weakened; still it has produced considerable effect, and made the *Edinburgh Review* very angry. Under cover of a methodistical book written by a certain John Stiles, they reply to it in their last number, and their whole reply consists in calling one part brutal and another contemptible. Sidney Smith is my antagonist. It is not to be wondered at if I have the better of him, for I plead for what I believe and he is obliged to affect a belief in what he is in fact attacking." (Vol. ii., pp. 144, 145.) In this matter we are compelled to side with Southey against Sidney Smith. Every one knows the humorous article in the *Edinburgh* against the Indian missions, but laugh as we may over the exquisite humour of Sidney Smith, we cannot but condemn the spirit of the article, and lament that the writer did not display even a professional interest in the spread of the gospel of which he was a minister. On the same subject Southey writes to Wynn: "The *Quarterly* has struck root, and will grow better every number for some time to come. I am in odd company, and not the most congenial, but far more so than the *Edinburgh* could have been. The politics of Brougham and Jeffery are to me the more hateful for the mixture of good which now and then appears in them. Both these men are such unballasted politicians that the public mind could not be worse guided." We close these volumes with a sense of disappointment. We feel that Southey, with all his accomplishments, was a greatly overrated man. As a politician, he had opinions without principles; as a poet, he had the power of elegant versification without inspiration; and as a prose writer, he had polish without power. In his political attacks he had all the flags and none of the artillery; and in his ecclesiastical writings he had all the learning without that vital principle which raises such compositions above the rank of secular history.

Gonzaga di Capponi. A Dramatic Romance. By Henry Solly. London: Longmans. 1856.

THE scene of this drama is laid in Florence, and its story is founded on an event in the history of that state which occurred in the fourteenth century. In the introduction we are informed that the "drama was written in the author's youth, without any definite moral purpose, but while he was seeking for an answer to some of those sorrowful questions, personal and social, which, many know by painful experience, are sternly demanding a solution from all earnest minds under terrible penalties. It has been carefully rewritten in maturer years, and is now published, because he has found the answer to those questions, where he believes it can alone be discovered in the Christian religion." We have found the poem very much what we expected from this announcement. It is vigorously written, and the character of its hero—a man of the lower classes, raised by

genius and by the most unscrupulous ambition to be the guiding spirit of the revolutionary movements—very ably drawn. The author has certainly not missed his aim when he sought to show the vileness and the dangerous working of such a character, in which the worship of self is only rendered more intensely diabolical from having been fostered, instead of subdued, by high admiration of the beautiful, and by indignation against social evils. In contrast with Capponi stands the true and honest patriot Lando, seeking the good of the state with no selfish aim, and unsuccessful only because those for whom he labours are slaves to their own vices. The delineation of Riccia, Lando's sister, is very lovely, and gives occasion to the expression of many beautiful and truthful sentiments. On the whole we may congratulate Mr. Solly on having written a poem which will be read with interest by all who look with seriousness on the condition of large classes of their fellow men, or ponder the mutual working of circumstance and character.

Contributions to the Cause of Education. By James Pillans, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh. London: Longmans. 1856.

PROFESSOR PILLANS has been for five-and-forty years, not only a public teacher, but an enthusiast in the cause of education, and as that cause has unquestionably been much promoted by his labours, he is justified on all grounds in giving to the public in a collected form, writings which to many readers will not be new. They extend, indeed, over a period of thirty years, and consequently contain a great deal on the subject of Education which has now become purely historical,—exhortations to courses which have long since been adopted, and condemnations of practices which have to a great extent been discontinued. Professor Pillans divides this collection into two parts, the first comprises those writings of the author which refer to the education of the many, and the second those which have to do with the education of the few. The first consists of two extended letters on teaching and discipline; of a speech on the proposed system of national education in Ireland, in 1832; of two articles reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, on National Education in England and France, and on Normal Schools; and of the evidence given by the Professor before the Select Committee on Education in 1834. The second part is much more miscellaneous as to its subjects. It has reference, however, chiefly to the teaching of classics and mathematics, the monitorial system and the abolition of corporeal punishments. The latter system of discipline as a mere accessory to instruction, has been discontinued since Professor Pillans commenced his labours, in almost all educational institutions, with the exception of those public schools in which it takes no small part of a century to introduce any reform whatever. The monitorial system has also been extensively adopted, though with the great disadvantage, in some cases, arising from the transfer of the master's authority,

instead of the function of teaching to the hands of capricious and ill-conditioned boys. Many of our readers will recollect one notorious illustration of the folly of this arrangement which occurred a year or two ago at Harrow School. The Professor records with great satisfaction the grants which have recently been made by the House of Commons for educational purposes. We can only say that when we find the voluntary principle a demonstrated failure,—when we find its operation stationary, or outstripped by the increase of population, we shall be more prepared to participate in his satisfaction. Till then we shall not prefer the coercive method which paralyzes voluntary effort to that more liberal system which, in the language of Mr. Burke, “allows a generous nature to take its own way to perfection.”

Poetical Works of Ben Jonson. (Annotated Edition of the English Poets). J. W. Parker and Son. London. 1856.

BEN JONSON is properly included in Mr. Bell's agreeable edition of the English poets. Though “rare Ben” is best known as a dramatist, his miscellanies have weight and interest enough in them to deserve publication. Various as they are in merit, some of them are perfect, as, for example, the well-known lyric, “Drink to me only with thine eyes;” the epitaph on Salathiel Pavy; and that on Elizabeth L. H., which is as sententious and pregnant with meaning as a Roman inscription. Nor does their scholarly style prevent them from manifesting their love of “Flora and the country green,” which is the characteristic of the sixteenth-century poets, and they have the additional attraction of abounding in personal allusion to the poets and wits of the day. The pulse beats quicker to find Shakspeare eulogized by contemporary genius; because, in a sense, it seems to take us into his very presence. Then we have other worshipful company—Beaumont, Fletcher, Drayton, Chapman, Browne, Sylvester; and we are, as it were, made to live in the midst of events, contemporary with these master-minds. Here, are verses on the birth of a prince; there are others on a death equally illustrious. Here, we have the jovial dedication of the king's new cellar to Bacchus; and there, alas! a petition for the payment of a year's pension, with the significant hint—“And more is behind.” We get in this way a sort of retrospective existence, and take a flesh-and-blood interest in all that is going on. We are sorry not to see any announcement of the next volume of the “Annotated Edition.” Can it be that no “next,” is contemplated! The fear created by the omission, is strengthened by the fact that there has been an interval of three months between the issue of the present volume and its predecessor, the former issues having been monthly. We should greatly regret the abandonment, from whatever cause, of an undertaking in hands so competent as those of Mr. Bell and his respectable publishers. Collections of the English poets hitherto, have been expensive and have missed several authors who were least acceptable, and most wanted. Mr. Bell, we had reason to

hope, would supply the deficiency. He has given us excellent editions of Chaucer, of Ben Jonson, of Surry, of Wyatt, of Oldham, and we looked in due season for Gower, and Lydgate, and Drayton, and Daniel, and Crashaw, and Browne, and Hall. We shall be glad to learn that we have misinterpreted the omission to which we have alluded, and that the "Annotated Edition of the English Poets" may go on prosperously, to the satisfaction of publisher and public.

A Translation and Commentary of the Book of Psalms, for the Use of the Ministry and Laity of the Christian Church. By the Rev. Augustus F. Tholuck, D.D., Ph.D., Translated from the German, with a careful Comparison of Psalm-Text with the Original Tongues. By the Rev. J. Isidor Mombert. London: Nisbet and Co. Leeds: J. Heaton and Son.

PROFESSOR THOLUCK'S Commentary has been long known and esteemed in Germany. Having a totally different object in view from that aimed at by Ewald, Hengstenberg, Hupfeld, and others, his book is rather to be regarded, as he himself says, as "a guide to the spiritual understanding of this portion of Holy Writ," than as a critical and exhaustive commentary. In this lies its great use and excellence. The results of modern scholarship are given without any display of erudition, in order that the religious depths of the book may be fathomed. The excellent author has very successfully brought his own experience as a Christian believer, to assist in accomplishing what must have been to him "a labour of love." Mr. Mombert's translation is for the most part, readable, vigorous, and correct. We are sorry, however, to notice several misprints in the Hebrew types, at pp. 99, 165, 172, 204, 298, 384. A few other mistakes occur. Thus in p. 37 (note), "Pract," for "Poet." In p. 47 "The New Testament as well as this Psalm, state (states)," should be "Not only the New Testament, but our Psalm states." In p. 155, we find *Kegilah* and in p. 158, *Kejilah*; in both places *Keilah* (Auth. Vers.) would be preferable; also p. 158, *Zipk* for *Siph*. In p. 55, the translator coins the uncouth word "grantability," to express the German "Erhörlichkeit." In p. 281, for the same word he gives "unanswerableness," it should be "answerableness." In p. 291, (note) he has translated the clause, "if the *motives* were more accurately known," instead of "if we only knew more exactly the *historical grounds*," &c. These, however, are but slight blemishes, and we tender the translator our hearty thanks for the boon he has conferred on English readers. The general appearance of the volume is highly respectable, and does great credit to its enterprising publishers.

The Works of William Shakspeare. W. and R. Chambers. Vols. I, II, III, IV, and V.

THIS is a re-issue of Charles Knight's "Cabinet Edition" of a poet, whom he most values who knows most of the literature of his con-

temporaries. The age of Shakspeare was essentially a poetical age; great men were living besides the Bard of Avon, but not a man among them by many degrees so great as he. Through the writings of Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Ford, Marlowe, Marston, Massinger, Greene, run veins of the pure gold of poetry, but nowhere as in Shakspeare do we find ingots of ore so massive and so pure, that the veriest alloy in its vicinity becomes brilliant and precious with its radiance. Great is the privilege of our generation in finding access to such an edition, of such a poet, at such a price! Mr. Knight's earnest labours to produce an accurate text of Shakspeare are well known. Messrs. Chambers in reproducing it have wrought in a kindred spirit, by having reference to subsequent annotators, and especially to Mr. Collier's folio, which has a great deal more in it to command attention than the critics are disposed to allow. They have also not only kept the graceful woodcuts from the pencil of Harvey, which were introduced by Mr. Knight, but have added tail-pieces and vignettes which fill up a blank half-page, just as Shakspeare himself would be glad to see it filled.

Review of the Month.

THE MOTION IN FAVOUR OF THE IMPARTIAL DISENDOWMENT OF ALL SECTS IN IRELAND, WAS MADE BY MR. MIALl IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE 27TH OF MAY. His speech, which has been republished in the form of a pamphlet, now before us, is distinguished by great ability, a consummate acquaintance with his case, and a tone of convincing moderation which must have commanded a majority in an unprejudiced assembly. The terms of his motion were as follows: "That this House resolve itself into committee to consider the temporalities of the Irish Church and other pecuniary provisions made by law for religious teaching and worship in Ireland." It was with equal candour and wisdom that Mr. Miall propounded to the House the resolutions which he intended to move in case the committee should be granted. They were in the following terms: "1. That it is expedient to make provision for the application to other than ecclesiastical uses, of all sites, glebes, tithes, rent-charges, and estates, at present enjoyed or received by any clerical person of the Protestant Episcopal communion in Ireland, for the support of Divine worship according to the rites of the said communion—but so as not to affect in any manner existing life-interests, and to pay due regard to any equitable claims which may arise out of the secularization of such property. 2. That it is expedient to exclude from the estimates annually presented to this House on account of the grant commonly called the *Regium Donum*, all sums on account of new congregations—and also to reduce the said grant, and the grant now annually made for the professorships of the Belfast College, according as the lives fall in of any persons at present in the receipt of

any moneys out of either of such grants. 3. That the chairman ask leave to bring in a bill to carry these resolutions into effect." The *Times*, with much sagacity, though with characteristic sophistry and unfairness, connects this debate with Mr. Spooner's successful motion in the House of Commons against the endowment of Maynooth. They say, "We congratulate Mr. Spooner and his party on this first result of his anti-Maynooth victory. It appears from this debate how this victory has worked, and how it will work. The principal advantage it has given has been to the opponents of the Irish Church Establishment. Mr. Miall 'looked upon the disendowment of Maynooth as a measure which ought to be carried, but it was one which could not safely *be carried alone.*' 'Take away,' says Mr. Hadfield, 'these grants to Maynooth and to Irish Presbyterianism, and the *Church of Ireland must fall.*'" It is a favourite method with some parties, of which the *Times* may be regarded as an exponent, to repudiate and sneer at theories, and to advocate only what they call practical men and practical measures; but the time is at hand—if it is not already come—when these theories will be regarded as the fundamental principles of civil policy, and when the boasted practical measures will come to be deemed as a wretched and temporizing subterfuge—a plaster on a fractured limb. The most eminent statesmen of this country have denounced the Irish Church Establishment as an intolerable and absurd anomaly; and the only motive which induces successive governments to maintain it, is the consciousness that the principle which dictates its abolition applies with equal force to the Established Church of England, which recent statistics have demonstrated to embrace only a minority of our population, while recent events have shown that the Church is split into irreconcilable sections, and is rocking on the pivot of its *prestige*. Like the house built upon the sand, it is only awaiting its overthrow by the rising and irresistible tide of public opinion. The division on Mr. Miall's motion showed the following result: the ayes were 95, the noes 165, including tellers. There were 29 pairs, making in all 124 members who voted or paired for the motion, and 194 against it.

THE RELATIONS OF THIS COUNTRY WITH AMERICA HAVE RECENTLY BECOME EXCEEDINGLY PERPLEXED AND PRECARIOUS.—The President-General Pierce, backed by a number of legislators who are actuated solely by electioneering purposes, has pursued a course which has threatened to plunge us into a war far more serious than that from which we have just emerged. It appears that about six months ago, a band of adventurers from the United States, headed by an unscrupulous person of the name of Walker, invaded the republic of Nicaragua without the slightest pretext of any description except the right of might, and overthrew the existing Government. This act was in direct violation of the international compact known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which binds the American and English governments alike not to occupy any portion of Central America. In spite of the opposition of neighbouring states, these freebooters have installed themselves as temporary sovereigns of Nicaragua, and have completed the audacity of their

measures by sending an ambassador to Washington, whom the President has actually received and recognized. The remonstrance of the British Minister, Mr. Crampton, upon these proceedings, threatening as they do British interests connected with the Mosquitoes and Ruatan, coupled with the dissatisfaction occasioned by the unfortunate conduct of our representatives in connexion with the enlistment of American subjects in the Russian war, has induced the President to take the highly offensive course of dismissing the British Minister and three consuls. It was naturally inferred that our Government would retort this affront by dismissing the American Minister, Mr. Dallas. We are happy, however, to record that her Majesty's Government has taken the opposite and more dignified course. The wise and the good of both countries view the procedure both of Walker and his adherents, and of the President, with unmingled displeasure, and regard a war between the two kindred nations as the greatest of calamities. Both the Government and the people of this country will use every effort to avoid a collision, in which every injury that we might inflict upon the enemy would be a blow struck, not only against our commerce, but against the cause of civilization and freedom throughout the world. We are happy to believe that the danger of such assault is daily decreasing, although having a large ship of war, the *Eurydice*, stationed in the vicinity of the contested territory, we cannot but recognize the danger of a collision, which would precipitate general hostilities.

Simultaneously with these occurrences, an event has transpired in Washington which most seriously threatens the internal peace of the United States. We refer to the brutal attack made by Mr. Brooks, a pro-slavery senator, upon Mr. Sumner, one of the most respected of the northern and anti-slavery representatives. The outrage was committed in the Senate House, in the presence of a number of Members none of whom interfered, and was of such a nature as to place the life of Mr. Sumner in considerable danger. This is felt in the States to be by no means a personal affair. The North feels that it has been intolerably insulted in the person of Mr. Sumner, while the South are aggravating the insult by holding meetings in which thanks are voted to the ruffian Brooks, with presents of gold-headed bludgeons and sticks of every variety, inscribed with mottoes encouraging him to similar attacks upon other anti-slavery senators. The plot begins to thicken, and it is evident that matters are drawing towards a crisis. A manifesto from Emerson, the celebrated essayist, is circulating throughout the states, and to a great extent embodies our own opinions. Its tenour may be expressed in the following words: "It is impossible that civilization and uncivilization should combine to form a state; we must either have no more slavery, or no more freedom."

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE RECEIVED FROM THE UNITED STATES, and published in London on the 27th, is to the effect that a Civil War is raging in the new state of Kansas, between the settlers, who are resolved that it shall be a free state; and their slave-holding neighbours, who have invaded the state, burnt some towns, and are

attempting to seize on the government. The leading journal of New York declares that the belligerents should be allowed to "fight it out," the States in general, looking on without taking part in the conflict. But if we are not greatly deceived, the time has passed at which such a neutrality would be possible.

THE OATH OF ABJURATION BILL WAS READ A THIRD TIME AND PASSED BY A MAJORITY OF 159 TO 110, ON THE 9TH OF JUNE. Sir Frederic Thesiger maintained his opposition to the last, proposing a form of oath which concludes with the following words introduced for the purpose of excluding the Jews. "And I do make this recognition, acknowledgment, and promise, heartily, willingly, and truly upon the true faith of a Christian, so help me God." On the 23rd the bill was introduced to the House of Lords by Lord Lyndhurst, whose elaborate speech on that occasion will be memorable as a singular instance of intellectual power remaining undimmed almost at the extreme verge of human longevity. The opposition to the motion was led by Earl Stanhope, who succeeded in obtaining a majority, including proxies, of 32 against the measure. Such a decision in opposition to the often and unequivocally expressed opinions of the House of Commons and of the great bulk of the people of England, suggests some very serious reflections as to the wisdom of our present process of legislation.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION HAS COMMENCED THE SECOND YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE UNDER A NEW PRESIDENCY. Its purposes remain unchanged and the accession of Mr. Roebuck, the member for Sheffield, to the chair, only inaugurates an altered, and in our judgment, a most improved scheme of operation. This will be best explained in the language of Mr. Roebuck himself, in an address issued by him to the members of the Association:—"These facts,—first, that you were a body not belonging to the governing class; and next, that you resolved to work out of doors, and not in the House of Commons,—were the first circumstances that brought about your want of adequate success. The next important circumstance that contributed to make your success partial and incomplete was the peculiar situation held by the House of Commons in this country. The House of Commons is, in fact, the sovereign power of the state; by its determinations it governs the land; and, as every resolve is followed by a practical result, its deliberations overpower and supersede all others. No rival deliberative body can stand in opposition to it; and you, who were, in fact, a rival body, were absolutely put out by the House of Commons. This statement of the causes of your non-success points, in my judgment, to the remedy, and suggests the course that ought to be pursued. That course is not to set yourselves up as rivals of the House of Commons, but to adopt a mode of proceeding that shall give you power in it. Your first means of influencing the representatives of the people will be through their respective constituencies, and your power over the constituencies I intend should consist of means derived from organization and intelligence. For the purpose of obtaining power to be thus exercised, I would propose that a regular and organized

plan of obtaining information with respect to every constituency in the country be adopted; that a Parliamentary ledger be opened, which shall contain, in alphabetical order, all the information which has power in an election of a member. To obtain and record this information—to put it into a shape that will render it available upon a moment's notice—time, and labour, and intelligence would be necessary. It would be the business of the corresponding secretary to learn what information would be needed, then to obtain this necessary information, and then to have it properly recorded. He would, in fact, be the medium of communication between the country and the Association, and he would bring to bear upon the constituencies the organization and knowledge of the Association. We seek to influence the determinations of the constituent body by information which our organization enables us to attain; that organization, also, will give us the power of acting efficiently, and at the right time, upon the minds of the public; and being in communication with all parts of the country, we can direct our efforts upon every point where our great enemies—ignorance and corruption—are assailable.” The principal administrators of Mr. Roebuck's scheme are, Mr. Reavans, Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. Travers, and Mr. Gassiot, who fill respectively the posts of general, corresponding, financial, and statistical secretaries. This new organization was initiated at a public meeting held in the City, on the 21st. It appears to have about it all the requisites of success, and we heartily wish it the most extended popular support, convinced as we are that it is by far the most important reformatory movement of the day. If the Association had done nothing more than securing the appointment of the Royal Commission for the examination of candidates for appointments under the Civil Service, it would deserve well of the country. We hope it will keep this great purpose steadily in view, and that it will give its most energetic support to Lord Goderich in his effort to throw open the whole subordinate Civil Service of the country to public competition.

MR. SPOONER'S ANNUAL MOTION FOR THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE ENDOWMENT FOR THE COLLEGE OF MAYNOOTH, HAS MET WITH A DEGREE OF SUCCESS WHICH HE HIMSELF PROBABLY DID NOT EXPECT. The first reading of the Bill having been carried, the debate on the second reading was fixed for the 25th. On this occasion an amendment was moved, that it be read a second time this day six months. This amendment was negatived by a majority of six, but on the subsequent, and usually formal motion that the Bill be read a second time, the mover of the amendment moved the adjournment of the House, and by dint of uttering against time the most ridiculous repetitions for twenty-five minutes, postponed the division to a quarter to six o'clock, at which time, on Wednesday, an adjournment takes place of necessity. One effect of this most discreditable proceeding is, that the second reading of this important bill may not take place during the present session, but surely a second effect is, that to say the least, the forms of the House are brought into contempt.

THE BILL FOR THE REFORM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE HAS PASSED SUCCESSFULLY THROUGH THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. For the liberality of its provisions, the Dissenters, who have till now been excluded from the privileges extended by that body to more favoured classes, have to thank Mr. Heywood, whose energy in this important matter, is deserving of all praise. The effect of the amendments which he succeeded in carrying, is thus concisely stated by the *Times* : “ One is that no religious test shall be applied to undergraduates as the condition of obtaining scholarships or exhibitions ; another is, that no religious test shall attach as a condition to the M.A. degree, or any of the higher degrees, except those in divinity. The effect of this advance on the Oxford Bill is less that it would appear at first sight, only making, as it does, the difference in the mode of exclusion from the governing body of the University ; the excluding barrier being now, at Oxford, the higher degree itself, whereas the barrier contemplated in the Cambridge Bill is a test subsequent to the higher degree. But the most important advance in the Cambridge Bill upon the Oxford is one which it gained on Friday night in opposition to Ministers. It is a fundamental principle in the Oxford Bill, and it is a fundamental principle in the Cambridge Bill as introduced by Government, that Dissenters should be entirely excluded from the academical governing body. The Cambridge Bill, as introduced by Government, while it gave a more liberal shape to this exclusion than the Oxford Bill, allowing, as has been just said, the excluded class to take the higher degrees, maintained the principle of exclusion completely. But Mr. Heywood’s amendment, which was carried against Government by a majority of 84 to 60, admits Dissenters into the governing body of the University. It is true it only admits them for one particular purpose—viz., to vote at the election of University members. Still the principle of exclusion is now abandoned, and the admission of Dissenters into full University communion and a complete place in the governing body is evidently now only a matter of time.”

THE INTRODUCTION OF A MOTION ON IRISH EDUCATION HAS GIVEN RISE TO AN OCCURRENCE OF A VERY UNUSUAL KIND. On the 17th, Mr. Walpole, after a long speech, moved that an address be presented to her Majesty, praying her to direct that such modifications might be made in the rules of the National System of Education in Ireland as would extend the advantages of the grants now enjoyed by non-vested schools to any other than vested schools now existing, or hereafter to be established, whatever their regulations might be as to the mode of religious instruction, provided that no children should be compelled to learn any catechism, creed, or formulary to which any parent or guardian might object ; and provided that the patrons should be willing to place such schools in connexion with the Board, to permit the Board’s control over books to be used in the general instruction, and to receive officially the visits of the Government inspectors. This motion was warmly opposed by the Government ; but the house being unusually thin, owing to her Majesty’s State Ball being held on that night, the motion was carried against Ministers by a

majority of 10. On the 23rd, however, a motion was made by Mr Fortescue, to rescind the decision of the house on Mr. Walpole's resolution. It was in the following terms: "That the house had observed with satisfaction the progress made in the instruction of the poorer classes of her Majesty's Irish subjects under the direction of the Commissioners of National Education, and was of opinion that in the administration of that system there should be maintained a strict and undeviating adherence to its fundamental principles, by excluding all compulsory religious teaching, being convinced that no plan for the education of the Irish poor can be carried into effectual operation unless it be explicitly avowed and clearly understood that no attempt shall be made to influence or disturb the peculiar religious tenets of any sect or denomination of Christians." A hostile motion for adjournment was defeated by a majority of 328 against 39; an amendment, by 282 to 95, and Mr. Fortescue's motion was then carried without a division.

WITH REFERENCE TO OUR CURRENT LITERATURE, we glean the following from the *Publishers' Circulars* of the past month. The most prolific class of publications appears to be that of Fiction; thus we have in preparation, or ready for immediate publication: "The City Banker," by the author of "Whitefriars;" "Piazza Tales," by Herman Melville; "Evelyn Marston," by the author of "Emilia Wyndham;" Vol. iii. of "Thackeray's Miscellanies;" a new Work, by Lady Bulwer Lytton; "Compensation; a Story of Real Life Thirty Years' Ago;" "The Martins of Cro' Martin," in its complete form; "The Double Coronet," by the author of "Charles Auchester;" "Sunshine and Shadow," by Eva Warburton; "Agnes Waring," by the author of "Kate Vernon;" "The First of June; or, Schoolboy Rivalry," by the Rev. H. C. Adams; "De Cressy; a Tale," by the author of "Dorothy." What may be called *war* literature appears to be almost extinct: with the exception of De Bazancourt's important work, we have only "The Camp Club in the Crimea," edited by Captain Curling. In the department of Travels, we have Sir John Forbes's "Sight-Seeing in Germany and the Tyrol in 1855;" "The Narrative of the Discovery of the North-West Passage," by H.M.S. Investigator, Captain Sir Robert M'Clure, R.N., to be edited by Captain Sherard Osborn; a work by Mr. Bayle St. John, called "The Sub-Alpine Kingdom—Savoy, Piedmont, and Genoa;" Travels in Bohemia," edited by John Forster, Esq.; and a new "Practical Swiss Guide to the whole of Switzerland, Savoy, Piedmont, and the North of Italy," to be published by Messrs. Longman, at a low price. In Theology: there are announced "An Essay on the Existence and Attributes of the Deity," by Dr. Edward Steere; "The Last of the Patriarchs," by Dr. Cumming; "Sermons on the Characters of the Old Testament," by the Rev. Isaac Williams; a work by Lord Lyttelton, explanatory of the "Four Gospels and the Acts;" "Discourses on the Principles of Scripture Interpretation," by Dr. Hannah. In other classes of Literature, we have Mr. Chesterton's "Revelations of Prison Life;" the late Mr. Fulcher's "Life of Gainsborough the Painter;" Dr. Lardner's "Hand-book

of Electricity, Galvanism, and Acoustics ; " " On Metallic Boats and Floating Waggon for Naval and Military Purposes," by Major Eyre ; " A Popular History of British Lichens," by Dr. W. Lander Lindsay ; " *Disciplina Rediviva*, or Suggested Hints for Mental Cultivation after Leaving School," by the Rev. S. L. Gilderdale ; " Aphorisms on Drawing," by the Rev. S. C. Malan ; and " A History of Privateering. The most recent Publications are in lighter literature : Miss Bremer's " *Hertha* ;" Grace Hamilton's " *School Days* ;" " *The Linesman*," by Col. E. Napier ; " *Clara Howard* ;" and " *Salad for the Social*." Of a graver cast there are : the fifth volume of " *Excelsior* ;" Mr. A. C. Fraser's " *Essays in Philosophy* ;" Mr. Blunt's " *Duties of the Parish Priest* ;" Mr. Solly's " *Treatise on the Will, Human and Divine*. In Science : the third volume of " *The Nests and Eggs of Birds*," by Morris ; Prince's " *Glimpses of the Wonders of Creation* ;" Dr. Lardner's " *Steam and its Uses* ;" " *The Bee and White Ant*," by the same author ; and the ninth and tenth volumes of " *Lardner's Museum*." We have also the twelfth volume of Thiers's " *Consulate and Empire* ;" Mr. Chapman's " *History of Gustavus Adolphus* ;" Hardwicke's " *Annual Biography* ;" " *The Surfaix Cavalier*," by Isabelle ; and a " *Treatise on the Security and Manufacture of Bank Notes*," by Mr. Bradbury. Amongst the announcements are : the Posthumous Works of Sir William Hamilton ; the sixth volume of Miss Strickland's " *Queens of Scotland* ;" " *A Photographer's Tour amongst the Abbeys of Yorkshire* ;" " *On the Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraint*," by Dr. Conolly ; " *The Quadroon*," by Capt. Mayne Reid ; " *The Man of the World*," by S. W. Fullom ; " *Philosophical Strictures*," by Alfred Lyall, B.A. ; " *The Green Hand*," by George Cupples, reprinted from *Blackwood* ; " *On Foot through the Tyrol*," by Walter White ; " *Man's Moral Nature*," by G. Halford Vaughan ; " *A Cyclopædia of Female Biography*," by H. G. Adams, in parts ; a new and cheaper edition in six vols., of Collier's " *Shakspeare* ;" and a new edition of " *Bell's Commentaries on the Laws of Scotland*."

Books Received.

- Cairns (Rev. Jno., A.M.). An Examination of Professor Ferrier's " *Knowing and Being*." Pp. 31. Edinburgh : Thos. Constable & Co.
- Bailey (T.). Hand-book to Newstead Abbey. Pp. 103. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
- Bigotry : a Satire. Pp. 88. Chas. Haselden, Wigmore Street.
- Block (M. Maurice). Dictionnaire de l'Administration Française. Part X. Paris : Berger-Levrault & Fils.
- Bomberger's (Rev. J. H. A., D.D.). Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopædia : being a condensed Translation of Herzog's Real Encyclopædia. Part I. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark.
- Boyce (Rev. Jno. C., B.A.). Adversity : a Poem. Pp. 24. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
- Bremer (Frederika). Hertha. Pp. 394. Hall, Virtue, & Co.

- Campbell (Dr. John). *Nonconformist Theology*. Pp. 40. W. H. Collingridge.
- Candlish (Robt. S., D.D.). *The Christian's Sacrifice*. Pp. 155. Jas. Nisbet & Co.
- Carmichael (Rev. Robt., A.M.). *Fifteen Sermons by Joseph Butler, LL.D., Lord-Bishop of Durham*. Pp. 266. Longmans & Co.
- Chapman (B., M.A.). *The History of Gustavus Adolphus, and of the Thirty Years' War*. Pp. 441. Longmans & Co.
- Cumming (Rev. Jno., D.D., F.R.S.E.). *Sabbath Morning Readings: Book of Deuteronomy*. Pp. 424. J. F. Shaw.
- De St. Croix (W.). *All Things to all Men: an Ordination Sermon*. Pp. 16. Chichester: W. H. Mason.
- Dill (Richd., A.M.). *Prelatico-Presbyterianism; or, Curious Chapters in the Recent History of the Irish Church*. Pp. 456. Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill.
- Evangelical Christendom for June*. 7, Adam Street, Strand.
- Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle for June*. Ward & Co.
- Fraser (Alex. C., M.A.). *Essays in Philosophy*. Pp. 368. Edinburgh: W. P. Kennedy.
- Fraser's Magazine for June*. J. W. Parker & Son.
- Furlong (Rev. Thos., M.A.). *Support under Suffering*. Pp. 65. Wertheim & Co.
- Gilfillan (Rev. Geo.). *Poetical Works of Alexander Pope*. Vol. I, pp. 315. Edinburgh: J. Nichol.
- Gloag (Paton J.). *Justification by Faith*. Pp. 351. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.
- Gurney (Rev. Archer). *Songs of Early Summer*. Pp. 316. Longmans & Co.
- Hibbs (Rev. Richd., M.A.). *Scottish Episcopal Romanism*. Pp. 94. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.
- Hodge (Chas., D.D.). *A Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians*. Pp. 294. Jas. Nisbet & Co.
- Homilist for May*. Ward & Co.
- Irish Church (The)*. Speech of Edwd. Miall, Esq., M.P. Pp. 34. E. Wilson.
- Ismeer; or, Smyrna and its British Hospital in 1855*. Pp. 350. Jas. Madden.
- Jones (Rev. Alfred). *Proper Names of the Old Testament Scriptures Expounded and Illustrated*. Pp. 384. Saml. Bagster & Sons.
- Kingdon (S. N., B.D.). *History and Sacred Obligation of the Sabbath*. Pp. 131. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.
- Lavenu (L. S.). *Erlesmere; or, Contrasts of Character*. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Liberator for June*. Houlston & Stoneman.
- Literary Churchman for June*. J. H. & J. Parker.
- London University Magazine for June*. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
- Machell (Mrs.). *Poems and Translations*. Pp. 244. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
- Monod (Adolphe). *Can you Die Happy?* Pp. 62. Wertheim and Mackintosh.
- No War with America*. Pp. 28. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Obstructives (The) and the Man*. Pp. 280. Edwd. Stanford, 6, Charing Cross.
- P. C. H. *Anti-Theism: its Moral and Philosophical Blindness*. Pp. 67. Judd & Glass, Gray's Inn Road.
- Phillips (Edmd.). *Bank of England Charter, Currency, Limited Liability Companies, and Free Trade*. Pp. 47. Richardson Brothers.
- Phillipson (Caroline Giffard). *Lonely Hours: Poems*. Pp. 393. John Moxon, Maddox Street.
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THE
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ART. I.—*Modern Painters*. Vol. IV., containing Part V.—*Of Mountain Beauty*. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1856.

It is now ten years since the first volume of “*Modern Painters*” startled the Art-loving public by its brilliant eloquence, daring originality of thought, and want of reverence for great names, where no better reasons could be assigned for their greatness than antiquity and general opinion. The work then begun is now approaching its termination; four volumes have already appeared, and a fifth will complete the series. The author has succeeded in persuading many to embrace those views of Art which he has himself adopted; and with reference to landscape painting especially, has effected a reformation—almost a revolution—in the popular judgment; so that it is no longer considered absurd to compare Turner with Claude, Stanfield with Vandewelde, Cooper with Cuyp, or Lance and Hunt with Van Os and Van Huysum; nay, many would now be inclined to award the palm in most of these cases to the moderns rather than to their ancient rivals. It is no slight thing for one not a professional artist, and still young, to have brought about such a change in public opinion. It was a bold undertaking to attempt the overthrow of time-honoured beliefs and conventionalities sanctioned by the authority and practice of many famous names. But like all great reformers, Mr. Ruskin had perfect confidence in his own resources, and the result has proved that confidence to have been neither overweening nor misplaced. We do not, indeed, by any means approve of all that he has taught. There is much of the husk of fancy and

fallacy mingled with the seed of truth,—much offensive self-assertion and excessive abuse of antagonists,—much idol-worship,—constant praises of humility, and as frequent displays of arrogance,—occasional incompleteness and partiality in the consideration of a subject, and not a little twisting and perversion of the facts of nature in order to compel them to adjust themselves to the support of a favourite theory or school. But in spite of this leaven of false doctrine, how much is there of true and of wholesome teaching!—what a precious series of observations, most carefully conducted, upon the various aspects of external nature, such as no single observer has ever before brought together!—what an earnestness of purpose, and what a love of beauty! He may, indeed, have done some harm,—have led some astray,—but he has also effected much good, and the general tendency of his teaching is in the right direction: for it inculcates humility, the necessity of patience and labour, and points to nature herself as the only infallible guide; and, although the effect of this last important doctrine is, in some degree, impaired by the Turner-worship with which Mr. Ruskin is unfortunately chargeable, yet the very excess to which he carries this weakness is likely to prove its own corrective; and it is not probable that many earnest students will be content to accept of Turner as the high priest and interpreter of nature, or submit to bow down before a mere servant of the temple, whilst the goddess herself invites their approach and solicits their homage.

The Fourth Volume of “Modern Painters” is both bulkier and more expensive than any of its predecessors, and at the present rate of progression in size and price, we almost tremble when we think of the fifth still to come. It is profusely illustrated by engravings and woodcuts, chiefly after the author’s own drawings, many of which evince an amount of technical skill, patient assiduity, and knowledge of mountain structure, that would do credit to an accomplished professional artist. Mountain beauty is the principal subject; and this is examined and analyzed with the utmost care and minuteness. Neither physical nor mental toil has been spared; but the author’s studies and wanderings among the pine-clad crests, rugged glaciers, and snowy mountains that tower above the smiling valleys of Switzerland, have evidently been labours of love, and they have borne abundant fruit, furnishing a mass of facts with regard to the external aspects of mountains, whose value to the artist can scarcely be overrated. We cannot, indeed, always agree with Mr. Ruskin in the use which he makes of the facts thus laboriously accumulated, and some of his conclusions we think fanciful and erroneous. But still there are the obser-

ventions themselves, affording a most valuable and suggestive collection of materials, from which we may draw our own inferences, without being led away by those peculiar views which sometimes appear to warp the judgment of our author, and dim his usual clearness of perception; and what we conceive to be the principal merit of the volume before us, is just its fulness and accuracy as a record of the structure and aspects of mountain nature. It is, in parts, beautifully written, and will add greatly to Mr. Ruskin's fame as a word-painter, containing perhaps the most eloquent passages he has ever composed; though here and there we have also observed paragraphs of very questionable taste, where he appears to have been aiming at fine writing, and has signally failed in his attempt. Yet upon the whole, "the difficult air of the iced mountain top" seems to have inspired him. He revels in the grandeur and beauty of his subject—in "the mountain gloom" and "the mountain glory."

"The mountains of the earth," he tells us, "are its natural cathedrals, or natural altars overlaid with gold, and bright with broidery-work of flowers, and with their clouds resting on them as the smoke of a continual sacrifice." "To myself," he elsewhere says, "mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers and woods and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory, or reading a pleasant book; and if the scenery be resolutely level, insisting upon the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, as in Holland and Lincolnshire, or central Lombardy, it appears to me like a prison; I cannot long endure it. But the slightest rise and fall in the road—a mossy bank at the side of a crag of chalk, with brambles at its brow overhanging it—a ripple over three or four stones in the stream by the bridge—above all, a wild bit of ferny ground under a fir or two, looking as if, possibly, one might see a hill if one got to the other side of the trees, will instantly give me intense delight, because the shadow or the hope of the hills is in them."

Mr. Ruskin does not pretend to understand, or to have examined mountain structure as a geologist; the science pre-eminently of use to the artist is one of aspects, of things as they appear to the eye, rather than as they really are; and, therefore, as his researches among the mountains, and minute investigation of their external details were undertaken principally for the purpose of benefiting Art and artists, he claims to be excused when, in the treatment of his subject, he occasionally makes use of language which may seem, in some respects objectionable to professed geologists.

Having thus generally stated the objects aimed at in the volume before us, we shall now proceed to examine it more closely, and endeavour to place before our readers a succinct account of its contents: no easy matter, within the narrow limits of a single article, when it is remembered that there are upwards of 400 closely printed pages, abounding in novel and interesting facts, and pregnant with thought. It is full of variety, commencing with a consideration of the Turnerian picturesque, and ending with a highly wrought description of the deaths of Aaron and Moses, and the Transfiguration of our Lord. Mountains are not introduced until the seventh chapter, five of the previous ones being devoted to Turner, and one to the Firmament. A lame excuse is made, in the preface, for not giving examples of the mountain drawing of the Poussins and Salvator, while, at the same time, the most unsparing abuse is heaped upon them. The hours of a short life (Mr. Ruskin thinks) may be better employed than in giving examples of bad work such as theirs. The reader's attention is to be directed instead, to the facts in nature and in Turner; and first we are to consider in what form he admitted into his works the modern feeling of the picturesque. The old tower of Calais Church, standing in "its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea-grasses," is most nobly described, and then sneeringly contrasted with our modern English trimness, gentility, and neatness; things evidently abhorrent to Mr. Ruskin: "with us let who will be married or die, we neglect nothing. All is polished and precise again next morning; whether people are happy or miserable, still we sweep the stairs of a Saturday." The distinction between the lower or modern, and the noble or Turnerian picturesque, is thus stated:—

"If outward sublimity be sought for by the painter, without any regard for the real nature of the thing, and without any comprehension of the pathos of character hidden beneath, it forms the low school of the surface picturesque—that which fills ordinary drawing-room and scrap books, and employs perhaps the most popular living landscape painters of France, England, and Germany. But if these same outward characters be sought for in subordination to the inner character of the object, every source of pleasurable being refused which is incompatible with that, while perfect sympathy is felt, at the same time, with the object as to all that it tells of itself, we have the school of true or noble picturesque, distinguished from the schools of the lower picturesque by its tender sympathy, and its refusal of all sources of pleasure inconsistent with the perfect nature of the thing to be studied."

Stanfield is, on the whole, considered the greatest existing

master of the lower picturesque, while Turner, owing to the largeness and universality of his sympathies, is the only artist who has hitherto furnished the entire type of perfection in the noble picturesque. These two divisions of art are separated by no definite barriers, but may merge into each other; thus, the lower may rise to the higher picturesque, and will do so in exact proportion to the increasing sympathy of the artist with his subject.

The chapter on Turnerian picturesque is succeeded by others on "Turnerian topography," "Turnerian light," and "Turnerian mystery." Mr. Ruskin cannot deny that many of Turner's drawings are inaccurate representations of the scenes which they profess to portray, in the common acceptation of the term; and he endeavours to reconcile this with what he has previously asserted with regard to the absolute necessity of the strictest adherence to the facts of nature, by propounding a theory of painting, which accords the utmost degree of license to the great imaginative painter in the treatment of nature. He admits, indeed, that it is always wrong to draw what you do not see, under any circumstances whatever; but then the great painter sees what is invisible to the smaller man, and he is right to paint it. An artist with little or nothing of the inventive faculty ought to be particularly careful in his choice of subject, and accurate in his details; but the great inventive painter is not bound by such rules; his aim must be, not so much to give a topographical delineation of the scene before him, as to present the far higher and deeper truth of mental vision, and to reach a representation which, though it may be totally useless to engineers or geographers, and when tried by rule and measure totally unlike the place, shall yet be capable of producing on the far-away beholder's mind, precisely the impressions which the reality would have produced. The changes upon the actual topography of the place represented, are involuntary in the mind of such an artist; "an entirely imperative dream crying, 'thus it must be,' takes possession of him: he can see and do no otherwise than as the dream directs." He may fell trees, remove bridges, deepen ravines, heighten mountains, in obedience to the impulse of the mental vision, and yet all this is in perfect consistency with what has previously been said of the propriety of giving the greatest number of the facts of nature; for, according to Mr. Ruskin, the visions presenting themselves to the great inventive painter's mental view, are no less facts than those of a more material character seen by less gifted artists, and by people in general. He, therefore, does well to paint them, and we must receive and acknowledge his greatness in all humility; accept for truth

what appears to us falsehood, admit addition, exaggeration, and omission, and not only admit, but admire. Truly, a man's faith had need to be strong to bow down to such demands as these; and the license thus accorded is certainly a most liberal interpretation of "the faculty of arrangement," which Mr. Ruskin has before spoken of as the prerogative of the great inventive painter. We are willing to admit that absolute fidelity, on the part of the artist, is impossible, and that, in all Art, there must necessarily be certain omissions and conventionalities, arising from the feebleness of humanity, and the imperfection of materials; but we cannot consent to surrender our own perceptions and impressions so entirely to another as Mr. Ruskin would have us do to Turner.

Much novel and interesting information will be found in the chapter upon "Turnerian light." Nature surpasses Art in the power of obtaining light as much as the sun does white paper; but few people are aware how infinitely the sun outshines white paper. Even blue sky is brighter than this material, the most brilliant representation of light which Art can command. If the light of white paper or paint be 10, the blue sky will be 20, white clouds 30, the high lights upon these clouds 40, and yet even these are dim and feeble when compared with the silver cloudlets that burn around the sun. Even the darkest part of a Swiss mountain, seen five or six miles off, on a sunny summer's morning, will be found to be brighter than white paper; and it will, therefore, generally be found impossible to represent, in any of its true colours, scenery more distant than two or three miles, in full daylight; but, as we pass to nearer objects, correct representation gradually becomes possible, to what extent may always be ascertained by the same experiment:—

"Bring the edge of the paper against the thing to be drawn, and on that edge—as precisely as a lady would match the pieces of a dress—match the colour of the landscape (with a little opaque white mixed in the tints you use, so as to render it easy to lighten or darken them); take care not to imitate the tint as you believe it to be, but accurately as it is, so that the coloured edge of the paper shall not be discernable from the colour of the landscape. You will then find (if before inexperienced) that shadows of trees, which you thought were green or black, are pale violets or purples; that lights which you thought were green, are intensely yellow, brown, or golden, and most of them far too bright to be matched at all. When you have got all the imitable hues truly matched, sketch the masses of the landscape out completely in those true and ascertained colours, and you will find to your amazement, that you have painted it in the colours of Turner—in those very colours, which perhaps you have

been laughing at all your life—the fact being, that he, and he alone of all men, ever painted nature in her own colours.”

The greatest artists (we are told) will be found, as regards colour, divided into two principal groups, Chiaroscurists and Colourists; the former, headed by Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Raphael, painting mainly with reference to light and shade, irrespective of colour; and the latter, led by Paul Veronese, Titian, and Turner, painting chiefly with reference to local colour. The noblest members of each of these two classes, however, introduce the element proper to the other class. The colourists labour under one disadvantage as opposed to the chiaroscurists—that between their less violent hues, it is not possible to draw all the forms which can be represented by the exaggerated shadows of their opponents; hence, a slight tendency to flatness is characteristic of the greater colourists as opposed to Leonardo or Rembrandt. To compensate for this, however, they possess three advantages over their rivals. First, they have, in the greater portion of their pictures *absolute* truth, while the chiaroscurists have no absolute truth anywhere. Second, the relations of colour are broader and vaster with the colourists than with the chiaro'scurists; and third, the delightfulness of their pictures, their sacredness and general nobleness, are increased exactly in proportion to the quantity of light and of lovely colour they can introduce in the *shadows*, as opposed to the black and grey of the chiaroscurists. Our author's sympathies are all with the colourists; and he endeavours to strengthen their cause by a number of fanciful statements and analogies, showing how in nature, things innocent are bright and gay in colour, and things venomous and hurtful, grey and sombre in hue; and he, finally, has recourse to scripture to prove the sanctity of colour, referring to the sacred chord of colour in the Tabernacle (blue, purple, and scarlet, with white and gold), which, he says, has been the fixed basis of all colouring with the workmen of every great age.

After having explained the nature of Turner's art as respects sympathy with his subject, fidelity of local detail, and principles of colouring, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to inquire into his method of delineation, or that mysterious and apparently uncertain execution by which he is distinguished from most other painters. To this investigation two chapters are devoted, entitled, “Turnerian Mystery, first, as Essential, and secondly, as Wilful.” It is admitted that up to the seventeenth century all great painters were definite, rejoicing in “clear, calm, placid, perpetual vision, far and near; endless perspicuity of space; unfatigued veracity of eternal light.” That against G. Bellini,

Leonardo, Angelico, Durer, Perugino, and Raphael we have only to place "sullen and sombre Rembrandt; desperate Salvator; filmy, futile Claude; occasionally some countenance of Correggio and Titian, and a careless condescension or two from Tintoret: not by any means a balanced weight of authority." That, even in modern times, the balance is to be found on the side of clearness; the whole body of the Pre-Raphaelites, like the elder religious painters, dwelling in an atmosphere of light and declaration. Yet there is much to be urged in favour of the worship of clouds; and Mr. Ruskin proceeds to defend their cause, and Turner's representation of them. And, first of all, they are there before our eyes, not in cloudy England merely, but everywhere:—

"The fact is, that though the climates of the south and east may be *comparatively* clear, they are no more absolutely clear than our own northern air; and that, wherever a landscape painter is placed, if he paints faithfully, he will have continually to paint effects of mist. Intense clearness, whether in the north, after or before rain, or in some moments of twilight in the south, is always, as far as I am acquainted with natural phenomena, a *notable* thing. Mist of some sort, or mirage, or confusion of light, or of cloud, are the general facts."

Then we are told, in further justification of the practice of Turner, that we live under a universal law of obscurity, "that all *distinct* drawing must be *bad* drawing, and that nothing can be right till it is unintelligible." We are also informed that we never see anything clearly, by which Mr. Ruskin seems to mean microscopically; we only know what it is; thus we take up a book and we can see the water-mark and threads of the paper, and read the letters printed on its surface; and most people who can do this, flatter themselves that they can see clearly; but no (says our author), you cannot see the hills and dales on the paper's surface, nor the fine fibres that shoot out from its threads—a microscope is required to reveal those; therefore, you cannot be said to see clearly; you only know that it is a book and printing you have before you.* So with Turner there is an

* Great men sometimes arrive, without any previous concert, at the very same conclusions. Thus the redoubtable Sam Weller, in the well known case of Bardell against Pickwick, seems to have had a very clear perception of the doctrine here contended for, as the following extract from the evidence on that celebrated trial clearly shows. Sam is under examination by Serjeant Buzfuz. "You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin gas microscopes of hextra power, pr'aps I might be able to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, my vision's limited."

obscurity about him just as there is in nature; and even Pre-Raphaelitism, of which he is the true head, though it makes out much, suggests also a great deal which you cannot see, and is full of mystery. And so it should be. It is only the Germans and the so-called masters of drawing and defining that are wrong, not the Pre-Raphaelites. Absolute truth is unattainable; but a drawing by Turner of a large scene, and by Holman Hunt of a small one, are as close to truth as human eyes and hands can reach.

“You will find,” says Mr. Ruskin, “in Veronese, in Titian, in Tintoret, in Correggio, and in all the great *painters*, properly so called, a peculiar melting and mystery about the pencilling, sometimes called softness, sometimes freedom, sometimes breadth; but in reality a most subtle confusion of colours and forms, obtained either by the apparently careless stroke of the brush, or by careful re-touching with tenderest labour, but always obtained in one way or another; so that though, when compared with work that has no meaning, all great work is *distinct*,—compared with work that has narrow and stubborn meaning, all great work is *indistinct*; and if we find on examining any picture closely, that it is all clearly to be made out, it cannot be as! painting first-rate. There is no exception to this rule. EXCELLENCE OF THE HIGHEST KIND WITHOUT OBSCURITY, CANNOT EXIST.”

Mr. Ruskin adverts to the objection which may be urged against this view founded upon photography which is always clear and distinct, whilst Turner is just the reverse. This (he tells us) arises from the nature of the subjects from which photographs are usually taken; they are generally of the most un-Turnerian description; and also because much of the force and clearness of these wonderful transcripts of nature depends upon the very defects of the process which exaggerates shadows, loses details in light, and misses many of the subtleties of natural *effect*, while giving subtleties of form such as no human hand could achieve. As all subjects have a mystery in *them*, so all drawing ought to have a mystery in *it*; and in all fine and first-rate drawing there are many passages in which if we see the touches we are putting on, we are doing too much; they must be put on by the feeling of the hand only, and produce their effect upon the eye when seen in unison a little way off.

Our author here adverts to Dr. Waagen's opinion of Turner; and it is somewhat amusing to contrast the diametrically opposite opinions of two such celebrated Art-critics with regard to the same painter; the Englishman devoting four-bulky volumes to an explanation and defence of his principles, and a eulogy on his genius; while the German can only see in his pictures “a

crude painted medley with a general foggy appearance," and "such a looseness of treatment, such a total want of truth, as I never before met with."

Obscurity and mystery are not only admirable but essential; our whole happiness and power of energetic action depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud. But the right of being obscure is only to be conceded to those who have the power of being intelligible; the majority of great men must always be intelligible, though the greatest must struggle through intelligibility to obscurity. The tendency of this age to general cloudiness, as opposed to the old religious clearness of painting, is indeed one of degradation; yet Turner is the one modern man who has "risen past clearness, and become dark with excess of light."

In plate 27, fig. 4, will be found an unintelligible daub, given by Mr. Ruskin as a normal specimen of "the modern or blottesque" manner of painting the aspen. We have before had occasion to censure his one-sidedness and special pleading, his unfairness towards his antagonists, and his unscrupulousness in bringing forward an occasional and accidental fault or carelessness as an average example of their usual style; but the present is a gross caricature instead of a fair representation; it is given as "the ordinary condition of tree treatment in our blotted water-colour drawings; the nature of the tree being entirely lost sight of, and no accurate knowledge of any kind possessed or communicated." Let any unprejudiced person walk through the rooms during any of the annual exhibitions of the London water-colour societies, and then, with his eye yet fresh from the many charming transcripts of nature which adorn the walls, let him turn to this plate of Mr. Ruskin, and ask himself, "Is such a man to be trusted?" Why, if there is one characteristic of the present British school of landscape painting, more marked and hopeful than another, it is just the growing determination to study more and more in the school of nature. We cannot but regret this unfairness on the part of our author, because his recent pamphlet on the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is not only calm and courteous in its tone, but even highly laudatory; acknowledging that the pictures of this season evince a marked improvement, and a tendency to move steadily in the right direction. And it does, therefore, seem somewhat strange and inconsistent that, while this pamphlet accords such praise to the principal exhibition of modern paintings, the present volume, published but a month or two before, should give the coarse caricature, with the words "modern or blottesque" printed under it, as the normal type of the prevalent system of tree drawing.

The chapter in which our author treats of the "Firmament" contains the following passage in his very best style :—

"It seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of these heavens, God means us to acknowledge his own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. 'The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God.' He doth set 'his bow in the cloud,' and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, his promises of everlasting love. 'In them hath he set a *tabernacle* for the sun,' whose burning ball, which, without the firmament, would be but as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separate fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn, as they drink the overflowing from the day spring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of his own majesty to men upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds and the Inhabiter of eternity we cannot behold him; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed his dwelling place. 'Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his foot-stool.' And all the passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all these visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds, and threatening thunders, and glories of coloured robe and cloven ray are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

The remainder of the volume (upwards of 300 closely printed pages) is occupied with the examination of the structure and aspects of mountains. They were intended by their divine Architect to appeal at once to all the faculties of the human spirit. Even among the deep glens, sequestered vales, and rushing streamlets of the lower ranges, there is infinite beauty to be found. But the great mountains lift the lowlands on their sides as if a great plain with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life had been gathered up in God's hands from one verge of the horizon to the other, "and shaken into deep-falling folds as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back

when his horse plunges." Mountains (we are told) were intended to fulfil three great offices in creation. 1st. To give motion to water; 2nd. To give motion to air, to maintain a constant change in its nature and currents; and 3rd. To give change to the soils of the earth, which, without such provision, would in a series of years become exhausted.

"The valleys only feed; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our ideas of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountains is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy."

Mr. Ruskin classifies the materials of mountains according to the peculiarities of their structure; terming the hard and (generally) central masses "crystalline rocks," because they almost always present an appearance of crystallization; the less hard substances, which yet appear compact and homogeneous, he terms "coherent rocks;" and the scattered debris "diluvium." The first of these divisions is again separated into "compact crystallines," in which the mica lies irregularly or is altogether absent, comprehending the large group of granites, syenites, and porphyries; and "slaty crystallines," in which the mica lies regularly. The "coherent rocks" again, are divided into "slaty" and "compact coherents," the latter comprehending the great group of marbles. The "compact crystallines" are distinguished by "speckledness," being spotted or dashed with various colours, by toughness, and by purity in decomposition, the clay procured from them being the finest and best for porcelain, and the sand of the purest white, always bright and lustrous in its particles. The landscape in which such rocks abound has a marked character of purity, the streams and lakes are of exquisite clearness, and the sea which washes a granite coast is as unsullied as a flawless emerald." The "slaty crystallines" are characterized by fitness for building—stability in debris, the flatness of the pieces into which they break enabling them to unite into a close mass—security on declivities, another result of their flatness of shape, and by a tendency to form the loveliest scenery:—

"The colour of their own mass, when freshly broken, is nearly the same as the compact crystallines, but it is far more varied by veins and zones of included minerals, and contains usually more iron, which gives a rich brown or golden colour to their exposed sides, so that the colouring of these rocks is the most glowing to be found in the mountain world. They form also soil for vegetation more quickly and of a more fruitful kind than the granites, and

appear on the whole, intended to unite every character of grandeur and of beauty, and to constitute the loveliest as well as the noblest scenes which the earth ever unfolds to the eyes of man."

The characteristics of the "slaty coherents" (which include roofing slate) are softness of texture, lamination of structure, great power of supporting vegetation, adaptation for architectural purposes, and darkness and blueness of colour. They are generally grey, black, or dark purple, owing to which the landscape where they occur is often sombre and melancholy in aspect. Many instances of such dismal scenery, appalling in storm, and woeful in sunshine, are to be found among the Alps. The last group of rocks (the "compact coherents") is, as respects geographical extent and usefulness to the human race, more important than any of the preceding, forming the greater part of all low hills and uplands throughout the world, and supplying the most valuable materials for building and sculpture. This great division of rocks includes marbles, limestones, and sandstones, and to them we owe—

"the greater part of the pretty scenery of the inhabited globe. The sweet winding valleys, with peeping cliffs on either side; the light irregular wanderings of broken streamlets; the knolls and slopes covered with rounded woods; the narrow ravines, carpeted with greensward, and haunted by traditions of fairy or gnome; the jutting crags, crowned by the castle or watch-tower; the white sea-cliff and sheep-fed down; the long succession of coteau, sunburnt, and bristling with vines, — all these owe whatever they have of simple beauty to the peculiar nature of the group of rocks of which we are speaking; a group which, though occasionally found in mountain masses of magnificent form and size, is, on the whole, characterized by a comparative smallness of scale and a tendency to display itself less in true mountains than in elevated downs or plains, through which winding valleys, more or less deep, are cut by the action of the streams."

The materials of mountain structure having been thus classified and examined, the sculpture of mountains, first, in their lateral ranges, and then in their central peaks, is examined at considerable length. Mountain ranges viewed with reference to their first upheaving and structure, may be conveniently divided into two great groups; those made up of beds or layers, commonly termed stratified, and those made up of more or less united substance, usually called unstratified. The first of these Mr. Ruskin terms "lateral," and the second "central." The lateral ranges are broad tabular masses of sandstone, limestone, or other material, tilted slightly up over large spaces, often many miles square, and forming precipices with their exposed

edges, as a book resting obliquely on another book forms miniature precipices with its back and sides. The three great representative forms of these lateral ranges are: 1st. Wall above slope; 2nd. Slope above wall; and 3rd. Slope and wall alternately. The curvature or undulation of the beds or layers of these stratified rocks is another point deserving particular attention. They seldom lie in flat super-position; but generally in waves more or less vast and sweeping, according to the character of the country. In lowland countries this curvature is but slightly marked, but as we approach the hills the undulations become more distinct and the crags bolder; and in the central and noblest chains, the undulation becomes literally contortion, and the precipices bold and terrific in proportion to this exaggerated and tremendous contortion.

The following remarks with regard to the arrangement and position of the great Swiss mountains, possess considerable interest, coming from such an accurate and painstaking observer of nature:—

“The longer I stayed among the Alps and the closer I examined them, the more I was struck by the one broad fact of there being a vast Alpine plateau, or mass of elevated land, upon which nearly all the highest peaks stood, like children set upon a table; removed in most cases far back from the edge of the plateau, as if for fear of their falling. And the most majestic scenes in the Alps are produced, not so much by any violation of this law, as by one of the great peaks having apparently walked to the edge of the table to look over, and thus showing itself suddenly above the valley in its full height.”

Mr. Ruskin afterwards adverts to the effects of glacier action on mountain structure, regarding a glacier as a vast instrument of friction, a white sand-paper applied slowly but irresistibly to all the inequalities of the mountain it covers; but it is impossible adequately to explain his theory without the aid of the wood-cuts which illustrate it, and those who are curious upon the subject must be referred to his chapter on “the central peaks.”

The division of mountains into lateral and central, is of the broadest description, and in order to acquire an accurate knowledge of them, we must approach closer and examine more minutely. From these two great groups spring numerous resulting forms. *First*, Aiguilles; *second*, Crests; *third*, Precipices; *fourth*, Banks; and *fifth*, Stones. And here, too, it is quite impossible for us to follow our author throughout his remarks and speculations upon aiguille structure, and the other resulting forms, owing to the absence of the wood-cuts and engravings which illustrate his meaning, and to which constant reference

is made in the text. But, even without their aid, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers some of the more important conclusions at which he arrives with regard to them. We are told that the *aiguilles* of Chamouni, though very steep, are ludicrously exaggerated in the lithograph drawings generally brought home by travellers, as may be at once seen on comparing these drawings with photographs of the same subjects. Even among the higher Alps, there are very few summits to which the term "peak," that is, pointed at the top, and sloping steeply on all sides, may be properly applied. Perhaps not more than five mountains in the whole chain of the Alps present such a structure; and these are the Finster-aarhorn, Wetterhorn, Bietsch-horn, Wiesshorn, and Monte Viso. The object of the construction of *aiguilles* appears to be the utmost peakedness of aspect, with the least possible danger to the inhabitants of the valleys. They are, therefore, thrown into transverse ridges, which take, in perspective, a more or less peaked outline; so, in their dilapidation they split into narrow flakes, which if seen edgeways, look as sharp as a lance point, but are nevertheless still strong, being each of them in reality, not a lance point or needle, but a hatchet edge. The curved cleavage of the *aiguilles* may, perhaps, be regarded as their chief characteristic, and it forms a principal feature in their beauty of aspect, although it may not, at first sight, be perceptible to the majority of spectators.

The second resulting form is termed "crests;" by which Mr. Ruskin means that condition of mountain summits intermediate between *aiguilles* and solid simple beds of rock, resembling, in shape and graceful curvature, the crest of a Greek helmet or a wave about to break, and furnishing, upon the whole, the most beautiful and perfect forms in which mountain masses occur. In this chapter, there are many excellent, and some fanciful remarks upon mountain drawing. We are told that we shall find good and intelligent mountain drawing distinguished from bad "by an indication first, of the artist's recognition of some great harmony among the summits, and of their tendency to throw themselves into tidal waves, closely resembling those of the sea itself; sometimes in free tossing towards the sky, but more frequently still in the form of *breakers*, concave and steep on one side, convex and less steep on the other; secondly, by his indication of straight beds or fractures, continually stiffening themselves through the curves in some given direction." These conditions may be found in part complied with in the works of both Albert Durer and Titian, but not in those of Claude, who was totally ignorant of the mountain anatomy. Mr. Ruskin gives an etching (No. 37) as a specimen of the perfection of

Turner's mountain drawing, points out at considerable length, the profound knowledge of their structure and aspects which it evinces, and follows it up by a paragraph (part of which we shall immediately quote) in justification of himself and his favourite idol:—

“ I can well believe that the reader will doubt the possibility of all this being intended by Turner; and *intended*, in the ordinary sense it was not. It was simply seen, and instinctively painted, according to the command of the imaginative dream, as the true griffin was, and as all noble things are. But if the reader fancies that the apparent truth came by mere chance, or that I am imagining purpose and arrangement where they do not exist, let him be, once for all assured, that no man goes through the sort of work, which, by this time he must be beginning to perceive I *have* gone through, either for the sake of deceiving others, or with any great likelihood of deceiving himself. He who desires to deceive the picture-purchasing public may do so cheaply; and it is easy to bring almost any kind of Art into notice without climbing alps or measuring cleavages.”

Precipices are the third resulting form. In the great majority of cases they consist of the edge of a bed of rock sharply fractured. When the bed of rock slopes backwards from the edge, a condition of precipice is obtained, more or less peaked, very safe, and very grand. When the beds are horizontal, the precipice is steeper, more dangerous, but much less impressive. When the beds slope towards the precipice, the front of it overhangs, and the noblest effect is obtained which is possible in forms of this kind. A true and perfect precipice, that is one from which a plumb-line will swing clear without touching its face, if suspended from a point a foot or two beyond the brow, is very rarely to be met with, even among the Alps. Such a one, however, nearly 500 feet in height, occurs on the summit of the Breven on the north of the valley of Chamouni; and one of equal height, trenchant and overhanging, on the scarred sides of the peak of the Matterhorn. Among the highest mountains where the principal precipices occur, no serious or perfect work can be done; the distant rocks of the upper peaks, when in light, are lighter than white paper, yet as compared with the snow which forms a prominent element in such scenery, they are so dark, that a daguerreotype taken for the proper number of seconds to draw the snow shadows rightly, will always represent the rocks as coal black. Turner felt this, and his practice in larger works, was always to treat the snowy mountains as a far-away white cloud, concentrating the interest of his picture on nearer and more tractable objects. His first conceptions of mountain scenery were taken from Yorkshire; and his practice among its rounded hills, and broken limestone scars, seems to

have materially influenced all his after-work. Thus he generally preferred to paint his precipices as slope above wall, rather than below it, and this is one of his most marked peculiarities, and in it we easily trace the effects of these early associations.

“No Alpine cloud could efface, no Italian sunbeam outshine, the memory of the pleasant dales and days of Rokeby and Bolton; and many a simple promontory dim with southern olive, many a low cliff that stooped unnoticed over some alien wave, was recorded by him with a love and delicate care that were the shadows of old thoughts, and long-lost delights, whose charm yet hung, like morning mist, above the chanting waves of Wharfe and Greta.”

The fourth resulting form is that of “Banks,” which depend for their beauty mainly on the nature and degree of their curvature. The curves of a circle, ellipse and cycloid, return upon themselves and are finite, but those other curves which cannot be completely drawn out, because the law of their being supposes them to proceed for ever into space, are infinite, and possess a much higher order of beauty. Mr. Ruskin then goes on to assert that “we find on examination, that every form which by the consent of mankind, has been received as lovely, in vases, flowing ornaments, embroideries, and all other things dependent upon abstract line, is composed of these infinite curves; and that nature uses them for every important contour, small or large, which she desires to recommend to human observance.” Now, upon this point we entirely differ from Mr. Ruskin; his assertion is far too general and sweeping, and is, in many respects, at variance with facts. We do not, indeed, mean to dispute the beauty of these infinite curves, but we deny that they are entitled to such a monopoly of beauty as is here claimed for them. The undulating and beautiful contours of the human figure, the flowing and graceful outlines of Grecian vases, mouldings, and ornaments, nay, the delicate and almost imperceptible curve or entasis which adds so much to the beauty of the columns of the Parthenon, can easily be produced with the utmost accuracy and certainty, by the application of various ellipses, which are all formed by *finite* curves. Mr. Ruskin, indeed, is blind to the beauty of Greek ornaments and mouldings, which with his usual felicity of abuse, he characterizes as “doggrel ornamentation,” and may, therefore, consider it no proof of the beauty of finite curves, that they are capable of producing such forms; but he can scarcely venture to deny that the outlines of a fine female human figure (such as that of the Venus of Melos), possess beauty of the highest order, and yet these also are composed of the same finite curves. We cannot here enter into the proof of this point, but it will be found most amply demonstrated, and illustrated by numerous diagrams, in

Mr. D. R. Hay's able and interesting work on the "Science of Beauty," recently published at Edinburgh, to which we beg to refer our readers.

The beautiful curves belonging to mountains may be divided into four systems. 1st. Lines of fall; those which are wrought out on the solid mass by the fall of water or of stones. 2nd. Lines of projection, produced in debris by the bounding of the masses under the influence of their falling force. 3rd. Lines of escape, produced by the spreading of debris from a given point over surfaces of varied shape. 4th. Lines of rest; those which are assumed by debris, when in a state of comparative permanence and stability. These different descriptions of lines are all illustrated by wood-cuts, without which, indeed, it is almost impossible to explain them intelligibly. Mr. Ruskin tells us that the richness of detail and variety of incident, in its scenery, render Switzerland a country but little attractive to the ordinary artist; we cannot paint it, and, therefore, we declare its landscape ugly and unpicturesque. But if we could, we should then find it as interesting on canvas as in reality. He then goes on to make a calculation, that within the space of a single Swiss valley, such as generally comes into a picture, there may be from five to ten millions of well-grown pine trees, "every one of which must be drawn before the scene can." How any artist could possibly see all these pines from any one point is not explained; and it is admitted that the painting ten millions of pines, even at the rate of four or five in the minute, would occupy ten years, working ten hours a day; but there is hope even of this, when the Pre-Raphaelite tendencies of the modern school of landscape painting become more fully developed—which heaven forbid they ever should be, if such is to be the melancholy result. Towards the end of this chapter on Banks, our author insists strongly on "Turner's inevitable perception and entire supremacy of mountain drawing over all that had previously existed." He was spared long to do his appointed work, and he did it so completely, that nothing is left for future artists to accomplish in that kind. Such work, so perfectly done (Mr. Ruskin thinks) is never repeated; it is done once and for ever; and, therefore, Turner's painting of the hills, "combining the most intense appreciation of all tenderness, with delight in all magnitude, and memory for all detail, is never to be rivalled or looked upon in similitude again."

"Stones" are the last of the resulting mountain forms. Our author is one of those who find "sermons in stones," and most eloquent ones too. It is only in modern Art that we see any complete representation of clouds, and only in ancient Art, generally speaking, that we find any careful realization of

stones. Titian and Turner treat them intelligently and nobly ; Claude, Flaxman, and “the modern ideal” school, meanly and falsely. Lines of rest, formerly adverted to as one great division of mountain lines, belong more properly to stones than rocks. These lines, formed of debris in a state of temporary repose, arrange themselves in an equable slope ; and there is scarcely any great mountain mass among the Alps, which does not show towards its foundation perfectly regular descents of this nature, characterized by their straightness of line, often two or three miles long without a break. The angles of these slopes vary considerably, and are generally much exaggerated in descriptions and drawings. Loose debris lies at various angles up to about 30° or 32° ; debris protected by grass or pines may reach 35° ; and rocky slopes 40° or 41° ; but, in continuous lines of rest, it is never found at a steeper angle. This chapter is illustrated by a clever engraving (No. 50) after Turner’s drawing of Goldau, the scene of the Fall of the Rossberg, and Mr. Ruskin tells us, with reference to it, that he hopes he will cease to be charged with enthusiasm in anything he has said of Turner’s imagination as always instinctively possessive of the truths which lie deepest, and are most essentially linked together in the expression of a scene,—considering that he has taken only this drawing of Goldau, and another subject from the St. Gothard (engraved in plates 21 and 37), and yet these have sufficed for the illustration of all the particulars of Alpine structure which it has been possible for him to explain in the course of half a volume, and which are, in fact, all abstracted in these two drawings in the most complete and consistent manner, and as if they had been executed on purpose to contain a perfect summary of Alpine truth. Another interesting circumstance connected with these two drawings is also mentioned: they were the last ever made by Turner with unabated power. We can only further remark, with regard to this section of the work, that, in paragraphs 6 and 7, will be found an ingenious and brilliant pleading for stones ; claiming for them the attention of the artist on account of the variety of form and beauty of colouring, which they will be found to possess if we will only take the trouble to examine them. A stone is a mountain in miniature, and “do but give it some reverence and watchfulness, and there is breadth of thought in it, more than in any other lowly feature of all the landscape.”

The two last chapters in the volume are entitled the “Mountain Gloom” and the “Mountain Glory,” both most earnest and eloquent, though somewhat fanciful. The former commences with a description of the hardships and degradation of the Swiss peasantry in the mountain districts between

Valorsine and Martigny, and an exhortation to the public of London and Paris to endeavour to alleviate or remove their sufferings, which might easily be done by the diversion of but a small portion of the £50,000 which they annually lavish on opera and ballet.

“The time will come when, as the heavy folded curtain falls upon our own stage of life, we shall begin to comprehend that the justice we loved was intended to have been done in fact, and not in poetry,—and the felicity we sympathized in, to have been bestowed and not feigned. We talk much of money-worth, yet perhaps may one day be surprised to find that what the wise and charitable European public gave to one night’s rehearsal of hypocrisy,—to one hour’s pleasant warbling of *Linda* or *Lucia*—would have filled a whole Alpine valley with happiness, and poured the waves of harvest over the famine of many a *Lammermoor*.”

The following are stated to be the conditions of the “Mountain Gloom,” or feeling of horror sometimes connected with hill scenery: 1st. General power of intellect; an average degree of mental power and imagination being necessary to the production of this feeling. 2nd. Romanism; which Mr. Ruskin believes to be very closely connected with it. 3rd. Disease of body. 4th. Rudeness of life and want of cultivation; and 5th. Familiarity with ugliness and disorder, produced by the violence and inclemency of the elements around them, which is often found among the inhabitants of high mountain districts. These five heads are said to embrace the principal causes of the “Mountain Gloom;” the last only being peculiar to mountainous and marshy districts. Sion in the Valais, we are told, is, of all places, the most subject to the united operation of these malignant influences; but we can do no more than allude to the singularly minute and graphic description which Mr. Ruskin gives of the picturesque capital of that pestilential district.

But if there is a mountain gloom, there is also a mountain glory. In many things the hills may justly claim pre-eminence over the lowlands, and in nothing more than in colouring. To them we owe purple, violet, and deep ultramarine blues.

“In an ordinary lowland landscape (says our author), we have the blue of the sky; the green of the grass, which I will suppose (and this is an unnecessary concession to the lowlands) entirely fresh and bright; the green of trees; and certain elements of purple, far more rich and beautiful than we generally should think, in their bark and shadows (bare hedges and thickets, or tops of trees, in subdued afternoon sunshine, are nearly perfect purple, and of an exquisite tone), as well as in ploughed fields, and dark ground in general. But among mountains, in *addition* to all this, large,

unbroken spaces of pure violet and purple are introduced in their distances, and even near, by films of cloud passing over the darkness of ravines or forests; blues are produced of the most subtle tenderness; these azures and purples passing into rose-colour of otherwise wholly unattainable delicacy among the upper summits, the blue of the sky being, at the same time, purer and deeper than in the plains. Nay, in some sense, a person who has never seen the rose-colour of the rays of dawn, crossing a blue mountain, twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what *tenderness* in colour means at all; *bright* tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower; but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill purples he cannot conceive."

Then the mountain wild-flowers are more beautiful and various than those of the plain, which can show nothing to compare with the light blue star-gentian, the Alpine rose, highland heather, large orange lily, narcissus, and oxalis. In foliage and water, too, the mountains are superior. A lowlander out of sight of the sea cannot conceive of water in its clearness, colour, fantasy of motion, calmness of space, depth, reflection, wrath, and power. And so also with foliage; the resources of trees are not properly developed until they have difficulty to contend with, nor their various action:—

"rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks; stooping to look into ravines; hiding from the search of glacier winds; reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine; crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams; climbing hand-in-hand among the difficult slopes; opening in sudden dances round the mossy knolls; gathering into companies at rest among the fragrant fields; gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges;—nothing of this can be conceived among the untroubled and unvaried felicities of the lowland forest."

The superiority of the mountains, in short, to the lowlands in loveliness of colour, perfectness of form, endlessness of change, wonderfulness of structure—things precious to all undiseased minds—is just as measurable as the richness of a painted window matched with a white one, or the wealth of a museum compared with that of a simply furnished chamber.

Mountains have always exercised an important influence over the habits and progress of the races that have dwelt among them; and the mountain scenery of the Greeks and Italians may fairly be considered to have materially contributed in giving them the intellectual lead among the nations of Europe. This opens up a very extensive and interesting field of inquiry, which is divided into four great heads: the Influence of Mountains on Religious Temperament; upon Art and Literature; on War; and on Social Economy. Only the two first of these

heads are considered in the present volume, the others being reserved for future consideration. Mountains, we are informed, have always possessed the power of exciting religious enthusiasm, and of purifying religious faith.

“Among the fair arable lands of England and Belgium extends an orthodox Protestantism or Catholicism, prosperous, creditable, and drowsy; but it is among the purple moors of the highland border, the ravines of Mont Genève, and the crags of the Tyrol, that we shall find the simplest evangelical faith, and the purest Romanist practice.”

If we try to view, in a fair and unprejudiced spirit, the definite forms of solemn imagination which have arisen among the inhabitants of Europe, “we shall find, on the one hand, the mountains of Greece and Italy forming all the loveliest dreams first of the pagan and then of the Christian mythology; on the other hand, those of Scandinavia to be the first sources of whatever mental (as well as military) power was brought by the Normans into Southern Europe.” With regard to the influence of mountains upon Art, Mr. Ruskin remarks that it may be observed as one test of its extent that nearly all the genuine religious painters use *steep mountain distances*; while all the merely artistical ones, or those of intermediate temper, in proportion as they lose the religious element, use flat or simply architectural distances. Michael Angelo and Raphael, *being merely artists* (the italics are ours), show no love of mountains whatever. Tintoret is the first of the old painters who ever drew them rightly. Titian is conventional in his treatment of them, though he sometimes gives to his rocks and forests great grandeur and nobleness; and Paul Veronese is content with porticoes and pillars. Generally speaking, it will be found that the hill country communicates invention and depth of feeling to Art, and the lowlands executive neatness.

We may observe, in passing, that Mr. Ruskin's avowed preference and love for mountains, appears to have communicated a decided bias to this chapter, and especially to that part of it which we are now considering; many of the statements are marked by partiality and prejudice; those, for example, with regard to Salvator; and the claim made for the influence of mountains upon Paul Veronese is at variance with the testimony of facts, and seems to rest upon no stronger foundation than our author's determination to believe in it. Great Art is defined, in section 24, as “the art of dreaming.” If so, would not John Bunyan be the greatest writer that ever lived; and, perhaps, John Martin the greatest painter?

Mr. Ruskin's literary creed is certainly a peculiar one; and

his literary judgments and classification of great writers are characterized by originality rather than soundness. In this chapter there is much ingenious and eloquent speculation upon the influence of mountains on literature. Pascal and Bacon are contrasted, the former the type of the mountain, and the latter of the lowland influence upon character. Thereafter, a great deal of rambling, and fanciful conjecture, and confident assertion occurs with regard to Shakspeare, who cannot be claimed, even by Mr. Ruskin, as a recruit for his phalanx of mountaineers. He, therefore, sets himself to prove that his was a special and exceptional case, not in any way detracting from the general pre-eminence and superiority of mountains and mountaineers; but we do not think that all his ingenuity and eloquence will succeed in convincing any of his readers, who does not happen to be already as strong a partizan of the mountains as Mr. Ruskin himself.

The last few pages of this chapter contain perhaps the most splendid writing that even their highly gifted author has ever penned: the deaths of Moses and Aaron, and the Transfiguration of our Lord—those great scenes in the drama of the world's history, of which the "everlasting mountains" were the stage. We regret that our limits do not permit us to quote them entire, and we dare not venture to injure them by curtailment.

The Appendix to the Fourth Volume treats of the "Modern Grotesque; Rock Cleavage, and Logical Education"—a singular *mélange* of subjects. Under the first of these heads, a most vehement attack is made upon base criticism and critics; and *Blackwood's Magazine*, as one of the most flagrant offenders, is assaulted in a way to make Christopher North rise from his grave, shoulder his crutch, and rush to the rescue. *Maga* is condemned as having, "with grace, judgment, and tenderness peculiarly its own," bid the dying Keats "back to his gallipots;" as having "partly arrested the last efforts and shortened the life of Turner;" and, finally, as having, "with an infallible instinct for the wrong, given what pain it could, and withered what strength it could, in every great mind that was in anywise within its reach, and made itself, to the utmost of its power, frost and disease of the heart to the most noble spirits of England."

Under the head of "Logical Education" we are told, that our present methods of culture are fundamentally wrong; the main things that we do is to teach our youth to *say* something glibly and forcibly; whereas our chief aim should be to teach them to *see* something. The "futilities" of our so-called educations are strongly dwelt upon and severely censured; and there is, perhaps, a good deal of truth in some of the remarks;

but we cannot consent to accept Mr. Ruskin as a safe guide upon such a subject. He piques himself, indeed, upon the logical nature of his mind, complacently informing his readers that he may mistake the meaning of a symbol or the angle of a rock-cleavage, but not draw an inconsequent conclusion ; and, yet, at the same time, affirming, that “ the power of perceiving logical relation is one of the rarest among men.” We cannot, however, adopt Mr. Ruskin’s own estimate of the infallibility of his logical acumen ; the imaginative element seems to us much more highly developed in his character than the reasoning faculty. As a rhetorician there are few who can compare with him ; as a logician many surpass him. He is seldom cool enough for a good reasoner, nor impartial enough for an unprejudiced judge. An ingenious special pleader, a most brilliant debater, and a powerful opponent, he certainly is ; and if eloquent writing, and just views of the proper province of the Fine Arts always went together, he would be the safest guide and the truest teacher that has ever presented himself. But, unfortunately, error is oftener dressed out in the gaudy tinsel of rhetorical declamation than truth, and false teaching will, by many, be accepted for the sake of the fine writing in which it is conveyed. And it appears to us that Mr. Ruskin, in all earnestness and sincerity, and amidst much that is true, and useful, and appropriate, has frequently misled his readers by the brilliancy of his imagination and the beauty of his style ; inducing them to attend to the manner in which a thing is said, rather than to the truth of the thing itself, and compelling them to look through a sort of rhetorical stereoscope, which gives an appearance of relief and reality to what is truly flat and deceptive.

ART. II.—*The Great World of London.* By Henry Mayhew. Bogue. 1856.

2. *London Labour and the London Poor.* Same Author. Geo. Newbold. 1856

3. *London Shadows : a Glance at the Homes of the Thousands.* By George Godwin, F.R.S., Editor of the *Builder*. Routledge. 1856.

4. *Notes and Narratives of a Six Years’ Mission, principally among the Dens of London.* By R. W. Vanderkiste, late London City Missionary. Nisbet. 1852.

5. *Houses with the Fronts Off.* Tenth Thousand. By James Hain Friswell. London : James Blackwood. 1855.

To know life—to see many cities and nations—fully to comprehend “ the proper study of mankind,” according to Pope’s

hackneyed line—has been the desire of every one, saint or sinner, Christian philosopher, or heathen sage. This knowledge has many ways of acquirement. An old gentlemanly pagan, whose litter was, some eighteen hundred years ago, as well appointed in Rome, as any young nobleman's brougham in London now, tells us that he who has seen many towns and peoples and divers sorts of men, may be expected to have seen some "life." We moderns, although we have barely time "just to look about us and to die," find his advice very palatable. From the days of my Lord Duberly and his tutor, Doctor Pangloss, to the present day, scions of the wealthier classes, accompanied by their college tutor, jog on the grand tour of Europe to see "life." The shop-boy, freed from his chain for one or two days, steals off on a cheap trip; the citizen runs down into the provinces; the countryman comes up to town—all bent on the same purpose; and for those who cannot travel bodily, a couple of newspapers and innumerable books carry on the instructive lesson, all more or less qualified—all eager to proffer the never satisfying draught—all ready to offer the fruit—apples of the Dead Sea, so beautiful to look at, so bitter to the taste, dust and ashes in the mouth—the knowledge of "life."

To this passion it is our present intention to minister. As we are told by the Apostle Paul to "mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate," so we now propose to glance at the "low life" of London. In doing so we are quite aware that we are not entering either upon a new or an unexplored region. We will not only readily own that others have been before us, but we will point out the fact, that the fashion has lately run that way. The great novelist and moralist Henry Fielding, with a sarcastic glance at his rival Richardson, apologizes for leading his readers into such *low* society as that of Parson Adams, of the Philosopher Square, of Mrs. Slipslop, of Partridge and Fanny; and tells them that he will hereafter regale them with the conversation of lords. But since then the tide has turned, and the works of fiction may now be almost divided into two classes, viz., those which deal almost exclusively with the joys and sorrows of the rich, and those which cultivate solely the society of the poor; and the latter, showing us the horrible abodes, the troubles, the miseries of these Arabs of modern life, have been, and are, possibly, the most numerous and influential.

But there is one essential difference between these works and those which head the present article. *They* are works of fiction; ours of truth. They, although true and faithful copies, are drawn by men of imagination; ours, are but bare records of life.

They are as true as our own, but being the works of professed fictionists, they are not fully credited. "Do you believe, Mr. ———?" said a lady very seriously to us, "Do you believe the poor are so *very* miserable as Dickens draws them? There *must* be some exaggeration." There are thousands who think as that lady did; but we hope that in calmly considering this paper, drawn not more from books than from experience, that many will alter their opinions.

Mr. Mayhew in the commencement of a work, which of all others should require the best arrangement, and which without it is most thoroughly and cruelly diffuse, quotes a French *mot* of M. Horace Say, "Londres n'est plus une ville, c'est une province couverte de maisons;" and the *mot* is both brilliant and true, but it does not convey the whole truth, as Mr. Mayhew shows us.

"London," says he "contains nine times as many souls as the most extensive division of the French empire, and it houses upwards of a quarter of a million more souls than any one county in Great Britain; besides this the population of the British metropolis exceeds by some five hundred thousand persons that of the whole of Hanover, or Saxony, or Wurtemberg; whilst the abstract portion of its people congregated on the Middlesex side of the river, outnumbers the entire body of individuals included in the Grand Duchy of Baden."

The remainder of this paragraph drawn from Haydn and M'Culloch, is so interesting that we extract it, giving as it will some idea of the magnitude of London.

"Nay, more: towards the close of the fourteenth century, there were not nearly so many men, women, and children scattered throughout *all* England as there are now crowded within the capital alone.

"Further: assuming the population of the entire world, according to the calculations of Balbi (as given in the *Balance Politique du Globe*), to be 1,075 millions, that of the Great Metropolis constitutes no less than 1-450th part of the whole; so that, in every thousand of the aggregate composing the immense human family, two at least are Londoners.

"In short, London may be safely asserted to be the most densely-populated city in all the world—containing one-fourth more people than Pekin, and two-thirds more than Paris; more than twice as many as Constantinople; four times as many as St. Petersburg; five times as many as Vienna, or New York, or Madrid; nearly seven times as many as Berlin; eight times as many as Amsterdam; nine times as many as Rome; fifteen times as many as Copenhagen; and seventeen times as many as Stockholm."

It will be then fair for us to assume that at least five-eighths of this entire population comes within the term employed by

artists and writers to designate the working classes and the poor, "Low Life;" in fact as Mr. Mayhew has comprehensively described and classed the population—in a jumbling title which a few years' hence will be a curiosity, and which we present to the reader—we very much doubt whether a greater proportion than we have assigned may not be included in the term "low." The great world of London has, according to Mr. Mayhew:—

"Its Hard Life, its Easy Life; its Drawing-room and Garret Life; its Industrious, Idle, Business, and Pleasure Life; its Highways, and Byeways, and Slyways; its 'Pluralities of Worlds,' *e.g.*, of Fashion and Vulgo-Gentility, of Science, Art, Letters, Vanity, and Vice; its Lions and Puppies, Sharks and Gulls, Big-Wigs and Small Fry, Philosophers and Fast Men; its Lawyers, Doctors, Parsons, 'Mags-men,' Soldiers, Servants, Merchants, Shopmen, 'Duffers,' Authors, Artists, Showmen, Nobles, Swell-Mobsmen, and 'Shallow Coves;' its Palaces and Penitentiaries, Clubs, Merchant Halls, and Soup-Kitchens; its May-Fair and Rag-Fair; its Parks, Railways, Docks, Markets, Belgravia, and 'Padding-Kens;' its Exchanges and Banks; its Bill Discounters, Pawnbrokers, and 'Dolly-Shops;' its Hundreds of Miles of Streets and Sewers; its Crowds of Carriages and Carts, 'Busses,' 'Cabs,' and Costers'-trucks; its Law Courts and Judge and Jury Clubs; its Houses of Parliament and 'Cogers' Halls;' its Operas, Eagle Taverns, Cyder Cellars, and 'Coal Holes;' its Almacks and Argyll Rooms, Spectacles, and 'Penny Gaffs;' its Churches, Chapels, May Meetings, and Freethinking Societies;—in fine, its Every-day and Out-of-the-way Scenes, Places, and Characters."

There is life enough here at any-rate. No artist of the Rembrandt school could be more fond of light and shade than Mr. Mayhew; but we cannot say that we admire his method of procuring an antithesis; "penny gaffs" and churches, chapels, and freethinking rooms, are too nearly approximated to please us.

That portion of the community to which we direct attention is peculiarly a class of its own. It has its own dialect, not the common vulgar cockney talk, which exchanges *v* for *w*, and which the caricaturists of twenty years ago used severely to satirize, but an organized slang, by which a secret communication can be carried on, and which is just as unintelligible to a quietly educated Englishman from the Midland counties, as the cipher of Marie Antoinette was to an innocent Parisian of 1792. These dialects—for there is more than one—Mayhew arranges into three classes. The first is Codger's, or beggar's cant, which our author tells us is—

"A style of language which is distinct from the slang of the thieves, being arranged on the principle of using words that are

similar in sound to the ordinary expressions for the same idea. 'S'pose now, your honour,' said a *scholar* *cocker* who was giving us a lesson in the St. Giles's classics. 'I wanted to ask a *cocker* to come and have a glass of rum with me, and smoke a pipe of baccar over a game of cards with some *blades* at home—I should say, 'Splodger, will you have a Jack-surpass of finger-and-thumb, and blow your yard of tripe of nosey-me-knacker, while we have a touch of the broads with some other heaps of cock at my *brim*?'

"Again, we have the 'Coster slang,' or the language used by the costermongers, and which consists merely in pronouncing each word as if it were spelt backwards: 'I say, Curly, will you do a top of reeb (pot of beer)?' one costermonger may say to the other. 'It's on doog, Whelkey, on doog (no good, no good);' the second may reply. 'I've had a reglar trosero (bad sim) to-day. I've been doing dab (bad) with my tol (lot, or stick)—hasn't made a yennep (penny), s'elp me.' 'Why, I've cleared a datch-enore (half-a-crown) a'ready,' Master Whelkey will answer perhaps. 'But kool the esilop (look at the police); kool him (look at him) Curly! Nommus! (be off). I'm going to do the tightner (have my dinner).'

"Lastly, comes the veritable slang, or English argot, i.e., the secret language used by the London thieves. This is made up, in a great degree, of the mediæval Latin in which the church service was formerly chanted, and which indeed gave rise to the term 'cant' (from the Latin *cantare*), it having been the custom of the ancient beggars to 'intone' their prayers when asking for alms. 'Can you roker Romay (can you speak cant)?' one individual 'on the cross' will say to another, who is not exactly 'on the square;' and if the reply be in the affirmative, he will probably add—'What is your monekeer (name)?—Where do you stall to in the huey (where do you lodge in the town)?' 'Oh, I drop the main toper (get out of the high-road),' would doubtless be the answer, 'and slink into the ken (lodging house) in the back drum (street).' 'Will you have a shant o' galler (pot of beer) after all this dowry of parny (lot of rain)? I've got a tevis (shilling) left in my clye (pocket).'

We greatly doubt Mr. Mayhew's derivation of "cant." Johnson derives it from the word "quaint," which is, we think, farther from the truth than Mayhew. Certain, however, it is that the words now used as cant terms, are very old, and were well known, not only in Dr. Johnson's and in Swift's and Pope's days, but in those of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. At the end of Richard Broome's "Merry Beggars," there is a glossary of cant terms, all of which are now used. From Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," and from one or two other works of the elder dramatists, this kind of knowledge may be gleaned. Dickens, it will be remembered, was a servant and pupil of Ben Jonson, and as Ben had served as a common bricklayer's labourer, he no doubt used his terms well. That portions of the language may be

derived from the Latin is very probable, thus: "*pannum*" is bread (*panis*), and "*patrico*" is their priest (*pater*, a father), but whence comes "*ken*," a house, or "*ruffin*," the devil? Many are North-country words which are derived from the Danish; others are merely the symbol used instead of the name, thus, "*stampers*," are shoes; "*darkman*," the night; "*bleater*," mutton or sheep, and so on.

The utility of this kind of knowledge to the clergyman, to the city missionary, and to the police magistrate, and the power which it gives them over the populace who use these dialects, will be readily perceived. A magistrate in London is very much like his brother in India if he do not thoroughly understand the vernacular of the people over whom he presides; many of those, however, who sit upon the bench have distinguished themselves in this kind of learning, and we have heard one of the swell mob declare of one ornament to the magistracy, that he "*could patter flash like an angel*," i. e., that he could speak to thieves in their own peculiar tongue.

But "*low life*" in London does not alone affect the tongue and the habits of the people; it stretches farther than that; it has its effect, not only upon this life, but upon that which is to come; with all the exertions which the various religious bodies, and the Church of England have made—and in this excellent work we wish not to put one before the other—not only is Christianity not thoroughly known, but four years ago only, a writer, who had spent a greater portion of his life in preaching the gospel to the poor, declared that, "*Heathenism is the poor man's religion in the metropolis*." "*It is well*," he writes, "*for some to declare that the Church of England is the poor man's church, and for others to speak of Methodism as the poor man's religion, but neither of these statements is true*;" and he goes on further to show, that in 1841, in the Island of Jamaica, out of a population of 380,000 souls, there were more communicants than in London, out of a population of 2,103,279; and further that, notwithstanding late efforts—the enemy having been still busier than we—infidelity is rather on the increase than the decrease; to which sad state of things, the desecration of the Sabbath by the government will give a stimulant rather than a stoppage.

To one portion of the "*low life*" of London, that portion which "*coins its soul for drachmas*," and pays down its nightly portion of sin for its morrow's bread, we can only here allude; but that indeed is a subject which should be thoroughly looked to, which no squeamishness should debar good men from examining, and which is alarmingly on the increase; one authority on the subject has placed the number of the class we allude to, either

totally professional, or occasional, at the immensely high figure of 150,000 in London alone! If we could only for a few moments attentively meditate upon this fact, we should indeed be struck with the amount of misery which must daily and nightly take place in the mighty mother-city, the modern Babylon the Great!

The occupations and the amusements of the people have an immense effect upon their morals. One cause of the sin of great cities, is the immense amount of labour which is performed in them. Those philosophers who talk, and talk truly, about idleness being the mother of all the vices, and the *injuncta noverca*, the step-mother of all the virtues, are quite right in their theory, but they have strained it too far, and like an ambitious vaulter, their plan "o'erleaps itself, and falls o' the t'other side." Not having decent leisure, having no time for the gentler affections and for self-cultivation, the worker in the towns runs into dissipation, and takes eagerly any amusement which is offered to him. This, competition amongst the caterers and the vicious state of society have rendered exciting, piquant, and exhilarating, as one of those observers upon whose books we build this article, shall show us:—

"A grand concert, gentlemen, every night—admission twopence, reserved seats sixpence. Bang, twang, and bang, goes the grand piano, that brilliant performer, Mr. Minim, having dropped his heavy fingers upon it, and the occupants of the bar rush through the door which admits them, to the body of the concert room. A few critical persons and many ladies (?) ascend the twisted stairs, and from the gallery, dignified into the name of the reserved seats, look on. Mr. Minim still continues playing. How the body of the hall is crowded! Husbands with their wives and babies too; sweethearts of the daughters thus brought up, who offer to the lady a pint pot, with the feelings if not the grace of an exquisite in another grade of life offering a bouquet. Waiters dodge about the forms, and tell the gentlemen in a peremptory tone to 'give their orders.' The gentlemen do, and steaming glasses of the worst spirits are brought in, and placed carefully upon the ledge which runs at the back of each seat.

"The connoisseurs of the audience are getting tired of Mr. Minim's thumps upon the worn-out piano, and bawl for the singers. The chairman, who sits at the foot of the raised stage with a transparency, and some slight attempt at scenery behind it, raps heavily upon the floor, and the comic singer enters. He is a heavy, gross man, of some celebrity no doubt before he came here, for he takes all sorts of familiar liberties with his audience. His face is absolutely purple upon all prominent parts, and his nose and thick lips inflamed with disease, wear the livery of that spirit he has so constantly worshipped. In the same cause, no doubt, his voice has become like the grand

piano—all the higher notes are worn out, and but one continuous bawl of thunder remains. Strike up, Mr. Vox, and bawl your worst; you have your audience cultivated to your taste. Mr. Vox does strike up. He is fashionably dressed in glossy black; but by buttoning up his coat, raising his shoulders, and hiding every vestige of linen, powerfully aided by his countenance and a very old shabby hat, he transforms himself into a vagabond upon the shortest notice, and bawls out the newest balderdash to the oldest tune. At every hit in the song, political or otherwise, the tavern lovers turn to explain to their tavern sweethearts, and the mothers jump and dandle their babies to the tune. Mr. Vox has, as a matter of course, an 'angcore'—so says the chairman—Mr. Vox will sing again. Retiring for a moment behind the transparency, Mr. Vox comes back with snowy shirt front and red face, and sings that which he had better have left unuttered. The girls titter, and the men grin, and the babies are still dandled to the tune, and the reeking air, divided by Mr. Vox's breath, goes up against the skylights of the room, seeking to pollute heaven by its corruptness.

"After another encore, Mr. Vox gives way to a young lady, who appears to think scarlet satin and mosaic jewellery the height of fashion. She sweeps in with a piece of music in her hands, although, as she evidently does not know a bar of it, and has sung the song some fifty times before, one cannot tell why she holds it. 'Miss Quaver will oblige,' says the chairman. Miss Quaver does oblige. 'Her mother won't let her marry.' You see how it is, such a fine lady as she is! how pert the girls think her, and what a duchess the young gentlemen imagine her. Poor thing! the scarlet satin has done her service in every concert room in London.

"Night grows on apace. The gentlemen, obedient to the pot-boy's call, give him more 'orders.' The babies fall asleep, or squall in concert with the singers. The young ladies lose what little modesty they had. Mr. Vox gets more bold and more blatant, and the round of entertainment—which includes Mr. Vox dressed as a waggoner, Miss Quaver with a straw hat on as a young lady from the country, another young lady with a Scotch name in a Highland fling, and the whole strength of the company in an opening chorus of some favourite opera—finishes at last. 'Twelve o'clock, gentlemen. It is Saturday night.' Pour out into the streets and shut the doors upon them, as disorganized and spent, if not positively drunk, the motley company salute the Sabbath morn.

"If one could follow that crowd home, one might moralize! Deep reflection, serious and calm thoughts, statesman and philanthropist, might be spent upon them. What time shall the parents have for thought or prayer, for cleanliness or godliness, when they huddle to bed at such an hour, down some narrow court? Place down the tired and the fevered child; there let it dream its infant life away with the hoarse voice of Mr. Vox, the 'celebrated comic singer,' ringing in its ears. Wearied with misspent hours, and annoyed by wasted money, let the brutal quarrel now ensue between the shrew wife who begs her weekly pittance to keep house, and the brutal and

inebriated husband. Spirits of evil! shut in my noisome cellars, or imprisoned in the squat casks above my bar! what once was part of you scours now the veins of hundreds of beings, and, whilst they lie in uneasy sleep, prepares the morbid apathy and the quick-coming disease of the morrow."

Now, in our opinion, there can be no question but that such entertainments as these tend materially to demoralize the population; and yet the statesman and the Christian have been forced to discover that a people cannot subsist without amusement. An ignorant people tickled, pleased, and coquetted with, may for a long time submit to the most rapacious and wicked of governments. The Romans of the later empire have taught us this. So long as they could obtain *panem et circenses* Didius Julianus might purchase the empire at an auction, or Elagabalus might disgust the world with his profligacy. But at the same time, it were unwise, because a vicious system of indulgence has paved the way for tyranny, to entirely destroy an innocent amusement. There is "a time to laugh," says Solomon, and the heathen poet echoes the sentiment. An occasional relaxation is wise and natural, and, therefore, virtuous and conformable with Christianity. When this is denied, the people rush into the opposite extreme; the puritanic severity of the Commonwealth, noble as it was, unfortunately induced with an uneducated people, the licentious pravity of the Restoration. In observing, therefore, on the "low life" of London, a chapter might easily, indeed should be, set aside for their amusements and indulgencies; and glancing for the last time at these, we assure the reader, that far from doing away with them, we would merely substitute the healthy and the elevating, for the low, the corrupt, the intoxicating and the impure. Ballad singing has been, and ever will be a favourite amusement of the workers, and if well managed and written, these ballads may address themselves to the noble, the domestic, the tender, nay the holy feelings of man's nature, just as well as to the sensual and low passions, which exist with the rich as well as the poor.

In the same street in which the blazing temple of insobriety in which our author hath pictured Mr. Vox as singing, stands, there are also to be found hundreds of poor, wretched people, whose subsistence is so scanty, that it does not permit them to dream of so grand an entertainment as that of Mr. Vox and his company, any more than it would of sitting with her Majesty at the Haymarket opera-house, and of listening to the trills of Alboni. For them, the itinerant ballad-monger strikes up his quavering or roaring notes. With them, the little stunted child crying in weak voice some negro ballad, is a master in song.

Doubtlessly they find beauty in such songsters, for they will reward him with farthings and halfpence ; that is, those who are comparatively rich amongst them ; and for the others, one may see them listening with pleasure and avidity to this eleemosynary concert, down the dark alley and the crowded court. That some of these songs are improper and nonsensical, there is no doubt ; but that the large majority have a great deal of rude pathos, and even poetry and power in them, speaks volumes for the kindly hearts and feelings of that noble race, the British poor. Let the recollection of the melody be ever so faint, the words of the song ever so poor, you shall see the crowd listen—*attentisque auribus adstant*,—to the sorrows of “Lucy Neal,” or the troubles of “Ben Bolt.”

“ Oh, don’t you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill ;
Where we oft have sung ’neath its wide-spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill.
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around,
See, the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
Lies scattered and fall’n to the ground.”

We present this verse to our country readers, who have often in quiet parlours listened to the same song, as a protest against the supposition, that the “low people” like everything that is low. The song is of itself not very fine, but it has about it an appeal to the heart which with those who listen to it, equals the tenderness of Chapelle, or the pastorals of Guarini. These songs too arise from the people, with whom they are so popular. After the battle of the Alma, one was bawled about the holes and corners of London, and eagerly bought by the denizens thereof, which we believe has not achieved the popularity of the middle-class drawing-room, but which spoke to many a widowed heart, and to many thousands of those whose true aspirations make the glory of the country. Its verses ran as follows :—

“ Mother, is the battle over ?
Thousands have been slain they say,
Is my father coming ?—tell me,
Have the English gained the day ?
Is he well, or is he wounded—
Mother, do you think he’s slain ?
If you know I pray you tell me
Will my father come again ? ”

Of course the purport of the song requires that the father is slain ; and the poet winds up in sad doggrel, but with a touch of true pathos :—

“ He died for old England’s glory ;
 Our day may not be far between,
 But I hope at the last moment
 That we all shall meet again.”

We repeat that these songs are infinitely purer and better than the songs of the drawing-room, sixty, fifty, aye, or forty years ago. In Doctor Johnson’s time—the grave old fellow himself wrote love songs—ladies perpetrated compositions of a very curious tendency, and not only curious, but prurient. These have crept into our most modest collections, and some of them may be even found in Dr. Knox’s “Elegant Extracts, and in Dodsleys “Collection of Poems;” in the books of fugitive poetry of the period they abound. The contrast is, therefore, much to be noted, is very pleasing, and gives us great hope for the people of England, for when purity and true feeling exists in “low life,” there happiness will exist also. A great patriot declared, that he did not care who made the laws of a country so that he made the songs, and very often the happiness of a people is more endangered by a bad song than by a bad law.

The literature of the lowest classes is worthy of our attention. Taken on the whole, in this year of 1856, the observation will not prove discouraging, nor shall we find the tone of morals, or the class of ideas instilled by cheap literature, so degrading as many would have us suppose. A long and a wide acquaintance with the subject, undertaken for a specific purpose, gives us the right to declare this *ex cathedrâ*. Impure literature circulates in its worst form amongst the *roués* and *débauchés* of high life. With the poor, literature and a taste for reading exist together with the very natural fact, that they purify and improve themselves. The act of writing novels and constructing tales, though rudely practised, is yet much better done now for the poor than it used to be. To be sure we have stupid young ladies who will write to more stupid editors and ask their advice, as to whether they shall marry the “fair gentleman” who is so “insinuating,” or the “dark young man” whose eyes are so “romantic;” but very luckily these things are now confined to the kitchen and the milliner’s workroom, and they in a few short months disgust their most ardent admirers. But there is much comfort in knowing that ladies of title a few years ago, passed through the same ordeal, and that the *Ladies’ Miscellany*, and that little monthly, which Oliver Goldsmith edited for the bookseller, Griffith, contained precisely the same, and even much worse and more mischievous questions. In the library of the British Museum, are hundreds of such dead inanities, affording fine texts for one who should preach upon human folly and weakness, but also conveying consolation and hope, when we

find that the mental epidemic rages now amongst the lowest and most ignorant classes, instead of the highest and most educated. The truth is, that the taste of our titled great grandmothers was considerably worse than that of our untaught cooks and housemaids is at present. When we remember that the *Bon Ton Magazine* was very popular, and that the scandalous *tête-à-têtes* in the *Town and Country Magazine* were greedily perused, we shall not doubt the assertion.

As regards the non-assertion of Christianity, and often, indeed, the strange way in which religion itself is ignored in the popular journals—one of these boasts of a sale of a quarter of a million copies and of six times that number of readers—we have only to say that the fact exists and is to be deeply deplored. With regard to one of these journals the case is perhaps worse. It is edited by a clever man—one, indeed, of wide intelligence and information—but who is, unfortunately, so latitudinarian that he doubts everything, and what is more, he suggests his doubts to other and weaker minds. The harm done by such a man is incalculable. But lower than these, by many, many fathoms' measure, are certain purveyors of literature for the poor, in the shape of last-dying speeches and songs. Copies of the songs, verses of which we printed above, proceeded from the same celebrated press in Seven Dials: for it is in that populous neighbourhood, in the neighbourhood of Monmouth Street, and in the region of the Jews and old clothesmen, that the *muse populaire* dwells and flourishes. Curiously, the place has suffered no change during a whole century. Fielding, in his exquisite burlesque of "Tom Thumb," places in the mouth of Lord Doodle the excellent apothegm:—

—————"What is honour?

A Monmouth-street laced coat gracing to-day
My back, to-morrow glittering on another's."

And cast-off garments and vamped boots form the staple commodities of the place now. Here it is then that Catnach and Pitts, the rival publishers—the Tonson and Curll, the Murray and Bentley, of the greater literary world—employ their poets and retail their wares. If they chance to hit upon a popular ballad they realize large sums by it; but it is not every song, any more than every book, that achieves a notoriety. The consequence is that the number of "dead" ballads deducts much from the profit of those which may be said to live, and this necessarily subtracts, on the score of dead stock, from the price paid to the poet, so that Pope's ill-natured saying of Phillipps that he "turned a Persian tale for half-a-crown,"—i.e., that he put it in verse—is more than realized by the ballad-maker of Seven Dials. These blind Homers get but

eighteen-pence each for their *Iliad*, which, after all, is perhaps as much as they are worth.

As every day does not afford a subject for a song, the poet for the people is often driven to exercise his imagination, and he then produces a "cock;" that is, in the slang of the district, a fabrication of some outrageous kind, which is bawled about the streets by the stentorian gentlemen of that profession, and which, out of mere curiosity, calls the heads of the neighbourhood out of their houses. Sometimes it is a story of an uncommitted murder. Sometimes it is a scandalous account of the elopement of Mrs. S—— with Mr. T——, both of the street or parish in which it is hawked. These often sell largely, especially in the country, but the Londoners are becoming awake to the ingenuity of the Seven Dials' authors. In "low life" especially is exhibited that morbid craving after excitement which always accompanies ignorance; accounts of "murders" and "last-dying speeches," printed on these broad sheets, are sold, not by thousands, but by tens of thousands of copies.

Our readers will not, perhaps, be surprised to find that the criminal population of London, although existing within the limits inhabited by the poor and needy, are yet not of them, but a totally distinct class. The fact is, that the very poor of this great city, are "destroyed for lack of knowledge," (Hosea iv. 6)—of any kind of education, whereas the thieves of London are an educated class, indeed learned—learned in deceit, in a knowledge of man, and in their business and art. Mr. Mayhew, who has devoted a great deal of time to this particular branch of study, has arranged for us the different kinds of people who form in London, as in all great cities, a distinct class of beings, but who have an essential connexion with "low life:"—

"There is a distinct class of persons who have an innate aversion to any settled industry, and since work is a necessary condition of the human organization, the question becomes, 'How do such people live?' There is but one answer—If they will not labour to procure their own food, of course they must live on the food procured by the labour of others.

"The means by which the criminal classes obtain their living constitute the essential points of difference among them, and form, indeed, the methods of distinction among themselves. The 'Rampsmen,' the 'Drummers,' the 'Mobsmen,' the 'Sneaksmen,' and the 'Shofulmen,' which are the terms by which the thieves themselves designate the several branches of the 'profession,' are but so many expressions indicating the several modes of obtaining the property of which they become possessed.

"The 'Rampsmen,' or 'Cracksman,' plunders by force—as the burglar, footpad, &c.

"The 'Drummer,' plunders by stupefaction—as the 'hocusser.'

"The 'Mobman,' plunders by manual dexterity—as the pick-pocket.

"The 'Sneakman,' plunders by stealth—as the petty-larceny boy. And

"The 'Shofulman' plunders by counterfeits—as the coiner.

"Now, each and all of these are a distinct species of the criminal genus, having little connexion with the others. The 'cracksman,' or housebreaker, would no more think of associating with the 'sneakman,' than a barrister would dream of sitting down to dinner with an attorney. The perils braved by the housebreaker or the footpad, make the cowardice of the sneakman contemptible to him; and the one is distinguished by a kind of bull-dog insensibility to danger, while the other is marked by a low, cat-like cunning.

"The 'Mobman,' on the other hand, is more of a handicraftsman than either, and is comparatively refined, by the society he is obliged to keep. He usually dresses in the same elaborate style of fashion as a Jew on a Saturday (in which case he is more particularly described by the prefix 'swell'), and 'mixes' generally in the 'best of company,' frequenting, for the purposes of business, all the places of public entertainment, and often being a regular attendant at church, and the more elegant chapels—especially during charity sermons. The mobman takes his name from the gregarious habits of the class to which he belongs, it being necessary for the successful picking of pockets that the work be done in small gangs or mobs, so as to 'cover' the operator.

"Among the 'Sneaksmen,' again, the purloiners of animals (such as the horse-stealers, the sheep-stealers, &c.) all, with the exception of the dog-stealers, belong to a particular tribe; these are agricultural thieves, whereas the mobmen are generally of a more civic character.

"The 'Shofulmen,' or coiners, moreover, constitute another species; and upon them, like the others, is impressed the stamp of the peculiar line of roguery they may chance to follow as a means of subsistence.

"Such are the more salient features of that portion of the habitually dishonest classes who live by *taking* what they want from others. The other moiety of the same class, who live by getting what they want *given* to them, is equally peculiar. These consist of the 'Flatcatchers,' the 'Hunters,' and 'Charley Pitchers,' the 'Bouncers,' and 'Besters,' the 'Cadgers,' and the 'Vagrants.'

"The 'Flat-catchers,' obtain their means by false pretences—as swindlers, duffers, ring-droppers, and cheats of all kinds.

"The 'Hunters,' and 'Charley Pitchers,' live by low gaming—as thimblérig-men.

"The 'Bouncers,' and 'Besters,' by betting, intimidating, or talking people out of their property.

"The 'Cadgers' by begging and exciting false sympathy.

"The 'Vagrants,' by declaring on the casual ward of the parish workhouse.

"Each of these, again, are unmistakably distinguished from the rest. The 'Flat-catchers' are generally remarkable for great shrewdness, especially in the knowledge of human character, and ingenuity in designing and carrying out their several schemes. The 'Charley Pitchers' appertain more to the conjuring or sleight-of-hand and black-leg class. The 'Cadgers,' on the other hand, are to the class of cheats what the 'Sneaksmen' is to the thieves—the lowest of all—being the least distinguished for those characteristics which mark the other members of the same body. As the 'Sneaksmen' is the least daring and expert of all the 'prigs,' so is the 'Cadger' the least intellectual and cunning of all the cheats. A 'Shallow cove'—that is to say, one who exhibits himself half-naked in the streets, as a means of obtaining his living—is looked upon as the most despicable of all creatures, since the act requires neither courage, intellect, nor dexterity for the execution of it. Lastly, the 'Vagrants' are the wanderers—the English Bedouins—those who, in their own words, 'love to shake a free leg'—the thoughtless and the careless vagabonds of our race."

These descriptions, in the main true, are distinguished by that spirit of exaggeration which attaches to Mr. Mayhew's writings. The classes are not so distinct as he would make out, and "cracksmen" and "sneaksmen" are to be found together, just as barristers and attorneys congregate at the same table. The bar has its etiquette, but it is often broken through, and "low life" like *haut ton*, not only sometimes, but often, lays aside its rules, and submits to necessity.

The earnings of these men whom Mr. Mayhew has classed for us, are frequently very high, but the devil is a bad paymaster, and the gains of vice are precarious. "I'd rather," said a reformed thief to the narrator, "live upon a pennorth o' bread a-day, got honestly, than have lots of *grub* the other way—that I would; not but what there's a deal to be made, particularly by handkerchiefs, but you're always in fear, your conscience wont let yer rest, every sound you hears, it may be on the passage or on the stairs when you're a-bed, any how, you starts up and thinks it's some peeler come to take yer!" The same man knew two housebreakers, who "would think it a bad night's work when they went out, if their share was not a hundred pounds, but they was always poor, poor as he was, with not a sixpence to bless themselves with."

The money earned by thieves is always, or almost always, spent in low debauchery, and dissipated as soon as acquired. Around them there are ever cunning and brutal flatterers and hangers-on; the burglar is more secret now, but he still has his courtiers and admirers, just as he did when Jack Sheppard made himself famous, and Jonathan Wild was employed by a weak and infamous government as a thief-catcher. Thieves them-

selves are shunned as much by the honest poor, as by the honest rich, but there is a bond between them which keeps them very much together, and that bond is the persecution experienced from the police. From these men in office, whether at a fire, a review, a crowd, or in their own dark alley, the poor of London get but rough treatment. Brought up in a hard school, frequently untaught themselves, and imported from the country into London, the policemen regard everybody who is not a "householder" as one of the "dangerous classes" whom he must "put down." The phrase used, is and has been a favourite with the officer and police magistrate; and some years ago a London alderman, dressed in a little brief authority, talked grandly about the wickedness of self-murder, and assured a miserable and ruined girl, who had attempted to drown herself, that he had determined, "with the aid of the police to put down suicide." Such a speech, smacking more of magisterial zeal than of Christian sympathy, is yet remembered and repeated by the poor and miserable.

Suicide is, however, much less frequent among the "low" people than the high. They are often so poor that they have not spirit enough to kill themselves, and they endure unheard-of hardships. If any one is curious about this fact let him station himself, upon a bitter night, of which our climate affords many even in spring and early summer, at one of those refuges for the homeless and the outcast, which private charity has established in many portions of the town. He will there meet such haggard, downcast, miserable wretches, such faded, troubled, and worn-out specimens of humanity, that he will wonder at that persistence in life which, for so long a time, keeps body and soul together. If Dives ever in a repentant mood, touched by a wandering gleam of Christian charity, or by a sermon from some conscientious minister of Christ, should go forth to meet his Lazarus, he would not in London have very far to wander. Mr. Vanderkiste, in his deeply interesting work, tells us the trials which poor people endure before they attempt suicide. He is merely relating the every-day experience of a London City Missionary.

"These people" (he is speaking of an industrious family, the support of which was discharged upon a reduction of hands) "were actually starving; they had been without food for two days. I immediately gave them some money for food, which was instantly procured, and on eating it, the wind in both the parents occasioned so much hysterics that I was really alarmed. Another poor man," he continues, "described to me the effects of his fasting for three days. 'The first day,' said he, 'taint so werry bad if you has a bit of 'baccar; the second, its horrid,

it is sich gnawing; the third day 'taint so bad again, you feel sinkish like and werry faintish." Another man he visited was "gnawing something black," which proved to be a bone picked from a dunghill, and in a state of decomposition. He adds, "I could fill a volume with accounts of cases of extreme distress and actual starvation."

The misery thus experienced tells upon the poor creatures at last; and at the door of every police court hangs a black board, upon which printed formula, headed "FOUND DEAD," are pasted, which are filled up in the handwriting of the police inspector. Many of these (about twelve cases are constantly "before the public") are no doubt instances of accidental death, &c., such as drowning, but many, too many, alas! are evidently those from starvation and exhaustion: the back room, garret, or ditch, where they are found, the scant clothing, the sunken cheeks and eyes all betoken it; the parish doctor who is called in to view the corpse never doubts it.

The dwellings of the poor and low in London, are perhaps more wretched, miserable, and contagious, than those of any people in the world. Modern improvement has done something to remedy this, but there is yet much to do. Every summer, cholera and typhus make lanes amongst the "low life;" and although Field Lane and many of its adjacent courts have been pulled down, yet the police are continually obliged to issue notices against the overcrowding of the lodging houses, and in many and many a court and alley, two or three families inhabit the same room. Men and their wives, and other grown-up women, occupy the same beds, brothers and sisters of mature ages share the same sleeping apartment, and yet the rent paid for these rooms is enormous, eighteen pence, two shillings, and half-a-crown per week being frequently given for a third, fourth, or fifth share of a miserable room. Many of these on the ground floor have cesspools beneath them! "It is a dreadful task," writes a correspondent of Mr. Godwin, "a task to make the heart ache, and the head fail—to revolve in powerless silence the manifold misery of the London poor. Imagination dares not dwell upon the probable ravages of death, among wretches huddled upon a few rotten planks over reeking cesspools, inhaling the breath that streams from the huge nostrils of drafty sewers, or chained to the gates of men who poison their fellow-creatures in scoffing security." "Who must account," again asks the same writer, "for the lives of those innocent multitudes that you fling from the very cradle to the grave?" Ay! who indeed? We can pursue this portion of our theme no longer; the monster evil must be cured by a monster reform, but the time has not yet arrived for it,

and the populace, diverted by war and political events, seem, at the time we write, more anxious about the trial of one poisoner, than about the cause which poisons thousands upon thousands. But we must remark this, that in London alone, killed by overwork, bad pay, adulterated food, impure lodgings, starvations, and other causes which act upon "low life," 20,000 human beings every year prematurely fill miserable graves provided by the parish or their wretched friends.

If our limits are exhausted our subject is not; the food, the Sunday and Saturday night market, the pittance paid for a week of close hard work, the method of spending Sabbath—generally in low debauchery or in uneasy and exhausting sleep—the ignorance which pervades "low life" in London, have all to be examined. We cannot of course do that in a few sentences which Mr. Mayhew failed to do in one bulky volume of 1200 pages, and to which he now finds it necessary to add a supplement which promises to be of a much larger size. Of all kinds of deprivation, that which concerns the mind is, in a Christian country, the most cruel and the most unwise. The man who is taught to read and think will keep himself out of his misery; but he who is ignorant must be assisted, and not only that, but he will constantly need that assistance. We have quoted Mr. Vanderkiste's assertion that "Heathenism is the religion of the metropolis," we will add to it the opinion and experience of Mr. Godwin and ourselves. In "Short's Gardens," Drury Lane, children may be met with of ten and twelve years of age, who have never heard of God, and who when asked about Jesus Christ, "didn't know the gentleman's name," and had not heard it except in a drunken oath. Poor children! they had need learn it, for they are soon summoned before the bar of God. The average length of life about that district with the tradesmen and the gentlemen is forty-five years,—with the representative of "low life" it is but sixteen! This fact speaks for itself. But besides preparing him for another world, education would prolong the poor creature's life in this. From a very extensive observation, one writer declares "that in all those whom he has observed battling nobly with the tremendous difficulties of extreme poverty, and maintaining a degree of order, cleanliness, and endeavour after spiritual life, only to be secured by great and incessant exertion, it has been found that in nearly all cases the parties had in youth, attended some National, or British, or other charity school." If education will and does do this—the scanty education, remember, hastily cropped by the poor—what would not a more wide, wise, and extended plan effect towards eradicating the follies, vices, and miseries ever attendant upon "Low Life in London."

ART. III.—*Text of the Concordat between His Holiness Pope Pius IX., and his Imperial Royal and Apostolic Majesty Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria.* Published at Vienna by Imperial Patent of November 5th, 1855.

2. *Twenty Additional Articles: A Letter of H. E. the Prince-Archbishop of Vienna, to H. E., the Cardinal-Pro-nuncius Viale Prelo.* Vienna. Agency of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*. 1856.

3. *Diplomatic Papers of 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1834,* from Klüber's "Important Documents for the German Nation." Mannheim. 1845.

4. *Documents Referring to the State of the Catholic Church since 1803, and to the Policy of Austria and Prussia in 1848, 1849, and 1850.* From Baron Von Andlaw's "Revolution in Baden." Friburg. 1851.

THE din of actual warfare being hushed for awhile, our attention is drawn to another scene where, at this moment, a struggle for supremacy over the mind of man is going on, not the less effectual because the weapons employed are neither bayonets nor grape shot. In this contest spiritual interests are involved of scarcely less importance than the political ones which actuated the late war with Russia. On the shores of the Crimea the struggle was one of resistance to a universal empire of a Greco-Catholic Czar. The point now at issue in the episcopal conferences at Vienna is, whether Central Europe is again to submit to a universal dominion of the Roman Pope. In saying "the point at issue," we do however not fully express the extent of the danger; for, more correctly speaking, it is no longer a matter of doubt, at least as regards the government of the greatest empire of Central Europe. The truth is, by the Concordat between Pius Nono and Francis Joseph I., the hierarchic supremacy of the Holy See is already established. All we have now to learn is, by what special statutes the principle of theocracy will be carried out in Austria; and for these particulars we have to look to the great episcopal synod which, since April 6th, held its sittings at Vienna as a sovereign *assemblée constituante* of the Catholic church.

Whilst awaiting the publication of the decrees which this synod has been preparing for the enslavement of the world, we may discuss the text and bearing of the Concordat itself. And let us here at once remark, that through this remarkable convention, the court of Rome has achieved one of those triumphs over mankind that would have gladdened the heart of a Gregory VII., or Innocent III. In the middle of this nineteenth century, in this era of progress and enlightenment, the Roman

church has suddenly come forward in Austria in all the monstrous arrogance of its mediæval pretensions. At a time when a Protestant, a Mahometan, and two Catholic countries had, without jealousy of faith, united to resist Muscovite attempts at universal dominion, the Holy See contrived to effect a revival of Papal dominion, so utterly at variance with the spirit of the present day, that the mind in contemplating it is carried back to the darkest epochs of the Middle Ages. We almost refuse credit to our sight when reading this Concordat of 1855. Since the remote times when popes used the necks of kaisers as stepping-stones to mount the pontifical mule, there is scarcely an instance to be found in history of so daring an assumption of priestly privileges, and such an utter abnegation of secular power. There, in a document drawn up by the pro-nuncio of the pontiff, and countersigned by the chief imperial royal minister, it is virtually stipulated that the Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia and Hungary, &c., &c., is henceforth to be but a delegate of the Holy Chair. The sceptre of Hapsburg-Lorraine is to be hidden in the shadow of the Pontifical crosier. Strange spectacle! The despotic sovereign of one of the most populous empires in Europe,—a ruler who in the many states under his sway has to conciliate races the most different and creeds the most heterogeneous,—the possessor of a crown whose wearers, in times bygone, have often warred against Romish arrogance, nay, ravaged with fire and sword the city of the Seven Hills,—he now prostrates himself at the feet of a foreign spiritual prince! He recognizes in his ancient rival his superior! He invites him, as it were, to an unlimited dominion over the vast countries from the Carpathians to the Po!

According to this Concordat, the subjects of Austria have now no longer to look to the Hofburg at Vienna, but to the Vatican, for all that regards not only matters of worship, church administration, and clerical domains, but also the closest concerns of social and political life—marriages, education, liberty of the press, nay, even criminal law and financial administration. In future, not the secular law, but canonic rules—called in the convention the “law of God,”—are paramount in the empire of the Hapsburg. An alien pontiff, the self-styled “Vicar of the Almighty” and “impersonation of Christ,” is alone declared competent to lay down the basis of social order in Austria. *He* is to dictate the measure of spiritual, and even political, felicity to be enjoyed by the German and the Magyar, the Galician Pole and the Szekler of the Banate, the polished inhabitant of Lombardy and Venice, and the savage Slavonian of Croatia. That alien pontiff is instituted a censor of all the

thoughts of the country ; he is the superintendent of public and private instruction. At his and his minions' command, the armed force and police authorities of Austria lend their bayonets and fetters to the clerical power. The magistracy of the empire bow subordinate to his priests. His sovereign decrees go forth among the Austrian races, and have full validity there without any *placitum regium*. At his order the exchequer of the state must endow new priestly livings ; he levies tithes at his pleasure ; and where he thinks it prudent to refrain from that mode of raising contributions, he is at liberty to take real state property as indemnification. And criminals find refuge in his churches from secular justice ! (Art. II.—XXXIII.) Why, however, enumerate details or specify immunities ? It is enough to quote Articles I. and XXXIV. of the convention. There the Emperor of Austria pledges himself that the church of Rome shall enjoy, in his dominions, all those privileges which have been, are, or will be, claimed by any pope, at any time, in virtue of the so-called ordinances of God and laws of the Canon. (. . . “*quibus frui debet ex Dei ordinatione et canonicis sanctionibus.*”)

Thus, by a stroke of the pen, the last remains of the power Joseph II., the “enlightened despot,” had wrested from the Pontificate, are again laid at St. Peter’s footstool by Francis Joseph I. Thus the subserviency exhibited by bigot Ferdinand II. towards the Holy Chair is surpassed a hundred-fold by the present Austrian sovereign. The political institutions of his empire, the intellectual and moral development of his subjects, the most delicate relations of their private life, are all professedly given over to the mercy of a set of gloomy inquisitors who, bent upon carrying out the fell doctrines of Laynez and Bobadilla, are rendering the active humanity around them but a lifeless corpse,—*sicut cadaver*.

Such, at least, are the formal concessions of Austria to Rome. Such is the verbal tenor of the Concordat. The medal, however, has its reverse ; and it is necessary to examine whether this apparent act of unheard-of devotion on the part of Austria does not conceal some secret designs of statesmanship.

And first and foremost, due caution must be observed before accepting the belief that the Austrian government becomes so docile a vassal of the Holy Chair from pure superstitious zeal for the glory of the cross keys of St. Peter. Any opinion based on such a belief would be most superficial. Whoever has studied the crooked ways and hidden approaches through which the “Florentine” diplomacy of Austria is accustomed to pursue its purposes, must easily perceive that the Concordat, although bearing on its face a pre-eminently pontifical stamp, is but a sort of palimpsest having another — political — text

beneath. Fortunately, the key is not altogether wanting for the deciphering the sense of this hidden writing. The general tendencies of the House of Hapsburg would of themselves enable us to form a pretty correct surmise; but a special light is afforded us by a mass of state-papers, in which the innermost thoughts of Austrian statesmen, from 1815—1850, are registered. (*Vide* Klüber and Andlaw.) The task is further facilitated by various important hints thrown out recently by both Austria and Rome in their semi-official organs, for the information of their own adherents.

The opinion, then, that forces itself upon us as to the political bearing of the Concordat, appears to be this:—Through it despotic Austria bids among the ultramontane and feudalist parties of Germany for an extension of her influence in the confederation. Through this Concordat she hopes to rally round her black-yellow standard the greater part of the media-tized nobility and secularized clergy of the *ci-devant* German empire. Through the Concordat, by rendering herself the foremost champion of Catholicism, she intends to out-rival the pro-Catholic influence of the Emperor of France; to confirm and develope Hapsburg rule at the priest-ridden courts of Central and Southern Italy; and to sap the liberal institutions of Piedmont. By this Concordat, she procures an ally in the powerful “Society of Jesus” for the coming struggle against the re-awakening spirit of liberty. And further, if the significant language of certain Loyolist organs can be relied on, the Concordat has served to the government of Vienna as a means of re-establishing good relations with that influential portion of the ultra-montanists who, of late, have borne some ill will to Austria on account of her non-participation in the contest against a schismatic Pope-Czar. In a word, items of calculation the most various have combined to produce this extraordinary convention.

True, the influence of the Jesuit director on the superstitious mind of his imperial shriveling may have contributed to obtain these concessions from Austria. The leading feature of the Concordat, however, consists of a certain *political macchiavellism*, represented at Vienna by the ambitious mother of the Emperor, the Archduchess Sophia, and her partisans. Remembering the large share the Archduchess still has in the government of Austria, and considering the vastness of the well-known projects of restoration she fosters, we cannot but consider the Concordat as the solemn confirmation of a league, between Kaiser and Pope, for the re-establishment of a mediæval state of things, such as existed before the overthrow of the German empire in 1806. Indeed, the Concordat exhibits one of the last links in

a long chain of intrigues, semi-religious, semi-political, which have been played in Germany, for upwards of forty years, by Austria and Rome united. A reference to events from 1815-50 will solve all doubts in this respect, and help to clear up the motives the court of Austria has had in agreeing to the demands of Pius IX.

To rightly comprehend the relation in which Austrian monarchs have stood, ever since the Vienna Congress, towards the Holy Chair, a momentary review should be taken of the important political changes wrought out in Central Europe during the Napoleonic epoch. It will then be easily understood how the interests of Kaiser and Pope—often so antagonistic in former times—could be brought to act together in complete accord.

When Napoleon I. destroyed, in 1806, the last vestiges of German unity, by overturning that incongruous mediæval fabric, the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation," Austria found herself suddenly deprived of her supremacy in Central Europe. Her ruler was forced, through the defection of his vassal princes, to abdicate the imperial crown of the Otthos and Friederichs. The frontier of Austria, formerly encompassing almost all Germany, was thrown back behind Bavaria and Switzerland; that is, removed from all contact with France. Her deadly rival, Protestant Prussia, was installed in the full rights of a European power. A number of smaller German principalities were enlarged by the annexation of other petty territories, and created into sovereign duchies independent of any imperial suzerainty. In fine, the idea Richelieu and Mazarin had indulged in, of breaking up the consolidation of the house of Austria, and of destroying at the same time the political unity of the German nation; this idea which guided France, Sweden, and other powers in the treaty of Westphalia, was now carried out triumphantly by the Corsican conqueror. This was a fearful blow to the dynasty of Hapsburg, the "ancient enemy of France."

But the dissolution of the German empire had not only uprooted the political superiority of Austria. It equally shook to its very foundations the influence Rome had exercised in Central Europe. Before Napoleon I. had assumed the protectorship of the Rhinebund, the Roman church wielded in Germany considerable power by the existence of priestly governments, such as those of the electors and prince-archbishops of Cologne, Trèves, Mentz, and other spiritual sovereigns. These petty ecclesiastical governments formed as it were "states of the church,"—papal territories, within the German empire. Now by the secularization of 1803, all this was overthrown! The

arch-priests lost their territorial sovereignty. Their dominions were given over to some lucky secular prince. Many a district with a Catholic population was placed under the sceptre of Protestant sovereigns, and the Catholic church everywhere subjected to the high superintendence of the state. The principles of the treaty of Westphalia were carried out to an extent extremely injurious to the ascendancy of the Holy See. Henceforth the Roman church, even in states almost purely Catholic, lost its privilege as a "ruling church." If to all this we add that, by the overthrow of the ancient German constitution, the power of the "apostolical" majesty of Austria was considerably reduced to the advantage of "heretic" Northern Germany, it will at once be explained why the court of Rome, and that of Vienna, made common cause of their dissatisfaction with the state of things created in 1803 and 1806. It will also render clear the reason of both these powers conspiring together, after the defeat of Napoleon, for a restoration of the *status quo ante*.

No sooner, indeed, was the French empire vanquished, and the congress of sovereigns assembled at Vienna, in 1814, than Francis I., having previously concerted with Pius VII., brought forward, through his plenipotentiary, Prince Metternich, a plan for the re-establishment of Austrian supremacy. (Project of October 16, 1814, laid before the special commission for German affairs at the Congress of Vienna.) According to this plan, the house of Austria, though not formally reassuming the imperial purple of Germany, would yet in reality have lorded it as of old. The project, foreshadowing as it did a re-establishment of the mediatized and secularized sovereignties, had the warm support of the Roman church. The chief of that church, during his captivity in France, had had ample time to discover that no alliance could be found more desirable for his tottering throne than that of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine.

The German nation, on its own behalf, had nothing to gain, on the side of independence and liberty, in this proposed renewal of a supremacy of the Hispano-Catholic monarchs of Austria. But the individual independence of sovereign German princes had assuredly something to lose by this intended reappointment of a strong suzerain power over their heads. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Austrian scheme was forthwith opposed by an energetic refusal of Prussia, Hanover, Wurtemberg, and a number of newly created dukes. Jealous of their recently acquired absolute sovereignty (*landesfürstliche Machtvollkommenheit*), they would not consent to any diminution of it in favour of a strong central power, or in favour of clerical privileges. They would not consent to any other constitution of Germany,

than as an "alliance of entirely independent princes;" if possible, with a *liberum veto* for every petty potentate ruling one square mile or two of territory. Before all, they desired to maintain themselves in the enjoyment of the power they had wrested, under Napoleonic dictation, from both Emperor and Pope.

It may be conceived that the prevalence of such ideas presented a bar to Austro-Catholic designs. The blow most deeply felt was, however, given by the interference of Russia. The Czar Alexander I., whose intentions of exercising a protectorate over Central Europe are well known, looked with suspicion upon every plan capable of giving to Germany even the semblance of a greater internal cohesion. All the despotic merits Prince Metternich's project possessed, could not, in the Autocrat's opinion, outweigh the injury that would be done to the interests of Russia, by the adoption of the Austro-Catholic plan of organization. Alexander I., therefore, united his intrigues to the resistance of the smaller German states. Thus the Court of Vienna was forced to withdraw the proposition it had concerted with Rome, and to subscribe—with rather an unwilling hand—to the formation of that loose and inefficient union, the Germanic Confederation, in which Austrian (Catholic) and Prussian (Protestant) influence is balanced. (General Act of June 8th, 1815.)

Meanwhile, the unwillingness with which Francis I. acknowledged this new constitution of Germany, found a yet stronger expression in the conduct of Pius VII. The Pope, disappointed in his hopes of ecclesiastical restoration, launched a formal protest against the principles of the Vienna Congress and the organization of the Bund! He felt highly incensed that sovereigns who had assembled for re-installing legitimacy, could so utterly forget the "legitimate rights of the church," as to retain for themselves the fruits of a "spoliation" which had been committed by the hands of revolutionary powers.

This short historical review will have elucidated the community of interests between Austria and Rome. A glance at subsequent events will show at once how this mutual interest found its expression in a common line of action and co-operation for purposes religious and political.

The first great concession Austria made to Rome, after 1815, is to be found in the non-fulfilment of the Federal law regarding Protestants. The law of the Federal Act directed that equal civil and other rights should be given in all parts of Germany, to subjects of either Christian denomination. Francis I., in compliance with the demands of the Pope, refused to recognize

this law, and in several provinces of his empire continued to treat Protestants as a sort of helots barely worthy even of toleration. This defiance to the stipulations of the Vienna Congress filled the Court of Rome with inflated hope; the more so as Francis I. at the same time bestowed a signal favour upon the Redemptorist and other Jesuit orders.

No wonder, under these circumstances, that the agents of the Holy See, on their part, exerted their influence to the advantage of Austria. They zealously co-operated with those feudalist parties whose aim it was to weaken Prussia, to shake the independence of the Rhinebund dynasties, and to re-elevate the House of Hapsburg to its former predominance. From documents before us we see that, since 1815, it became the common policy of Austria and Rome secretly to goad on the mediatized princes and the higher nobility of Germany to re-assert their lost privileges against the "revolutionary Rhinebund governments," as well as against Prussia. The so-called "Chain of Nobility" especially—an aristocratic, feudalist association—is well known to have acted under Romish inspirations, although many of the noble families connected with the "Chain" were professedly of the Protestant creed. In all this, the guiding idea of Rome was to undo the work of the Vienna Congress, and even to lead back Germany to the state of things which existed before the Treaty of Westphalia. Political reaction was to clear the way for ecclesiastical restoration.

Meanwhile, these political schemes in which the Pope indulged, did not prevent him from pushing forward his own spiritual works. Taking advantage of the spirit that prevailed among the aristocratic classes of Germany, France, and Spain, he commenced once more to vindicate his own right divine, and to renew the struggle against the "encroachments" of the secular power.

The field of action chosen for this purpose was, at first, South-Western Germany. There the newly formed Rhinebund states had not yet acquired the internal cohesion necessary for their safety. There the aristocratic *meneurs* were the most turbulent against the grand-ducal and ducal governments of Napoleonic creation. Consequently, there, the soil appeared the most propitious for Papal pretensions. A *casus belli* was easily found. The eternal dispute about mixed marriages; the subtle question of the administration of church property by mixed commissions of clerical and secular authorities; and the interpretation in general of those treaties by which the Papal chair had, during its evil days, parted with certain privileges, in favour of state interference,—all these promising objects of litigation were now successively taken up by the Romanists in

South-Western Germany.* Nor were their attacks long limited to such weak governments as the petty states. A few years only elapsed before Papism gave open battle to that more powerful kingdom, which hitherto had been considered the bulwark of German Protestantism, viz., Prussia. It so happens that those three provinces which are of comparatively recent acquisition and of great military importance to Prussia,—namely, the Rhinelands, Posnania, and Silesia,—are at the same time inhabited by a population for the most part Catholic, and not over-attached to the crown of Hohenzollern. This circumstance was eagerly taken advantage of by the Black Propaganda. The Rhinelands as a province where priestly rule had so flourished of yore; Posnania, on account of the Catholic sympathies of the Polish part of its inhabitants; and Silesia, as formerly an Austrian possession, were easily worked upon in an anti-Prussian sense. Situated as these three provinces are on the farthest frontiers of Prussia, the Romanist plotters evidently thought that the court of Berlin, from fear of losing its hold in such important dominions, would not venture there to oppose the demands of Ultramontanism. We need not say that Austria fully connived at this Jesuit policy. Austria's loss of Silesia, and the acquisition by Prussia of the Catholic Rhinelands, rankled in the bosom of the Hapsburg. Any difficulty, therefore, thrown in the way of the Berlin government was sure to meet with an approval at Vienna.

Such were the tendencies of Austro-Catholic and quasi-mediæval parties in Germany after the overthrow of the Napoleonic empire. But the result produced, at first, by their violent exertions was, curious to relate, the very opposite to that which they had intended to bring about. Far from succeeding in an integral restoration of the good old times of feudalism and priestcraft, these hyper-reactionary aspirations only drove the Prussian government, absolutistic as it was, into a more Protestant policy, and compelled the minor dynasties to seek salvation in the constitutionalism they so much abhorred.

In vain the people of Germany, after the victory of Leipsic and the march to Paris, had demanded from their princes the fulfilment of those constitutional promises made in the hour of need. From imperial Austria down to the last trumpery duke of Leichtenstein-Vaduz, the courts would not yield the smallest title of sovereignty. To reign by cabinet ordinances and *bon plaisir* decrees was more congenial to their tastes. But the time came when the lesser dynasties, at least, could no longer

* *Vide* the Treaty concluded in 1803 between the Prince-Archbishop of Constance and the government of Baden. Andlaw, vol. i.

refuse their subjects the promised charters, seeing the growing disaffection of their people, many of whom had only recently been acquired. On the other hand, feeling menaced themselves by their mediatized and secularized rivals, and threatened too by Austria, which always cherished its own designs of encroachment, the minor courts had no other alternative but to combat Austro-Romanism by the creation of representative institutions, and to attach to themselves their newly acquired subjects by the bond of "constitutional liberties." These considerations will explain why from 1815—20 almost all the lesser states received constitutions.

But whatever may have been the origin of this constitutionalism, its working acted unquestionably as a check upon the progress of the Austro-Roman league. Few and feeble as were the rights which the middle classes in the minor states acquired, the mere fact of the middle and popular classes participating in the discussion of public affairs served somewhat to abate the influence of the mediævalist ultras.

The Prussian dynasty, on its part, in spite of all the Popish and Austrian intrigues that were levelled against it, could not be brought to swerve from the strict line of absolute monarchism. So little did the court of Berlin relish liberal principles that, as far back as 1822, it actually plotted, even in common with Austria, for the subversion of the constitutions of Southern and Central Germany. King Frederick William III. would gladly have seen all Southern Germany, from the Maine to the Danube, under Austro-Catholic rule, provided the entire North had been given over to Prussia. His policy, as well as that of the Austrian court, was chiefly a policy of aggrandizement, as may be seen by a reference to any of the secret state-memorandas we possess of that period. (Cf. Memorandum of a Prussian statesman, or so-called "Langenau'sche Note," 1822. Klüber.) It is clearly confessed in these documents that the part of a "chief of Protestantism" which the Prussian government assumed, as well as the "liberal commercial policy" which it instituted by the Zollverein, originated essentially from the desire of overreaching the influence of Austria.

Still, it cannot be denied that the firmness with which the late King of Prussia resisted the aspirations of the Popish clergy within his dominions, and the perseverance with which he strove to extend the commercial system of the Zollverein, contributed also largely to impede the advance of Austro-Romanism towards Northern Germany.

Another most peculiar circumstance served equally to hamper the efficiency of Ultramontanism from 1815—1830; and this impediment, remarkably enough, came not from without, but

from within the Roman church itself! It will be remembered that, in the period just preceding the French Revolution of 1789, there was a grave schism among the Catholic clergy of Germany; one part asserting a certain independence from the Holy See in the same manner as that professed by the Gallicanists of France, whilst the other part remained unconditionally subservient to the decrees of the Vatican. The first party was mainly composed of priests whose opinions had been tinged to some extent by the philosophical movement of the eighteenth century; but even a large portion of orthodox bishops made common cause with them, hoping by the curtailment of papal prerogative to increase episcopal privileges. It was the policy of Joseph II. of Germany to encourage these tendencies. Under his reign the so-called "Punctation of Ems" was drawn up by an assembly of German bishops, who organized themselves into a sort of clerical parliament co-ordinate to the power of the Pope. At the head of this liberal-conservative movement two men were conspicuous, whose names are familiar to Europe—the Baron von Wessenberg, chief of the "Josephinist School," and afterwards archbishop of Constance and Friburg; and the Baron von Dalberg, also for some time an administrator of the archbishopric of Constance, but better known in England in his quality as Prince Primas under Napoleon I. Both these men living to a great age—beyond the time of the Congress of Vienna, the ideas they had awakened powerfully influenced the next generation of priests. Thus it will be understood that, from 1815—30, an under-current of liberal opinions, within a part of the German clergy itself, re-acted against the cause which Rome and her Austrian associate endeavoured to promote.

However, this must be taken with some reservation. The character of the Roman priesthood, even the most liberal among them, is unfortunately such, that even when it rebels against the infallibility of a pope, it scarcely ever consents to be subjected itself in any way to the secular power. The bishop may question the absolute authority of Rome; he never questions his own. This was the case also with Wessenberg and his co-operators in ecclesiastical liberalism. Though Wessenberg lay under the first degree of Papal ban when Archbishop of Constance, and though he was maintained in his episcopal chair only by the support of the Baden government, yet even he could not refrain, at the end of his career, from entering upon an acrimonious quarrel with the state, in order to re-obtain some of the rights the Pope himself had by treaty waived in 1804! Documentary evidence* pronounces but too strongly that,

* *Vide* the correspondence between the government of Baden and the

although certainly not initiated in the Austro-Catholic plot, Wessenberg to the last contributed to pave the way for a re-assertion of Papal influence. When things were ripe, the true sons of Loyola stepped in to reap the harvest.

In the foregoing observations, we have, from irrefragable evidence, depicted those political and ecclesiastical elements which, during the period from 1815—30, advanced or retarded the progress of Austro-Catholicism. On reaching the years subsequent to the Parisian Revolution of July, we come to an important change in the policy of the minor states,—a change in favour of the courts of Vienna and Rome.

It has been shown above how the creation of constitutional life, in South-Western and Central Germany, tended to protect the petty dynasties against the cravings for dismemberment and encroachment on the part of their former rivals. It might, therefore, be supposed that these petty courts would for ever have clung to a policy which had proved the sheet-anchor to their own existence. However, the contrary was the case. These princelets observed with terror that constitutionalism, which they had considered only as a useful expediency, became, in the hands of the people, a lever for national unity and liberty. Full of apprehension for their monarchic prerogatives, they trembled at the apparition of that "democratic spirit," which they saw—or feigned they saw—rising up behind the barrier of constitutionalism. The re-appearance of revolution in France, Poland, and Italy, and the simultaneous revival, after 1830, of liberal tendencies throughout Germany, still further increased their fears. They desired at any price to lay low the spirit they themselves, by granting charters, had conjured up. When, therefore, in 1832, the fall of Warsaw offered an opportunity of reaction throughout Europe, the petty German governments fled from the shade of constitutionalism, and threw themselves into the arms of the very powers from which they had the most to apprehend.

Formerly opposed to the principles of Austria and Rome, they now employed every device to cripple the efficiency of their own representative institutions, by allowing a more extended field of action to the landed interests of the aristocracy and to the black-robed party of the ultramontanists. A growing alienation between governments and subjects was the result. In this struggle, the petty courts soon lost all recollection of the peril they had experienced from Jesuit and aristocratic intrigue. They were only intent upon subduing popular ten-

dencies; and with this view fawned upon their own bitterest enemies, eagerly yielding to them the highest administrative positions. Governments now purposely stultified the elections for the chambers by priestly interference. The press was handed over to the hawk-eyed surveillance of the myrmidons of Rome. In the ministerial bureaux and in the higher colleges, the disciples of Loyola were triumphant, and strove to mould public instruction according to the precepts of the Society of Jesus. (*Ratio et institutio studiorum Societatis Jesu.*) In those states where the monkish orders could not legally acquire landed property, the acquisition of it, for the Roman Church, was frequently connived at by the government under some flimsy pretext or other. So intimate became the relations of Rome with many, even Protestant, courts of the lesser states; and so great was the ascendancy there of the Jesuit-General Pater Roothan, that Gregory XVI. himself could not have ruled these petty residences more after his own heart.

By thus oppressing public spirit or falsifying its expression in the chambers, the constitutional governments of Germany succeeded in curtailing the rights of their legislative assemblies. Feudalist and clerical power once more gained influence over the popular classes. The gradual extinction of the "Josephinist school" among the Catholic priesthood, and the raising up of a new generation of priests, more devoted to the principles of Hildebrandism, served as another impulse to this general reaction.

Meanwhile, the Prussian court also made hot war upon the liberal tendencies of the German nation. Still, on the question of Secular Power *versus* Roman Supremacy, the late Frederick William III. remained apparently firm to the last. No wonder, then, that the Propaganda devoted itself unceasingly to the contest with Prussia. The struggle broke out in the most violent form towards 1837, when the Archbishops of Cologne and Posen, the Bishops of Breslau and others, openly renounced allegiance to the state, placing themselves on purely canonic ground. The rupture was forthwith complete. As soon as it became manifest that the Roman clergy refused to acknowledge the laws of the country, the Archbishop of Cologne and several other renitent bishops were arrested by order of the king and locked up in state fortresses.

This was the last act of open resistance on the part of the Prussian government against the encroachments of Rome.

A few years after these events the king died. On reviewing the policy of his successor, we at once observe that the accession of Frederick William IV. wrought a change in the whole scene. Scarcely had this latter mounted the throne, when he not only

gave up all measures of coercion against the renitent clergy, not only released the bishops from prison, but even subscribed to a concordat with Gregory XVI., in which considerable concessions were made to the canonic pretensions of the Holy See. For an explanation of this as well as of other acts which are most contrary to the interest of the Prussian dynasty, we must look to the bizarre qualities in the character of the king. His mania finds delight in everything mediæval, whether in politics, religion, science, or architecture,—whether in the Gothic pattern of his professors' robes, or in the quaint helmets of his army. The very spirit of modern times seems an aversion to him; at least, so it fully appeared before 1848, when his fantastic doings were without any restraint. He at that time often boasted that he would strike at the root of that "loose and immoral spirit" which presumes to question the right-divine of kings, nobles, and priests. Such were the day-dreams of Frederick William IV. Yet, although an absolutist at heart, he proved, by an anomaly of temper, a fickle and irresolute character; more of a theatrical mediævalist than a ruler of the real iron mould. He, therefore, saw no other means of realizing his favourite notions than by ranging himself on the side of those powers which he considered possessed more firmness than himself. Thus it fell out the holder of the crown of Frederick the Great became so complacent to the House of Hapsburg. It was thus, also, that the sovereign of the greatest Protestant realm in Germany entered frequently upon a line of policy which earned for him the thanks of the most extravagant ultramontanists. No wonder that one of the craftiest promoters of Austrian schemes, Archduke John, at his meeting with Frederick William IV., pronounced the famous toast, "Henceforth Austria and Prussia are but one!" No wonder, also, that the Roman clergy in Southern Germany, envying their fortunate brothers in Prussia, should have claimed of late such religious liberty as exists under the reign of "his august Majesty Frederick William IV."

The lenience the king showed towards Popish agitation, and the favour with which he received at his court the champions of what in Prussia is called "Protestant Jesuitism," necessarily served to increase the daring arrogance of the Austro-Roman league. His creation, in 1847, of a sort of feudalist parliament (called the *Vereinigte Landtag*) still further accelerated the development of the hierarchic and mediæval spirit. It is true, at certain times the wavering nature of Frederick William IV. seemed ready to recede from the path of Crypto-Catholicism into which his propensities for mysticism had led him. Thus, at the time when the "Gustavus-Adolphus Societies" spread all over Germany, the king appeared desirous of playing the part

of a new champion of Protestantism. Again, when the Neo-Catholic associations menaced the existence of the Roman church in Germany, Frederick William at first appeared not to be unfavourable to this popular movement. But his mysticism soon drew him back again, and Austria and Rome, once more at ease respecting the Protestant policy of Prussia, devoted themselves with redoubled energy to the work of restoration in Germany, Italy, and even Switzerland.

In that latter country, in the Helvetic Confederation, the Roman Propaganda contemplated, after 1840, a general subversion of the existing religious and political institutions. The famous "Sonderbund," a separate coalition of the most Catholic cantons, was to be the lever for the overthrow of Swiss Protestantism and liberalism. It is well known that the Papal nuncio in Switzerland and the Austrian government acted in this question in complete accordance and collusion. A few years previous to 1848, Austria even entered into a secret offensive and defensive alliance with the Sonderbund cantons. And had it not been for the death of Gregory XVI., the election of a new pope, and the subsequent popular movements in Italy (1847), France, and other countries (1848), an Austrian army of intervention would have, no doubt, entered Switzerland to attempt there the re-establishment of Papal rule in its full might. It was evident the court of Vienna wished to "lead back Central Europe behind the Treaty of Westphalia."

The Paris events of 1848, however, and the triumphant march of revolution throughout Germany suddenly brought the progress of Austro-Catholic schemes to a dead lock. The crown of the Hapsburgs rolled on the verge of the abyss. Vienna was in the hands of the people. Hungary struggled for independence. Lombardy rose to assert its national rights. The dynasty of Hapsburg sought an asylum in some secluded valley of the Tyrolese Alps. The contagion of revolutionary ideas spread from Paris to Vienna, Berlin, and Pesth, and across the Alps to Milan, Rome, and Naples. Everywhere despotic rule was reduced almost to annihilation; the power of the hierarchy lamed by the victory of popular elements in the "capital of Christendom" itself; the aristocratic classes driven into the political background; and the helm of government placed generally in the hands of constitutionalists, democrats, and anti-Papists. This state of things suffices to explain the paralysis that befel, momentarily, the policy of Pope and Kaiser.

The only sign of life on the part of the Romanist party at that epoch, is to be found in the assembly of Catholic bishops at Würzburg. This assembly, taking advantage of the religious liberty that had been proclaimed in 1848, strove to engraft

Catholic supremacy on the new principle of freedom. But the prevalent current of liberal ideas ran counter to these tendencies, and the Würzburg synod remained without immediate effect.

We hasten to come now to the most recent phase in Austro-Roman policy. It being fresh in the recollection, we need only cursorily glance at the respective events which have characterized the last six or seven years.

Scarcely had revolution been vanquished, when Austria resumed her policy of encroachment in Germany and alliance with Rome. The humiliation the Hapsburgs had suffered in 1848 and 1849 only induced them now to come forth with higher pretensions, in order thus to efface the recollection of their weakness during the revolutionary years! It had been a special eyesore to the court of Vienna that, when it was in the depth of complications, a large section of the Frankfort parliament had offered the imperial crown of Germany to the king of Prussia. Though the latter, in true mediæval style, haughtily rejected the crown as "tainted with the stain of sedition," Austria yet felt that by the mere fact of the offer that had been made to Frederick William IV., her own prestige had considerably suffered. No wonder she now busily applied herself to devise means how to re-obtain in the Bund a preponderance over Prussia. Consequently, when the question of a re-construction of the confederation came on the *tapis* (during the revolution the Bund had been dissolved), Austria demanded to enter into the confederation, not only, as hitherto was the case, with her German, but also with her Hungarian, Galician, and Italian provinces. Throughout Germany the ultramontane party in their organs supported this demand. The reason is obvious. The entry of Austria with some forty millions of subjects, thirty of whom are Roman Catholics, whilst Prussia has only fourteen millions of subjects, would necessarily have conferred upon the Catholic church a more powerful voice at the Diet—in fact, a real supremacy over the Bund.

But neither the Prussian government nor the minor states could be brought to acknowledge these pretensions. The safety of the minor states always has depended upon the keeping up a balance between Prussian and Austrian influence; their policy is to confer their voices alternately on one of the great powers, but never to submit to any permanent preponderance of either. On her part, Prussia also shrank from acceding to an Austrian demand which would for ever have sealed the fate of the House of Hohenzollern. True, Frederick William IV. personally, would perhaps have offered only a slight resistance to Austria; but his personal policy, at that time, was still to some extent impeded by the force of circumstances, which were the conse-

quence of the movement of 1848 and 1849. In order to vanquish revolution, the Prussian court had been compelled to flatter the moderate constitutionalists; and this constitutionalist party was, in 1850 and 1851, still influential enough to keep up a certain antagonism between Prussian and Austrian policy. The more, however, the king became re-assured, in subsequent years, with regard to his throne, the more he approached towards Austria: witness, his concessions in the questions of Hesse-Cassel and Schleswig-Holstein, and his conclusion of the Austro-Prussian Customs'-Union, which virtually undermines the commercial policy of the Zollverein.

We return to the description of the development of intimate relations between Vienna and Rome.

Ever since the entry of the French into Rome (1849), the Austrian court had with jealousy and apprehension looked upon the power France began to acquire in the Italian peninsula. With the *coup d'état* of December 2nd, this apprehension increased still more; for, from the moment when Louis Bonaparte assumed the reins of a dictatorial power, the Roman clergy, within and without France, began to regard him as their chief protector, ally, or chosen instrument. There was danger in delay lest the French government should acquire too great a hold on the sympathies of Jesuitism, and thus outstrip Austrian influence in Italy and even Germany. It was, therefore, high time for the court of Vienna, by some marked act of deference towards Rome, to check the catholic ascendancy of France.

An opportunity soon offered itself for Francis Joseph to display his "religious zeal." We allude to the famous ecclesiastical contest between the Archbishop of Friburg (in Brisgau) on the one hand, and the governments of South-Western Germany on the other. It is fresh in the recollection of the reader how the Archbishop of Friburg—a prelate of the true Wiseman stamp, and who entertains the most friendly connexions with the Abbé Gaume, and other spiritual Guy Fawkeses in France—asserted in 1852, a complete supremacy of the Holy See over all temporal powers, and declared, from his own episcopal authority, every contrary treaty between governments and the church to be null and void. (Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop Vicari of Friburg.) So extreme were his assertions, so full of contempt for the "legally acquired rights" of the secular power, that even those of the minor governments who had shown the greatest readiness, before 1848, to concede to the pretensions of the Roman hierarchy, now recoiled from consequences so haughtily brought about. Neither Baden, nor Würtemberg, nor the Hesses, nor even the Catholic court of Bavaria looked with favour upon demands so immeasurable as

were put forward in the councils of the archbishops and bishops of Friburg, Rottenburg, Limburg, Fulda, &c.

Now the most characteristic fact—one that proves more than anything that it is not spontaneous piety, but political considerations which induced Austria to the Concordat, is the circumstance that even the Austrian government, for some time, withstood the raving arrogance of the Friburg priest, and offered its mediation to the minor states, rather in favour of governmental prerogative than in favour of the absolute spiritual sway of Rome. It was only when ultramontane agitation in the South-West of Germany had acquired more strength, that the Austrian government gradually veered round to the cause of the Friburg prelate. The audacity and implacability with which Papism came forward in this cause, left, in fact, to Francis Joseph no other choice than either to alienate his Roman ally, and thus to lose all influence with Catholicism, or to unconditionally subscribe to Popish demands, and thus to abdicate one of the most precious privileges of sovereignty. In this state of things the agents of Rome, with great adroitness, adopted a very subtle means to draw Austria under the banner of Hildebrandism. They everywhere lauded and exalted to the skies the affability with which the King of Prussia had granted immunities to the Roman Church. Thus they awakened, in the court of Austria, the sentiment of jealousy, and goaded it on to greater speed in the race of concessions.

In conclusion, we will allude here to the remarkable fact, that since 1854, that is, since the period when the Austrian government had made up its mind to the principles of the Concordat, the aristocratic movement, among the mediatized and other noble families of Germany, began anew; this time, with greater success than after 1815 and 1830. In Prussia and Hanover, in Saxony, Würtemberg, and Bavaria, the territorial seigneurs, not only asked for an overthrow of constitutions, but even went so far as to demand the re-establishment of such privileges in administration, jurisdiction, and other attributes of sovereignty as would, in many respects, place the nobility on an equality with the monarch. It can hardly be a matter of wonder, considering the well-known mediæval tendencies of the King of Prussia, that *he* should favour a feudalist movement, even although it was encroaching on the power of the crown, as well as trampling on the rights of the people. A more curious phenomenon is, that even some of the minor governments, whose existence almost is endangered by the resurrection of a *ci-devant* sovereignty of nobles, should have also played the game of this new chain of nobility. Yet, strange as it may appear, it is no less a fact. In the course of the last two years,

at the bidding of a league of feudalists, constitutions have been overthrown or modified, not only in Prussia, but in almost every part of Germany; and not content with this reaction, governments continue to work with so inconceivable a zeal, that soon but little will be wanting to a *restitutio in integrum* of the mediatized families. There can be no doubt that this restoration runs thoroughly counter to the dynastic interest of the petty courts. The only explanation is to be found in the circumstance, that almost all German dynasties have been so mortally terrified by the events of 1848,—have imbibed so great a fear, even of the moderate middle-class constitutionalists, that to escape the Scylla of liberalism, they rather throw themselves into the Charybdis of feudalist reaction.

As regards the court of Austria, although keeping up at home the strict principle of monarchic despotism, it naturally rejoices at seeing thus the sovereign power of kings and dukes weakened by the encroachment of the high families. The re-elevation of these families throughout the confederation, is the first step towards the re-establishment of Austrian supremacy; for as soon as the sovereignty of the different kingdoms and duchies should be broken up again into small fractions by a thousand-headed aristocratic league, the house of Hapsburg, by the force of circumstances, would be able to reassume its former preponderance. This accomplished, the Roman Catholic element would have an opportunity of extending its action still more powerfully over Central and Northern Germany. No wonder that the ambitious projects of Austria, as well as the reactionary movements of the German aristocracy, are morally backed by the propaganda of the Society of Jesus, and that Austria and Rome have drawn closer the ties of friendship by the Convention of August 18th, 1855.

To sum up: the Concordat serves to the Holy See as an engine of universal dominion; but at the same time to Austria as an instrument for the furtherance of a deep dynastic policy. The only fault the macchiavellistic planners of the Hofburg have perhaps committed is, that their own weapon is likely to recoil against themselves; at least we see, that the Concordat is not yet many months' old before a sort of conflict between the spiritual and temporal power has grown out of it—a conflict which was, with some difficulty, suppressed in the recent Synodal Conferences at Vienna. And not many years will perhaps elapse, when elements of strife more terrible will arise, from the smooth paragraphs of the Concordat, where they are as yet concealed. We mean the strife and conflict between the priest-bound ruler and the independence-loving nations of Austria.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Celebrated Characters.* By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. III. Bentley.

CRITICISM has long ceased to apply historical tests to the pictorial paradoxes of M. de Lamartine. He is a light and graphic narrator, a painter of elegant portraits; he has a subtle fancy; as a speculatist he is ingenious, but he violates all the laws of art to produce verbal and metaphorical effects, and he violates the integrity of history because he will write with passion and without study. The result has been that his first and best works have fallen into disrepute; that in England, he is held to be a poet who disdains the use of rhythm, and that in France, he is patronized as the most graceful of compilers. This, surely, has not been the object of an ambitious life spent in the gardens of poetry and knowledge; but M. de Lamartine, as he watches the daily withering of his deciduous fame, will learn that a warm and tinted style is not all that is essential to the elaboration of a high historical argument; that flowers of rhetoric, fragrant of an oriental fancy, and bold images suddenly struck upon the paper, will not save the false story of great events and achievements from perishing with the works of far less prominent and less attractive writers. The lesson is severe; but it is due to justice. M. de Lamartine has been, in the world of letters, an idolator and a slave; in this, his latest labour, he is more than ever the devotee of rhetoric; he spurns all the obligations of research and criticism, and he deserves the penalty he has paid. His books are read for their flippant audacity and for their glittering colour, but they are counted among ephemerals, and die with the season that produced them.

To justify the rigours of criticism it is only necessary to examine M. de Lamartine's *Memoirs* in a literary as well as in an historical sense. Does his originality consist in grace, or in extravaganza? Is it power, or eccentricity? Is it purity, or is it not an abandonment of the imagination to eccentric postures, to attitudes that startle, not by their beauty, but by their fantastic defiance of all the laws of art and nature. M. de Lamartine writing of Madame de Sévigné, carves a figure in marble, faultless and stainless, idealizes it into life, and buries its feet in flowers; he apostrophizes William Tell until he is an immortal genius of the mountains; he sings of Antar until the mythical Arab becomes a Hercules of the desert softened into an Apollo; he degrades Milton into a venal and malignant pamphleteer; and he exalts Bossuet until prophets and apostles grow pale by the side of the rival of Bourdaloue. As, in the instance of Milton, M. de Lamartine proves that he can write in malice as

well as in ignorance, so in the instance of Bossuet, his sounding analogies swell until we know not whether they are the symptoms of a bewildered enthusiasm or the excesses of a profane frivolity.

The first sketch in the Third Volume of his Memoirs relates to the life and actions of William Tell. It is the most sober of the five biographical essays, varying from him to Madame de Sévigné, Milton, Antar, and Bossuet, in a perpetual *crescendo* of exaggeration, until, towards the close, M. de Lamartine mounts into such hyperbole that we dare not pursue him. •William Tell, the restorer of Helvetian liberty, was a simple peasant of Uri, a fisher of the lake, a hunter of the mountain, whose figure appears indistinctly in the traditionary annals, crossed by a rainbow of songs, which alone preserve the feats and prowess of the Switzer hero. M. de Lamartine, before bringing him on the stage, arranges with true dramatic care all the details of the scenery, presents with his invariable descriptive power the Alps, the Caucasus of Europe, the home of independence and courage, from Hungary to the mouths of the Rhone. Here the Swiss lived in their toy villages, ideals of architectural simplicity. Nothing can be imagined more consonant with the grace of a fairy tale than one of these mountain cottages: the roof widening over the walls, and carved with quaint elaboration; the external staircase wrought into arabesque; the doors surmounted by niches; the latticed windows with lozenge-shaped panes; the encircling galleries roofed from sun and rain; the wooden bridge leading to the cluster of external buildings; the whiteness of the edifice; its fantastic decorations;—form in the mountain hamlets a contrast to the valley towers, with their dark ramparts, their pointed roofs, the metallic ornaments shining dimly on their churches and guild-halls. M. de Lamartine adds to his panorama of Alpine still-life what may be called stanzas of glowing poetry flattened with prose, on the Switzer girls: “Grecian statues placed upon pedestals of snow,” ever virtuous, dignified, and graceful. It is impossible to disprove the existence among William Tell’s contemporaries of a race of Grecian models; but the artist who should search for this beauty now might be ungraciously disappointed. M. de Lamartine strikes off from this picturesque preface into the reign of the Hapsburg knights—the petty tyrants of Helvetia—relating the familiar episodes of the Lady Ida and her page, of Rudolf’s bailiff Gessler, Stauffacher’s house, the cap, the arrow, and the apple; quoting Schiller where history leaves its hiatus, and perorating in a comparison of William Tell with Washington. There being no points of similarity, the reader may conceive that M. de Lamartine has no difficulty in suggesting the parallel.

After a prelude of elegant egotism, Madame de Sévigné is introduced with "rich locks of fair hair, rippling above her forehead like waves stirred with the breath of inspiration," with cheeks whose roundness is "somewhat subdued by an expression of melancholy as they approach the mouth, with a gently rounded forehead, reflecting the light-like transparent thought," with "palpitating temples," "dreamy blue eyes," "fine folding eyelids of alabaster veined with azure which half-concealed the eyeball," and a Grecian nose with "rose-coloured wings to the nostrils." From this confusion of figures it may be conceived that the lady was beautiful; but M. de Lamartine, impelled by his impetuosity of exaggeration, disembodies her mind, and paints it, and even puts her memory into the balance against that of the whole illustrious group of genius that lent to the reign of the XIVth. Louis a glory which was not its own. Employing simply the intellectual standard, it was unnecessary to disparage the reputation of those great dramatists, moralists, satirists, orators, and preachers to prove that Madame de Sévigné earned a conspicuous and lasting fame. Her virtue was unquestionably above that of the bejewelled graces of the court; but, by the test of virtue, how many villagers of Brittany were not exalted above the stars of Rambouillet? Madame de Sévigné was happy during one period of her life—when she lived at her estate, "The Rochers," while her husband restored a fallen fortune :—

"Madame de Sévigné's fondest aspiration in the midst of this atmosphere of praise, was to retire with the husband of her choice to a solitary and peaceful country life, far removed from the vanities and temptations of Paris. She succeeded in the spring of 1645 in enticing the Marquis de Sévigné to one of his estates in Brittany, in the neighbourhood of Vitré. This property, which had long been neglected, was called 'Les Rochers.' The old château became the home of her short-lived happiness, as Bourbilly had been that of her cradle. The spot recalled the abode of her infancy; its entangled gardens and crumbling walls attested the long absence of the owners, and the horizon bounded alike the view, the thoughts, and desires. The château was raised upon an eminence, at the base of which murmured a small river, following its course between blocks of granite rendered verdant by shrubs; the few openings were darkened by the sleeping shadows of chestnuts, oaks, and beeches; cultivated fields and green lawns, dyed with the golden blossoms of the broom, were bordered by hedges of holly and thorn; wide plains lay to the left, bounded by a curtain of fog, through which occasionally glistened the rays of the sun or the surface of some pond;—the melancholy of the spot communicated itself to the mind; vestiges of former magnificence gave the house, notwithstanding, a stamp of antiquity and nobility. On

the side of Vitré were long avenues planted with rows of old trees and paved with large blocks of broken and mouldering stone; the building was and is still composed of a low keep, flanked by two towers, the cornices of which were ornamented with heads of monsters roughly sculptured in stone; a third tower contained the winding staircase, which was traversed at intervals by a ray of light falling obliquely through loopholes in the massive walls;—large bare halls, whose vaulted ceilings were supported by black beams, welcomed the young couple. Here they lived for several years, in a retirement which Madame de Sévigné occupied in the cares of affection, and her husband in seeking to re-establish his fortune, and to attain the distinctions which his native province could offer to a gentleman of high military rank.”—Pp. 68, 69.

M. de Lamartine does not entirely succeed in dispersing the clouds that have descended upon some episodes of Madame de Sévigné's life. In his estimate of her letters he is not extravagant when he ranks them above all the romances of Scudery; but the love of Madame de Sévigné for her daughter, which he himself designates as “a species of madness,” is not always expressed in a form that wins either sympathy or admiration. M. de Lamartine is an admirer of raptures; but the raptures of the mother were not undilutedly the suggestions of an ideal ambition. As she grew older she grew more worldly, and perpetually watched for the appearance of a great name and a great fortune to which her own might be linked by the marriage of her idolized daughter. And when at last Mademoiselle de Sévigné was bestowed, it was selfishly—that her mother might keep her in Paris—upon a man who had forgotten the sympathies of youth, who had been twice widowed, who was more ambitious than amiable, whom she did not love, who entered on the union as one “purely of reason and calculation.” Madame de Sévigné, in the letters apologizing for this act of heartless diplomacy, said that the Count de Grignan's former wives “had died in order to leave a place to her daughter;” that “destiny, in a moment of unusual kindness, had also taken away his father and his son” to increase his riches; and thus, having riches, rank, office, and consideration in society, what more could be required? These *sentiments* may not be vicious, but there can be no question as to the indecency of *the expressions*. But Madame de Sévigné was less unnatural than her contemporaries; and M. de Lamartine has a right to take all the advantage he can of this pre-eminence.

He has no right, however, to asperse the great and good names of English history. Exaggerated panegyric is a folly; but exaggerated bitterness, especially when it is without the justification of patient study, is something worse. M. de Lamar-

tine, passing from Madame de Sévigné to Milton, exposes the grossest ignorance of his writings and character, and repeats the vilest scandals of the Cavaliers who were rebuked by Milton's austerity. He is not even acquainted with the poet's parentage, and consequently, starts with an error, which, however, is venial, and which his clever translator corrects. It is after an outpouring of hallucination on the subject of the execution of King Charles, that he becomes violent and ridiculous. He has the presumption to say that all Milton's arguments were fallacies; that he was ungenerous, hard-hearted, and servile; that he descended from servility to corruption, to sacrilege, and to "sanguinary adulation." M. de Lamartine adds, "What effect could reasoning produce when weighed against tears?" May we not ask, what effect can reasoning produce when weighed against such a counterblast of rhapsody as the following, applied to the posthumous work of Charles I.:—

"Such pages as these, discovered in a coffin, recalled the psalms of a David amongst kings. The people read them as a celestial plea which justified, after punishment, the intentions and heart of the condemned. Milton ridiculed them as a studied declamation to attest merely the poetical talent of the victim. 'Truly,' said he, seeking to extract a jest from the tears and blood of the immolated monarch, 'Charles was deeply read in the poets, and we may believe that his object was to leave in these chapters imaginative essays calculated to impress on posterity his ability as a writer!'"—P. 154.

Of Milton's reply to Salmasius, Voltaire said it was written as if by a wild beast—Voltaire, who could write like a polecat! M. de Lamartine, labouring to fortify this savage lampoon from Ferney, adds that every sentence of the justification "perspired blood."

The fabulous adventures of Antar, narrated in a free and glowing style, allow M. de Lamartine to present many radiant reminiscences of desert life. Pardoning something to the enthusiasm of a traveller's retrospect, this is a fine picture:—

"He who has never gazed upon the sun sinking in the haze of a red furnace reflected by the sand from the distant horizon of Mesopotamia or Chaldæa; who has never beheld the constellations rise and decline slowly during the summer nights in that ocean of ethereal blue, deeper than the thought which penetrates it, and more transparent than the motionless sea under the shadow of a cape which checks the glittering undulation of the waves; he who has not listened to the intermittent sighing of the wind drowsily borne across the desert, and carried gradually to the ear over downs of sand and through scattered patches of herbage; he who has not with early dawn gazed upon the boundless expanse stretched before him on

every side, until distance is lost in infinity; or who has never at mid-day contemplated the shadowy profile of the crouching camel, delineated distinctly on the background of the clear firmament, immovable as the sculptured Sphinx upon the burning sand of Egypt,—such a man can form no adequate idea of the true character of the Arabian shepherd, or of the charm which attaches and reconciles him to his lot.

“The impressions, the sensations, the emotions of feeling,—the sounds, the stillness, the thoughts of the desert, come from such a distance that they seem to proceed from the Eternal himself. That light which falls in a shower of fire upon the hills or naked plains, has never been reflected from the roof of a city, and has received no contamination from the smoke of human chimneys. Throughout the day nothing interposes between the soul and its author. We feel the hand of the Creator, invisible yet palpable, upon the objects of his creation: we expect at every moment to see him manifest himself in the midst of that ocean of light which veils him, or upon the limits of that indefinite horizon which seems to verge on the unknown.”—Pp. 191, 192.

The story of Antar is a legend of the wilderness. It relates that the chief Zobeir married the most beautiful woman of his race without rendering the customary tribute to her father. This being a disgrace to her name, she meditated upon some stratagem to remove it:—

“Zobeir set out for the tents of his bride’s father to discover the truth, but Themadour hastening, by stealth, arrived before him, and in the midst of her tribe, refused to return until the essential points of honour were observed. From this marriage of a hero with a heroine sprung Antar—an Orpheus and an Apollo, a Lancelot and a Bayard, who lived and died the glory of the desert.”—P. 197.

Across this episode of poetry M. de Lamartine leads us to his life of Bossuet; and it is in this Memoir, occupying more than a hundred pages, that the plethora of his extravagance breaks out; that he showers upon his subject the most daring and the most astonishing analogies, repulsive to reason, to imagination, and to piety. He speaks of the preacher as “a prophetic voice,” the one man known to history who worthily filled a pulpit, the equal of Cicero, of Demosthenes, of Chatham, of Mirabeau, the possessor of all the qualities that made those orators great, and of others to which they never aspired, the unparalleled, the unapproachable, the “divine.” “To understand him fully, we must first mount to his own level, and encounter him in the heavens.” First, however, his character is sketched:—

“The innate contempt that Bossuet seemed to have adopted from the hour of his birth for the doctrine of equality; the instinctive

love of hierarchy, high caste, and authority; the peremptory tone and haughty glance,—are the natural and distinctive traits of this patrician breed of Upper Burgundy, where the blood, warm at the head, but coldly stimulates the heart. The character of a race is to be retraced in each of its descendants; the exceptions are only accidental. The peculiar genius of an individual will not belie the genius of a city; Dijon is an intellectual capital, but not one that overflows with enthusiasm or feeling. St. Bernard, Bossuet, Buffon, natives of this town, were men compounded rather of bronze and marble than of flesh: the first had Abélard for his victim, the second Fénelon, and the third dissected all nature without finding a tear, a single hymn of praise, or a Deity!"—P. 247.

—All that is here is not "divine."

In what follows the reader may suppose that he has reached M. de Lamartine's climax:—

"But the Bible effaced all except this slight remembrance of Horace: the Bible, and above all the poetical portions of Holy Writ, struck as if with lightning and dazzled the eyes of the child; he fancied that he saw the living fire of Sinai, and heard the voice of Omnipotence re-echoed by the rocks of Horeb. His God was Jehovah; his lawgiver, Moses; his high-priest, Aaron; his poet, Isaiah; his country, Judæa. The vivacity of his imagination, the poetical bent of his genius, the analogy of his disposition to that of the Orientals, the fervid nature of the people and ages described, the sublimity of the language, the everlasting novelty of the history, the grandeur of the laws, the piercing eloquence of the hymns, and finally, the ancient, consecrated, and traditionally reverential character of the book, transformed Bossuet at once into a biblical enthusiast. The metal was malleable; the impression was received, and remained indelibly stamped. This child became a prophet: such he was born, such he was as he grew to manhood, lived, and died—the Bible transfused into a man."—Pp. 249, 250.

But the climax is *not* reached. M. de Lamartine compares the natural curls upon the forehead of the preacher to "the crown of Moses, or the horns of the prophetic ram," and says that they "gave an air of inspiration to his head."

When he first entered Paris—still empurpled by the blood of Richelieu's murders (Richelieu is compared to Sejanus, and Sejanus, by a malignant anomaly, to Cromwell)—St. Vincent de Paul was at the same time dying, and he is styled "the St. John of modern Christianity." Bossuet, who studied the arts of the age, and afterwards ridiculed his great school of elocution, he describes as—

"above the clouds reaching heaven with his hand, seeing earth afar off and below his feet, playing with thunder and lightning, and filling with contempt for sublunary matters; the abyss of high, great, and

eternal thoughts, over which he caused his listeners to totter by dazzling them with his mighty elevation."—P. 263.

And his utterances, he says, "have had no parallel since the days of Moses and the prophets;" the notes and rough sketches of his sermons he compares to the ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra; and he merely styles as "rather flattering" the servile profanity with which the religious orator drew a comparison between Anne of Austria, "the queen who had educated a king for the throne, and the Virgin who had brought up a king for the Cross." In a convent sermon, the biographer proceeds:—

"Christians," said he, "do not expect that the apostle will flatter your ears by harmonious cadences, or charm them by gratifying your vain curiosity: listen to what he says of himself. We preach hidden wisdom—we preach a crucified God. Do not let us seek to add vain ornaments to that God who rejects the things of this world. If our lowliness is displeasing to the great, let them know that we covet their disdain, for Jesus Christ despises their ostentatious insolence, and desires only to be known to the humble. Let us bow, then, before the despised, and preach to them sermons in which meekness bears something of the humiliation of the cross, and which are worthy of that God who only desires to conquer by gentleness."—Pp. 267, 268.

Without mitigating the censure which this reckless exaggeration of thought and language must draw upon M. de Lamartine, we may allow that his full-length portraiture of Bossuet abounds in masterly touches, in matter of rare interest, in suggestive and critical episodes in harmony with the subject. It was an excellent idea to lay open a view of Bossuet's ministry, of his life, his works, his oratory. But the great master of words, revered even by the audacious courtiers of his age, admired by the most cynical, and feared by the most profane, betrayed in his own nature some sordid frailties that proved him not all "divine." What was it to this Christian teacher that his ancestors were of the haughty Burgundian blood? What, in the gospel he expounded, taught him to despise the social and political pretensions of the poor? What made his eye fierce, and his tongue peremptory?—It was the impurity of human pride, the slavery of self-love. When his predecessor in fame, Richelieu, lay panting on a purple couch, the wonder and terror of France, Bossuet looked upon him—looked on him when he sought to disguise his pallor under rouge, his exhaustion under a mask of artificial activity,—and the spectacle, instead of melting his mind, filled it with visions of earthly power—of that theocratic exaltation which would make him king and minister, while he seemed only to be priest. In the Château of

Rambouillet, where the wits and beauties of Paris indulged one day in parodies of the heathen mythology, and rivalled one another next morning in displays of ecclesiastical rhetoric, Bossuet was asked to improvise a sermon. The text, the subject, the purpose were proposed to him ; he consented, and his theatrical efforts, lauded by Voiture, the reigning critic, and listened to without derision by the Lady of Rambouillet, gave the preacher a sort of fashionable fame. "From that time," says M. de Lamartine, with inconsistent *naïveté*, the religious orator "was inspired, overwhelming and adroit, never forgetful of the earth in speaking of heaven or regardless of heaven when addressing the earth." This is one of the unnecessary antitheses into which M. de Lamartine's love of effect betrays him. When Bossuet took possession of his episcopal throne at Condoms, and Bourdaloue mounted the pulpit in which he had become celebrated, a great rivalry arose, not between the preachers only, but between their partizans and friends. The admirers of Bourdaloue at first prevailed ; his impassive and logical serenity was better suited to the cynicism of the period than the reverberating, almost riotous eloquence of Bossuet. The orator "was eclipsed, for a moment, by the lecturer, as in another epoch, Mirabeau was for a moment eclipsed by Barnave. M. de Lamartine calls Bourdaloue "only a powerful reasoner," as he calls Masillon, "a melodious flatterer of the ear ;" and his judgment, however it may be disputed, will not be ridiculed ; but when, contrasting with the ratiocinative strength of the one, and the musical deceptions of the other, the varied genius of Bossuet, he says that "he had the wings and the shriek of an eagle," can the phrase be seriously repeated ?

Bossuet preached the funeral sermon of Anne of Austria, mother of the XIVth. Louis. A widow when still in her youth, the sport of the Fronde, disowned by the people, the friend of an unpopular minister, the mother of a petulant king, she had lived and died less hated and less admired than many in the line of the Bourbon queens. The preacher wept as he recalled her name, and it was then that, descending from his pulpit, he heard of the news of his father's illness, and hastened to Metz to administer the last sacraments to him. Here M. de Lamartine observes, parenthetically, that Bossuet, who commanded a vast range of patronage, was addicted to what is now termed nepotism, and distributed numerous preferments among his relatives and friends ; but such was the practice of the day, and the bishop was not superior to the arts of ecclesiastical cupidity.

Arnaud, Nicole, and Pascal were at this time struggling in the Jansenist and Protestant controversy. Bossuet, who, as a

prior inclined to the teachings of Jansenius, was persuaded by the double influences of the court and the church, and he became the extreme partizan of established authority. The love of royalty was strong within him. He had last preached the funeral oration of an Austrian queen; he reascended the pulpit to lament the sorrows of the widow of Charles I. In this sermon, composed to the order of the court, he fulminated against the Reformation, exalted the value of a mental "curb," and drew the tears of the king and the king's *stlaqueurs*. Once more to St. Cloud, to the grave of another princess, Henrietta of England. With an emerald ring, her gift, on his finger, he mounted to such heights that Louis XIV., astonished and bewildered, appointed him preceptor to his son. Falling from his bishopric, he fell into the revenues of an abbey, whence he drew an annual sum of twenty thousand *livres*. A popular murmur arose: Could this man, it was asked, be avaricious? He wrote to a friend a self-exonerating letter, and quietly proceeded to prepare, for his Bourbon pupil, "the Discourse on Universal History, a catalogue of nations, names of persons and events." He had an apathetic pupil, but the pupil had not a zealous master, for Bossuet was more anxious to conciliate the occupant than the heir of the throne.

M. de Lamartine traces carefully the progress of the great preacher, his labours at court with reference to La Vaillière, Montespan, Maintenon, and Guyon, his acts of ambition, and his acts of virtue; but always pleads for his intrigues that they were designed to advance the power and interests of the church. Readers who are familiar with the circumstances of Bossuet's life, will peruse with curiosity this Memoir in which he is presented like the gilded image of a saint, decorated with fantastic colours, by a biographer whose every word is a votive offering. Readers, on the other hand, who have not studied the famous preacher's life, will be stimulated to examine it in connexion with the religious history of France, and of the mutual influences used by the court over the church, and by the church over the court, in a corrupt and artificial age. But they must be on their guard against M. de Lamartine's historical and personal views. The caution, however, is unnecessary. M. de Lamartine excites the suspicions of an attentive and serious reader by his fantasies of style. He steeps his pencil in Lydian gold and Tyrian purple; and, to brighten the picture, blends all the colours of a sunset with all the colours of an aurora.

ART. V.—*The Mystery ; or, Evil and God.* By John Young, LL.D.,
Author of “*The Christ of History.*” London. 1856.

THIS book is one of the most remarkable of recent attempts to solve the awful mystery of the connexion between Evil and God, a subject on which many men in the present age are constantly thinking, but on which few comparatively are writing. Were a panorama of the sleepless pillows of thoughtful men throughout the world exposed to view, and were the secret thoughts that disturb their slumbers revealed, it would probably be found that this dread perplexity was, with the majority, the special thorn in their heads and their hearts, and that amidst the darkness surrounding each couch, there might be seen, gleaming with lurid light, the words—“*Whence, and why, EVIL?*”

Before we recount some of the many theories which have been devised to explain this mystery, it may be worth while to set this difficulty in its strongest popular point of view. A few sentences will suffice. There is, then, in the universe, an entity called *moral evil*, traces of the existence of which are found in the earliest times on record. This entity has produced the most appalling consequences. It has reduced myriads of human beings below the level of the brutes that perish. With its giant grasp it has seized multitudes of men, and dragged them into gulphs of moral ruin and of physical destruction. It has let loose on the world innumerable plagues—war, rapine, licentiousness, cruelty, suicide, murder, and falsehood. It has assumed ten thousand forms. It has appeared in all races, climates, and classes. It has infected and enfeebled many whom it has been unable to destroy. It has more or less violently attacked all men. It is connected with an amount of physical suffering under which “the whole creation groans and travels in pain, even until now.” It has crippled man’s progress, embittered his whole existence, and led him often to doubt the goodness, or the very existence of his Maker. Through its effects on others, it has made many unutterably miserable, who were in a great measure free from it themselves. It has tainted man’s nature as a whole, polluted his passions, hardened his heart, augmented the influence of his animal appetites, and darkened and degraded his intellectual powers. It is not less subtle than strong ; driven out of one corner of its domains it has fixed itself more firmly elsewhere ; and when compelled to quit one shape it has assumed others still more odious. Though often checked, it has never been destroyed. It is passionately loved by the world in general, yet protested against by every man’s conscience. It exists in the dominions of a

being whom we believe to be all-powerful, all-wise, and infinitely good; and yet it continues to defy his power, to insult his authority, to ruin his creatures, and to dim the glory of his universe. There is little more appearance than there was thousands of years ago of its empire speedily coming to an end, or even of its power being materially abridged. Worst of all, it seems, after having torn and rent its victims here, armed with power to cast them into a deeper dungeon in a future world, and we are tempted under the pressure of this fearful phenomenon, to exclaim with the poet—

“Thus from the moment of our birth,
 Long as we linger on the earth,
 Thou rulest o’er the fates of men;
 Thine are the pangs of life’s last hour;
 And who dare answer, Is thy power,
 Dark spirit! ended THEN?”

Suppose, that there were a mind as vigorous as a man’s, and as unsophisticated as a child’s, and that this mind were informed for the *first* time, of the dreadful facts we have sought to condense in the above paragraph,—it were interesting to conjecture what would be its thoughts and feelings. Probably, at first, this man-child would be struck dumb with amazement and horror, and after recovering his speech, would exclaim, “Can such an awful entity exist? Is it not a mere nightmare of the mind? Or, if it does exist, why does God, being infinitely wise, powerful, and good, not destroy it in an instant? *Why* does he not? Because he made it. Blasphemous and shocking falsehood! A God so wise *could* not have made—a God so good *would* not have made such a malignant, monstrous thing? Because he loves it, when made by some other? Impossible! His holy and gracious nature must recoil from it with abhorrence. Because he cannot annihilate it? Then his power must be limited. Because he expects profit, pleasure, glory, from some of its remoter results? It may be so, but surely the glory and profit are bought at a fearful expense. I cannot then account for God’s not destroying evil, nor for his allowing it to enter the universe at first. But I cannot believe it to be in any sense his. Perish this thought at all hazards! It must be from some other source; but, oh! while wondering with great admiration at the whole theme, I wonder still more at the apathy and blindness of the human race. They are surrounded on every side by this potent and destructive energy; they are in the very heart of this black eclipse, and on the brink of that deeper darkness in which Evil threatens to plunge its votaries; and yet they are laughing, and feasting, and singing, and dancing, as if the whole thing were a farce. Why! oh, why? have they not fallen

down on their faces as one man under this portentous shade, and uttered one wide, wild cry on God to annihilate either it or them? Such might probably be the utterance of an unsophisticated mind, on the first sight of this subject; indeed, little children often stammer out the substance of these thoughts from their spotless lips. Nor have all the efforts of philosophic or theological thinkers brought the human mind one step further than these supposed words of the man-child; while many of their theories have served still to perplex and darken the theme.

We come now shortly to recount, in a popular form, some of the theories propounded to account for Evil, and explain its relations to God. There is, 1st, the doctrine of those who hold that Evil is only a modification of good, nay, is good; 2ndly, the doctrine of Pope and Soame Jenyns, who explain Evil, upon the principle of a scale of being, and a subordination of parts being necessary in the creation; 3rdly, the doctrine of the hyper-Calvinists, who hold that God has made Evil for the sake of certain great and glorious objects, which are to be subserved by its entrance, and its eternal existence; 4thly, the doctrines of the Manicheans, who hold that Evil is an emanation from one of two eternal principles; and 5thly, various modifications of what may be called the scriptural scheme of Evil, which denies God having made it, expresses God's infinite hatred at it, and asserts it to have come from finite will; to this latter class, Dr. Young's theory, we shall see, belongs; its peculiarity being that he holds the non-preventibility of Evil. These are not, by any means, all the theories on the subject, but they are all on which we can at present enter.

There is, 1st, the theory at present popular with a large class, that of those who hold that Evil is a modification of good. Were we not engaged in a grave discussion, we might hint that Satan was the originator of this theory, when he said, "Evil be thou my good." According to these theorists, Evil is God's left hand, while Good is his right; Evil is what painters call God's "inferior manner." Belial is only a variety of Christ. Now, in the first place, this theory is opposed to the healthy instincts of humanity. We feel insulted when told that righteousness and unrighteousness, truth and falsehood, are only degrees of the same thing; that lust is only a variety of love, cruelty a lower form of benevolence, meanness nobility in disguise, and malignity a minor measure of that pure flame of charity which burns in the wings of seraphim, and is the glory round the brow of God! Of course, with many evils much good is mingled, and when we judge of various evil actions through a charitable medium, and with a proper appreciation of constitutional ten-

dencies, temperament, circumstances, &c., they lose much of their criminality, but there is an immense amount of sin which cannot be thus accounted for or palliated, which is irredeemably malignant and vile, and which yet, by this doctrine, is confounded with good. What man, worthy of the name, dare pronounce a Massacre of Glencoe, in any sense, or in any degree, good—and it is but one out of millions of cases of crime, which this theory would compel us to gulp down as excellent and amiable things! 2ndly. Our own conscience contradicts this notion; it assures us not only that sin is not good, but that it is *infinitely* bad. And if infinitely bad, how can it be a modification of goodness? 3dly. This theory, when it admits a God at all, imputes imperfection to him. That a human being should be unequal we can conceive; that an earthly painter should have an “inferior manner,” and should often fail, is inevitable;—but the idea of God sinking below himself, although ever so little, is blasphemous. And, 4thly, this theory is an utterly hopeless one. Since God is the sole and complacent author of sin, it is exceedingly unlikely that he will ever bring it, in earth or any where else, to a termination. Since sin is just the night in the moral universe, opposed to the day, not in kind, but simply in degree, it is probable that it will continue to follow day for ever.

“And so the eternal chase goes round the world.”

As the supporters of this doctrine do not, in general, acknowledge the authority of the Bible, we need not press on their attention the many passages in it which discover God’s infinite repugnance and opposition to Evil, “that abominable thing which he hates.”

There is, 2ndly, the doctrine propounded by Pope in his “Essay on Man,” derived from Bolingbroke, and defended by Soame Jenyns in his “Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil,”—a book which, though severely handled by Johnson, has many ingenious thoughts and pleasing passages, and which, although advocating some of Bolingbroke’s views, is entirely free from his spirit, and really seeks to vindicate the character of God. We may quote his words (embodying sentiments which Johnson traces to a much earlier period than that of Pope and Bolingbroke—to the Arabian Physicians, whose works, by the way, abound in so many remarkable metaphysical glimpses of truth, that we know the indefatigable Sir William Hamilton to have read all through their massive tomes for the sake of these fragmentary gleams):—

“No system can possibly be formed, even in imagination, without a subordination of parts. Every animal body must have different

members subservient to each other ; every picture must be composed of various colours, and of light and shade ; all harmony must be formed of trebles, tenors, and basses ; every beautiful and useful edifice must consist of higher and lower, more and less magnificent apartments. This is in the very essence of all created things, and therefore cannot be prevented by any means whatever, unless by not creating them at all."

And again he says :—

"The universe is a system whose very essence consists in subordination ; a scale of beings descending by insensible degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing ; in which, though we may justly expect perfection in the whole, could we possibly comprehend it, yet would it be the highest absurdity to hope for it in all its parts, because the beauty and happiness of the whole depend altogether on the just inferiority of the parts. It had not been God's wisdom to have created no beings but of the highest and most perfect order. There is a connexion between all ranks and orders by subordinate degrees, so that they mutually support each other's existence, and every one in its place is absolutely necessary toward sustaining the whole of the vast and magnificent fabric. Our pretences for complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the scale of existence as our ignorant ambition may desire, because, were we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite power to exalt us : a man can have no reason to repine that he is not an angel, nor a horse that he is not a man."

To this we may urge the following objections, one or two of which Johnson has stated with great force and precision. In the 1st place, the difficulty is not here very fairly or clearly presented. Evil is not simply imperfection ; it is something far more. The question is not why are Jove's satellites less than Jove, why is a horse inferior to a man, or a man inferior to an angel, but why are there such beings as bad men and wretched angels in the universe ? It is a question not of degree, but of kind. It is not why is there such a thing as imperfection, but why are there guilt—damning guilt, madness, misery, selfishness, and ten thousand other positive and pregnant evils in God's world ? It is not why is a man not an angel, but why is he a sinner and an heir of hell ? 2ndly. Jenyns looks upon the Deity too much in the light of an artist. An artist deals with colours and dead canvas as he pleases, and is no more responsible to them than they are to him. God has made men responsible, and as responsible beings, they have an obvious right to look at the justice of their position, and to consider the laws under which they feel themselves placed. 3rdly. He forgets that although a finite mind can only secure approximate perfection by the due subordination of parts, God,

as infinite and omnipotent, *could* have made all beings equally good and happy. 4thly. He reasons too much from the analogy of nature, and forgets the peculiar character of man. There may be a chain in the material universe, connecting the highest of *unintelligent* organic beings with inorganic matter; but what a tremendous chasm occurs between that highest being, say the elephant or eagle and man—not to speak of that other great gulf—between the lowest of organic forms, say the oyster, and mere dead materialism! Finally, as Johnson shows, a “scale of beings descending by insensible degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing,” is metaphysically absurd, since the highest being, not infinite, must be at an infinite distance below infinity. Jenyns was a believer in Scripture; but how he could reconcile his views of Evil with those of the Bible, which distinctly states that man was made perfect, and that Evil is a positive malignant thing, we do not know.

3rdly. Calvinists, such as Edwards, have intimated their belief that God has made sin for the sake of certain ulterior objects to be gained by it. Edwards thus speaks: “There is no inconsistency in supposing that God may hate a thing as in itself, and considered as Evil, and yet that it may be his will that it should come to pass, considering all consequences; he permitting, sin *will come to pass*, for the sake of the great good, that by his disposal, shall be the consequence. *His willing to order things as that evil should come to pass*, for the sake of the contrary good, doth not prove that he doth not hate Evil as Evil.” Here notice, 1st, Edwards admits Evil to be all that we have described it. It is with him no make-believe, no modification of good, no mere difference in degree; it is the horrible deadly thing that conscience and the Bible represent it to be. And yet that horrible deadly thing he represents God as “ordering things so as to bring to pass.” 2ndly. When he uses the words “order” and “permit,” he in effect says the same as create. When you so “order circumstances” that a man falls into a pit, it is the same as if you pushed him in. When you permit a murder in your presence which you could have prevented, it is the same as if you had done it with your own hand. 3rdly. The word “permit,” implies that God could have prevented Evil; to create it, might possibly be a necessity; to permit, implies the act of a will which might have decided otherwise. 4thly. Edwards does not attempt to *prove* that sin has, ever shall, or ever can produce such consequences as would justify its express introduction into the creation, and its anointing by God’s own hand. Men who do evil which they could have avoided, in order that good might come, are not thought the best of their species; but, surely, when a divine proclaims that God deliberately opened the

sluice, which he might have kept shut, of that Evil which has been the ruin of ten thousand times ten millions of his creatures, and thinks this an honourable testimony to the Most High, he makes you wonder whether he be not after all the unconscious high-priest of Moloch, and not of God. Let us hear Dr. Young's eloquent language on the subject :—

“That the only Holy One should well decree the introduction of crime, of violence to conscience and reason, truth and right; that he should choose it as on the whole best,—that he should even *permit* it in the sense which this word is intended to convey; that at the moment when it in fact entered the universe, although he could have prevented it, he should have withdrawn himself, and for the sake of some prospective good, have suffered it to enter, so that altogether while he did nothing actively, he yet did everything directly; and on the whole, evinced that the issue was far above his will. By whatever reasonings such positions are upheld, they are inexpressibly horrible; they destroy the foundation and the soul of virtue, and they are fatal to the honour, the moral character, and the very being of the Most High; they *must* be false, else there is no virtue in the universe,—the Holy One of Israel is, will, ever must be opposed to crime.”

Dr. Young does not press against this theory the idea of the *eternal* existence of sin; that sin exists for ever, he, in common with us, seems to admit; but it is the voluntary sin of voluntary agents. But who, with a heart, can believe that God expressly made what he foreknew was to continue, and perhaps increase, for ever and ever and ever? Were this received universally, we see no help for it, but either one loud shriek of simultaneous despair, or the everlasting hush of a horror too deep for words or for tears.

There is, 4thly, the doctrine of the Manicheans, who held that there were two powers in the universe: one a good power, and one an evil power; and that from these respectively, sprang all the evil and the good in the universe. This we regard, not as the truth, but as a caricatured expression of the truth about the relation of Evil and God. In holding the past eternity of Evil, and an aboriginal Evil power from whom it sprang, it errs, because on this supposition, there must be two infinite beings—a conception impossible. Besides, if Evil be eternal from the past, it must be eternal to the end. One infinite, even could it exist along with, could not destroy another. But even from Manicheism, there can be deduced important truths. It is a strong, extravagant assertion of the soul-felt, heart-felt fact, that Evil is not God's—that he has nothing to do with it, save to destroy it. It expresses too, although in an exaggerated way, the present supremacy of Evil. Evil has at present an indefinite,

although not an absolute, or infinite power. It exhibits too, in an intense form, the reality of Evil—its extreme opposition to good. It brings out in a striking shape, that awful contest which is actually going on between Evil and good; only it would represent that contest as hopeless. It is wrong, if it asserts the divinity of Evil; but right in asserting its inevitability. In making the devil infinite, it greatly erred; and it erred still more, when in some of its forms, it taught its votaries to worship the devil; but in proclaiming his personal existence, his great antiquity, and his profound animosity to God, it was scriptural and right.

There was another form of the great Gnostic heresy, which held that the two powers sprang from an aboriginal Supreme; and this too, along with error, contained truth. Its error was in holding that God created an evil being—committed, in other words, a deadly crime. Its truth lay in its shadowing forth the facts of a Saviour and an Enemy of mankind, both sprung from God, but in very different senses: the one, the Word, being his Eternal Son; the other, Satan, created an angel of light, but transformed afterwards by his own act into an angel of darkness. Some, again, of these ancient theosophists, held that Evil sprung entirely from matter, and this too, contained in it a very important truth; for matter does and must clog and confine the motions of spirit, and bedim its views of God; but the Evil produced by matter is merely negative; it is confinement, contraction, enfeeblement; it is not that positive malignant and depraved element we call sin. Most, though not all physical evil, may perhaps be chargeable on the limitations and conditions of matter, but this will not account for the dark phenomenon of moral evil, which appears as often to flow *ab intrâ* as *ab extrâ*. Matter may in part account for the *first* death; depraved mind is the origin of the *second*.

We come now to what we have called the scriptural view of the connexion between Evil and God—a view of which Mr. Young's is one of many modifications. The peculiarities of this lie in the ideas: 1st, that God made all beings angelic and human very good; 2ndly, that the original harmony of his works was disturbed by the entrance of sin; 3rdly, that this sin did not come from God, but was injected into man by a foreign influence ("an enemy hath done this"), and that it had arisen in that enemy's *mind*, by an act of his own will—"the angels that *sinned*, kept not their first estate;" and, 4thly, that against Evil thus introduced, God hath set himself to war—has sent his Son into the world to atone for, to limit, to counteract, to save from it; and that in a future day, he is to extinguish it *on earth*; the tares are to grow with the wheat until the

harvest, and are then to be rooted up; the Evil One is to be bound, and the kingdoms of the whole world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. From the class of thinkers who base their notions on this scriptural view, two principal varieties branch off: 1st, those who hold that God could have prevented Evil, although he neither made nor sanctioned it; and 2ndly, those who, with Young, maintain that it was unpreventible—springing from the will of man; not indeed naturally or necessarily, but still directly and without any divine aid. We shall, ere proceeding to analyze his book, proceed to state what appears to us to be the state of the case, so far as human thought or scripture information at present carry us.

The universe, then, is simply a thought of its Maker expressed in matter and in mind, as certainly as a table or cabinet is a thought of the architect expressed in wood, or the thought of an author in a book. Now, in contemplating this august utterance of God's thought, we see abundant evidences of wisdom, power, and gracious purpose. It is the work of an infinite mind, although it be only in itself a finite effect; but not merely is it finite, but it seems a work *resisted*—resisted in various ways—partly by the nature of the material which *cannot*, in its very essence, *fully* reflect the mind of the former, and partly by an influence, force, or call it what else we please, which seems to have crossed and shattered the workmanship. Whence could that shattering blow have come? Not surely from the Architect; he never would have thus thrown himself in the path of his own purposes, and with his left hand undone what his right hand was doing. From some other sphere, remote from, and disconnected with that where he is supreme? This were to deny his absolute dominion, and to deny all absolute being or almightiness too. From a desire to see how well his work would recover from a shock, which although he did not originate, he permitted? But, 1st, whence still could that shock have come; and, 2ndly, is it likely that he would from mere prospective, however certain good, have permitted his splendid structure to be marred? Or, finally, was his thought resisted through an essential peculiarity in the substance we call mind, just as it was in a less measure resisted by the necessary limitations of the substance we call matter? And was this resistance of a kind God foreseen, but which he could only prevent by forbearing to create? This, we with our author, deem the most probable view of the stupendous difficulty, although we admit at once, that it does not fully solve the question as to the relation between Evil and God. It shows, however, the direction in which the explanation of the difficulty lies, and in

which it shall be found, when the stronger light of eternity shall dart upon the subject, and make all mysteries plain.

Dr. Young, it must be carefully noticed, does not profess in this very able volume, to solve the mystery of the origin of Evil; but, in the 1st place, to show where it is *not* to be found—in the divine will; and, 2ndly, to show where it lies, although as yet dimly seen in the will of the creature. *That* it is in the creature he seeks to show, although *how* it is, he admits to be a question above him. He thinks, and justly, that he would have gained a great step, had he simply proved that Evil was not, and could not be from God. But he goes a step farther, and seeks to show that it is, and must be from the creature, nay more, that it was unpreventible by God, unless, as we remarked before, by his abstaining from the act of creation, either of matter or mind.

Dr. Young commences his investigation by propounding three great questions: 1st. As to the Infinite One; 2ndly. As to the Infinite One creating; and, 3rdly. As to the harmony between the facts of the universe and the attributes of God. In reference to the first, he finds that unconditioned being must be mental—a mind; that it must be infinitely perfect; that the moral is the highest region of the divine; that the “rectitude, veracity, purity, benevolence, and, withal, paternity of the Divine Being, are first principles—eternal, immutable truths;” and that it is impossible that he can do anything that is not morally excellent and beautiful, worthy of the approbation, the admiration, and the veneration of all his intelligent creatures. In reference to the Infinite One creating, he begins by stating his idea of creation. It is “causing existence (that is limited existence)” to begin. This moment, there is nothing but the Infinite; the next, there is *something else*, which we call matter, or created mind, in being. This effect is essentially and infinitely removed from the eternal, self-existent mind—its Author! Here he shows the absurdity of Pantheism, which is nothing less than an impossible and self-contradictory confounding of the infinite with the finite, of the eternal with the temporal. He denies that the effect must be a mere form or mode of the cause, or that it must be of the same nature with the cause. Suffice it, that the effect never exceeds the cause, that the Infinite has power to create matter, and that while its creation is not contradictory, its eternal existence is.

Here we demur as to one point. That the finite is everlastingly below and distinct from the infinite is unquestionable; but why should it not have *been* everlastingly below and distinct from it? Why, in other words, should not God have from everlasting been creating, or rather, always been casting his own bright material shadow? A metaphysical difficulty pre-

vents, as we have seen, the idea of two eternal and infinite beings. But if at any moment God had the power of creating finite mind or matter, why not at all moments? If God is at present, as Dr. Young afterwards asserts, constantly radiating out matter from himself, may not some form of matter have always been proceeding from him,—not by necessity, but by an eternal voluntary act? This notion, however, we do not press; it was Milton's, and has been that of many besides; but Milton was not infallible, and the only infallible authority we possess on the subject seems at least to favour the view that at some given and temporal moment the work of creation began.

Dr. Young next strongly asserts that God has not left nature to herself; that laws are only the method of God in his march through his own works, and that “the whole course of material nature, in its minutest and grandest departments, is nothing else than the Infinite acting *directly, immediately* acting.” This is the common belief among many of our modern spiritualistic philosophers. It is a reaction and protest against the idea of the universe being a mere machine. May not, however, the reaction and the protest have gone too far? And has not the extreme of this view led to Pantheism? That God touches the deepest heart—the mainspring of the whole manifold and majestic motion—we doubt not. That God is present in and president over all the various byeways and highways of nature and providence, is equally clear. But that God, by a *perpetual succession of separate volitions*, is so identified with the universe as that its every movement—the crushing, shall we say, of its cities by earthquake, without distinction of moral or immoral, adult or infant, and a thousand other anomalies—are all done by the immediate act and will of God, seems to us a monstrous thought, and one which subjects itself to all, and more than all the difficulties of the Pantheistic hypothesis. Here, again, as in the introduction of moral evil, we amidst the darkness would plead for God and say, Why such things as these are done, we cannot tell. How their existence can be explained in consistency with the Divine attributes, or sundered from the direct workmanship of the Divine hand, we cannot tell. But this we do know on the strength of our faith and moral instincts, that they are not either immediately done, or in any way sanctioned by the Divine Being. They, like moral evil (and indeed they *are* essentially the same), are *in* God's universe, but they are not God's, either by purpose, or sanction, or act. May there not be, as indeed some hints in the Bible would seem to indicate, a will or multitude of wills operating against God in the material universe, even as we all grant that there are wills manifold resisting and contradicting his purpose in the moral. But

this point too, we forbear to press, as it is wrapt in deep uncertainty.

In his third chapter of part second, our author begins to feel his way, as it were, to the grand difficulty by showing that while in the world of mind God is working, he is not working alone. Man is working too, and working, alas! often in diametrical opposition to the mind and will of God.

“To reconcile the conflicting principles and phenomena of the moral world—the existence of evil with Divine working—and a determined plan with voluntary activity in man,—is the overwhelming labour from which it is impossible not to recoil, but which we are impelled to attempt.”—P. 80.

In his third part, Dr. Young proceeds, first, to point to Evil as the “all-embracing, all-defying mystery of the world.” Evil has two horns—physical and moral; but the second is incomparably the bigger and blacker of the two. Physical evil, he says, is much modified by temperament, and there is probably more happiness than misery in the world; but still there does exist much suffering in the earth that seems uncalled for, uncompensated, and unjust. On the whole, it had been incomparably better if suffering had never existed. But physical evil dwindles in the presence of moral, which is the tremendous parent-mystery of the universe. And he proceeds to look at it first, in the light of reason, and secondly, in that of revelation. In his chapter entitled, “Physical and Moral Evil in the Light of Reason” he first strongly advocates the doctrine of responsibility as grounded in the fact of conscience—as unfolded in the sense of the infinite—and as finding its highest significance in the intuition of immortality. In the next section he enters on the great question as to the freedom of the will, and rests his belief in it principally on the indestructible testimony of consciousness. “We know,” as Dr. Johnson said, “that our will is free, and *there’s* an end on’t.”* Man, as a voluntary being, is necessarily, in the last instance, governed by himself. God, indeed, operates on his will in ten thousand ways; but his power nevertheless of choosing, is an independent cause apart from everything else, and he does not NECESSARILY yield to any even of the Divine influences. He is so far a productive, creative power,—an actor, and not a mere instrument. Dr. Young backs his belief in this, by the authorities of Kant, Coleridge, Reid, Hamilton, and Cousin. Admitting that Edwards has proved that what is called the

* Boswell’s Johnson, ch. xxii.

self-determining power of the will is an absurdity, he maintains with great force that man is not necessarily swayed by the strongest motive; that the motive to which he yields may be the weakest in reason, and the wickedest in conscience; and that he is endowed with an "absolute power of choice, with perfect liberty to choose;" and that if not, there can be no moral responsibility. At the same time, he makes much allowance for the strong pressure, in certain constitutions, through physical structure, towards certain moral evils; but contends that God has given all men a capacity of so using their will as to restrain or modify these tendencies. In section third, he contends that moral evil is not a mere effect of circumstances; that it is not fully explained by matter, but that its essence lies in the abuse of freedom; and that it is nothing more nor less than the will of the creature resisting that of the Creator.

In section fourth, he asserts that the Creator is infinitely opposed to moral evil. He boldly breaks ground by asserting that no amount of good—not an eternity of physical or moral good to myriads of beings—could compensate moral evil, or justify its existence. He expresses his horror at those who, like Soame Jenyns and Edwards, make God the author of sin. But now arises the awful question, Whence has this accursed thing come into the universe? But there is one earlier and more profound, Wherefore did God create at all? And this leads him to consider the final cause of God in creation. He asserts that creation was with God the result, not of a necessity to create, so much as of the irrepressible lovingness of his divine nature—in other words, arose from a moral, not an intellectual necessity. This necessity led God to the creation of beings like himself—beings endowed with reason, love, and will. Hence came man, gifted with a power to choose evil or good. And in this constitution of man's will, lay the source of evil. God could not have prevented its appearance, except by annihilating the will and the whole being; but as long as will was will, it must be free to make a wrong as well as a right choice. This is not to limit God's almightiness. God cannot make a square a triangle, or a triangle a square. Man is able to resist his Maker; his Maker could not *in the circumstances* have prevented it. Man has accordingly resisted God, and hence sin and all its black consequences. This dark entity not only did God not make, but he abhorred it, and set himself instantly to take measures for its destruction. "All good from God, and nothing but good from God! All evil only and wholly from the creature!" To this *our* hearts at least are ready to respond, *Amen* and *Amen!*

In section fifth, he illustrates the truth that "physical evil is the necessary effect, but also the divine corrective of moral evil." This is one of the most interesting and eloquent chapters in the book. We think it not, however, the most satisfactory. That many, probably most of the physical evils in the world spring from sin, and are designed to correct, punish, and retrieve it, is certain. But when he says, "That not a pang, not a groan, not a tear, not a sigh has place in our world which could have been spared on any ground of rectitude, wisdom, and love," we are tempted to demur. Without dwelling on the sufferings of the lower animals, surely there is often what we may call a superfluity of woe—of woe too, which does not appear to produce good, but evil consequences; which we have difficulty in reconciling with the goodness of God, and which we must look to as requiring not only explanation, but compensation in the life to come. Perhaps some of these dark phenomena may be explained on the ground of some resistance to God having extended even to the physical as well as the moral world; but be the explanation what it may, the mournfullest and most appalling mystery rests on the subject of human suffering: madness handed down from one generation to another—tendencies to suicide in a similar way perpetuated from age to age—beings comparatively guiltless apparently suffering most—little children passing through the sharpest pangs to death—the miseries and degradations of the negro race;—these are only a few of the dreadful facts which compel the exclamation, "Clouds and darkness are round about Thee, O Thou Most High! Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself."

In the second chapter of the third part, Dr. Young proceeds to look at physical and moral evil in the brighter light of the Word of God. And this leads him to find a corroboration of his theory in the angelic revolt. From the fact that angels as well as men have fallen, he argues that created intelligence is necessarily fallible, although, of course, he does not mean to say, that it must necessarily fall; nor, we presume, to deny that the holiness of restored sinners, and of the angels who kept their first estate, is, in some way or other, infallibly secured. Otherwise, there might be a *succession* of falls to all eternity. His remarks on the angelic revolt, are guarded, but good. He marks the difference of their constitution as a race from that of man. Man belonging to a "hereditary, associated, representational system," while the condition of angels seems to have been one of "complete individual independence and responsibility." He alludes too, to the fact that the angels were entirely free from external temptation. Evil was the "effect of the mere native

choice of their own wills, unprompted, unsolicited, perfectly spontaneous."

We wish that he had lingered a little more on this mysterious, but most interesting subject—the first appearance of Evil in the mind of the archangel, whose "former name is heard" no more in Heaven." In that first evil thought we see the fountain of the black river, which has since spread its innumerable streams through the history of infernal and human beings. Had that thought never entered his transcendent mind, or had it died instantly away, like a film from the eye—like the shadow of a single summer's cloud from the immeasurable blue! Vain the wish—vain also the inquiry, Why did it enter? Perhaps after that thought was once thought, it became impossible to suppress it. Pandora's box had burst open, and could not be shut. The deed of eating the forbidden fruit had been rehearsed in Heaven, and the rest required to follow. And even as the oak lies in the acorn, there lay in that aboriginal thought (whether it was a thought of pride, or doubt, or malignity, or of all summed up in one), in that one mighty misconception, lay the essence of all the evil and wretchedness that were to arise in the universe.

Awful moment when that thought appeared! Moment for ever accursed, when Evil first lifted up its horrid head amidst the serene and holy heavens of God! Let the memory of it we say, but say in vain, perish! Let it not come into the number of those moments recorded in the everlasting archives of Heaven, or if recorded there, let a dark blot stain its memorial! Were there no phenomena, no symptoms which marked the instant of the portentous birth? Did no shudder run through the celestial armies? Did no cloud gather before the inaccessible splendours of the throne of God? Did not then a mystic hand appear writing on the wall of Satan's palace, the words, "*Mene, Mene, Tekel*: Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting, thy kingdom is departed from thee?" Or, without any such outward signs, did there not enter immediately after the first evil thought into his heart, an unutterable horror including in it condensed centuries of hell—the first and fiercest touch of the everlasting fire—the first and bitterest drop of the burning Amreeta cup; the first and keenest gnawing of the worm that dieth not. A poet, too well qualified to speak on such a theme, speaks of—

"That deep and shuddering chill
Which follows fast the deeds of ill."

but who can conceive of *that* chilly shudder, that deep thrill of bottomless despair, which told Satan, *that* with the first wicked

thought, all was lost; the damnation of myriads secured; the dark entity of Evil born, and he himself become for ever and ever *the Devil!*

Dr. Young comes next to the creation and probation of man by God. Here he states again the intense distinction between the probation of angels and that of man. Man was the representative of his descendants, and he was exposed to external temptation. Why, is it asked, was he so exposed? Dr. Young thinks that it was impossible morally, although possible physically, to have prevented it. Besides, even had he been secured from this outward danger, there was still within a greater, and the same which had destroyed angels. Temptation, moreover, was not the *cause*, only the occasion of sin. The first sin of man was in reality from himself.

In the second section of this chapter, our author enters on the course of Evil on earth, and the influences directed against it by God. Here he rightly takes high ground in judging of the procedure of the Almighty. *That*, has been from first to last, a "plan for putting down sin;" a plan not indeed always very clearly visible, and that often seems strangely interrupted, and sometimes violently driven back, but which is still progressive and struggling on towards its completion. Dr. Young divides this period into four epochs: that of Divine Benignity, or the Antediluvian Age; that of Judgment, or the Flood; that of the Exceptional Elective System—the System of Judaism; and that of the Mystery of all Time, or Christianity. God in the antediluvian age, began to develop his mercy. This was manifest even in the long life of the patriarchs, and in the length of time ere he came forth from his place to punish the dreadful wickedness of the old world. By the judgment of the Flood, he sought to show the connexion between physical and moral evil in a striking manner; and this "act," like a lofty and massive column, which all the world might henceforth see, rises up at the commencement of the second epoch of human history. Life too, was shortened in order to bring out more impressively what the wages of sin were. The third epoch was one of selection. For the purpose of preserving divine truth, a particular people and locality were chosen as its depositories. This end was answered. But still the general condition of the world was lamentable. A new, broad, and sublime interference on the part of God became necessary; and lo! there arose at last, amidst a darkened earth, the bright finger of the Cross, pointing at once to God's love to the sinner and his hatred of sin, and proclaiming, "Behold the goodness and the severity of God!" This mystery of all time, 1st, presented an Incarnation of Divinity; 2ndly, a new expression and medium of Infinite mercy; 3rdly, a Perfect Humanity;

4thly, a New Revelation of Spiritual Truth ; and, 5thly, a new fountain and channel of the Divine Spirit ; and Dr. Young shows with great force and eloquence, how each of these was adapted to promote God's grand aim of warring with, and extirpating evil. He closes this section with a confident prediction that Christian truths and laws are advancing to the sovereignty of the world ; and that on earth, the power of Evil is to be extirpated.

In section third and last, he casts one reverent and timorous glance into the darkness of the future world. All he says about that fearful doctrine of Eternal Punishment is this : " The universe shall contain a type of sin in its *last results*—an image of the doom which is condensed in that tremendous word—Perdition ! The thought is unutterably affecting. Far, far without, not beyond the range of celestial vision, but not obtruding upon it, there may be a dim, and dark, and mysterious phantasm—the only speck in a universe of light, and too remote withal, to cast upon it the faintest shadow." Apart from this, the entire whole is to be a universe of light. The unveiling of the great image of Eternal Truth shall begin and go on for ever. Every step shall be a true advance ; every effort a triumph ;—overawed, but not disheartened by the conviction that " the Infinite," whether as Truth or as Being, is never to be known, we shall be enraptured by the deep assurance that " the Knowable " of God, eternity shall not exhaust. Ever brighter, ever grander, ever more ravishing, more strengthening, and more satisfying, shall be our conceptions of spiritual truth, and of " Him who is past finding out."

Such is a rapid and imperfect analysis of this very admirable volume on Evil and God. It cannot, we think, be doubted for a moment, that our author has treated the subject with reverence, with modesty, with deep humility of spirit, and with a large measure of genuine philosophic and theologic insight. He has gone to his task, not in a tentative, far less in a vainglorious spirit, but from sincere desire to find out some such approximate solution of the mystery as may serve to give him and his readers a gleam of satisfaction, or at least a ray of hope, under its deep and awful darkness. He has not fully solved it ; but he does not pretend to have done so, but solely to have indicated the quarter where the solution may yet be found, although not probably till eternity. He has gone up the Nile to that point where, as it were, the main channel divides from the minor ; and to search for the fountain, whence that flows, he has hardily dared, although he has not, like Bruce, reached it, and had the melancholy privilege of mingling his tears with the waters. The

style in which he has conducted his research, is a fine compromise between the philosophic and the popular, although here and there in anxiety to be clear, he becomes rather loose and declamatory. The writing is not as a whole, so exquisitely polished and equable as in "The Christ of History," but is in general as pellucid, and in parts more powerful. Let us quote a single paragraph :—

"The All-Mighty Father of Minds is reigning; amidst the crimes, the confusions, and the sufferings of this world. He is pursuing a Divine Plan; putting down, first moral, and then physical evil; modifying, distributing, allotting physical evil in order to put down moral evil; retrieving and correcting that wilful abuse of liberty, which is the original and sole fountain of all that degrades, afflicts, and pollutes creation; bringing back the soul of man to its rightful guides, Conscience and Reason; to those laws which alone ought to govern intelligent moral beings, which indeed (in the necessity of the nature of things) must govern, if creation is to be a harmony; restoring and realizing the original Divine idea of the universe as a reign of righteousness, truth, and love; exhibiting Creation as a family and a home—the Everlasting One with the many around him, each a glorious and spotless reflection of the Source of Being."—Pp. 237, 238.

To prevent misapprehensions, we would conclude with assuring our readers, that if Dr. Young has given in this volume less prominence than some of them might expect to certain cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith, such as the atonement and justification by faith, it is not that he disbelieves them, for we *know* that he does hold them, but simply from the restriction of his plan, which was that of grappling with one special and very difficult theme. Altogether we regard this able and manly volume with a certain feeling of awe, approaching to horror and consternation, as we revolve the gloomy theme and feel that it has a height and depth, and length and breadth, which pass all understanding. Perhaps Dr. Young has gone about as far as man in this mortal state ever can towards the solution of the connexion, not more inscrutable than confounding, between Evil and God.

ART. VI.—*Ismeer; or, Smyrna and its British Hospital in 1856.*
By a Lady. London: James Madden, Leadenhall Street.

WHILST many have undertaken to narrate with historic gravity the events of the late war, to tell of moving accidents by flood and field, a Scotch lady—one of that Samaritan band who offered their services as nurses to the army of the East—has stepped forth to record her experiences of its varied incidents in, as it were, a side scene of the great drama—the Hospital. Reader, be not alarmed! she does not dedicate her work to details of suffering. She gives no unnecessary direful descriptions of sores and cataplasms, of fevers and physic. She tells, however—and tells lightly and pleasantly—many an anecdote of doctor, patient, and nurse; gives sensible accounts of the Hospital, and the system of its management, and lets us know something about what she saw of Turkish, Greek, and Jewish life in Smyrna.

Everywhere on their journey, she and her sisters in this work of charity were treated with respect, the object of their mission being understood by all. At the railway station as they proceeded to the train, the officials doffed their hats, and that too with a solemnity that told deeply on their moved spirits. When landing at Boulogne, a party of *poissardes* assembled on the pier to bid them welcome. One of these women inquired of our fair friend if her associates were *rouées*; but on being informed that they were only British women who had little to do at home, and were willing to go out from a sense of duty and render what succour they could to the wounded in the Crimea, she exclaimed that they were *braves femmes*, and were doing a grand thing. The impression produced was the greater, that these ladies went out of their free accord, under the constraint of no vow. Occasionally a little pleasantry takes place. The railway guards on opening the doors of the carriages and finding them full of women clothed in grey, would slam them to, muttering, "*Ces religieuses Anglaises*," upon which some one of the ladies would remark, "You mistake, my friend, we are not *religieuses Anglaises*, but *Anglaises religieuses*."*

At Malta they knew sufficient of the language to understand that the elder portion of the male population, with a good deal of enthusiasm, called them "angels," and the younger "asses," as they passed through the street. However, without any

* The word *religieuse* in the first instance signifies a *nun*, a Sister of Charity, of Mercy, &c.; any woman who dedicates herself to religion by a vow. In the second, it is simply used as an adjective, and means *pious*.

casualties of any kind, although the romance of their undertaking wore off a little whilst crossing the Channel, and when first on the Mediterranean, they arrived safely at Smyrna, their earnestness and determination nowise damped, not even by the heavy rain amidst which they landed.

“How it did rain!” exclaims our adventurous philanthropist, “and how wretched and uncomfortable everything looked as I came on deck to take my first view of ‘the Queen City of the Levant—Ismeer, the Beautiful!’ If it were possible for Smyrna to have looked ugly, it must have done so then; but no, the bay with its splendid setting of hills and mountains of every form and hue; the town, commencing literally in the sea, and reaching, with its picturesque houses, mosques, minarets, and groves of cypress, nearly to the top of the hill on which it is built, and which is crowned by a ruined castle, while a little farther down, conspicuous from all quarters with its single cypress, stands isolated and alone the grave of Polycarp;—all formed a picture which even then convinced me it had not been misnamed—‘Ismeer the Beautiful!’”

The first serious inconvenience experienced by our friend was the difficulty of procuring board and lodging, matters being conducted here as elsewhere on the part of the home-governing powers with the most delectable want of forethought and management. They might as well have dropped down from the skies; for although a rumour had reached Smyrna that a batch of lady-nurses and washerwomen were to be sent out, no official announcement of the number or the time of arrival had been made, so that no preparations for their reception existed. The only two hotels in the town were full. However, by dint of squeezing and compressing, room was found for the nurses in the Hotel d’Orient; the lady-superintendent and her husband got a chamber at the other; whilst the sixteen ladies were stowed away amongst the family of the purveyor of the Hospital, or rather amongst his wife’s family; the father receiving four, two sons other four each, and a married daughter four. It was, therefore, exceedingly desirable that a house should be procured for these ladies, and as near the Hospital as possible. One was at last found in a sufficiently habitable condition to accommodate, and near enough to the Hospital not to fatigue them by a long walk before their duties commenced. The house externally looked by a blank wall and a small wooden door upon the street; internally, upon a court, a part of which was paved with smooth stones of different colours, inlaid so as to represent flowers and fanciful designs, and a part railed off to form a garden. Around three sides of the court extended the dwelling house, consisting of bed-rooms, bath-rooms, two or three dark closets, and a dining-hall—nine rooms in all, accommodating

twenty persons. On the fourth side were the kitchen offices, and in the wall which connected them with the main building, the fountain. On entering the house a flight of two or three steps led to a paved vestibule out of which the rooms opened on either side. A novel inconvenience experienced by our ladies upon their first location in a Turkish house was, that the rooms having two sets of windows, the one looking outside upon the country and the other in upon the vestibule, they could not enjoy that privacy so dear to a Briton's heart.

The furniture and decorations were of very primitive description. Most of the rooms had divans, or the wooden framework for them, which served in the dining-hall for a side-board, and everywhere as a shelter to insects. A basin-stand, a table and chair were allotted to two; each had a separate iron-bedstead made high for the musquito curtains, and excessively *shaky*. The mattresses, pillows, and bolsters were stuffed with wool.

"The two latter," complains our heroine, "were like flint; and I was going to unpick mine and take some of the wool out, when a lady standing by frightened me by talking about 'government property,' and the impropriety of meddling with it, so I let them alone. We had coarse unbleached cotton sheets, two blankets, and a horse-cloth counterpane."—P. 28.

The Hospital stood upon the beach within five minutes' walk of the dwelling house. It was a large red-brick building, three storeys high, consisting of a main body and two short wings. On each storey, a passage or corridor extended its whole length, and from these opened chambers or wards, with windows looking, as in the dwelling house, both into the open air and into the corridor. The Hospital contained eight divisions, and to each division three physicians or surgeons were appointed, whilst two sisters, two nurses, one ward-master, and one orderly, had the charge of every ten or twelve beds. In each ward a sort of dresser had been fitted up, along which plates, knives and forks, tin mugs, a few white crockery basins, &c., were ranged.

In order to be recognized and to insure the respect of the soldiers whom they served, it was thought advisable by the organizers of this charitable company, that ladies, nurses, and washerwomen should all adopt the same costume. This costume or uniform consisted of a grey or lilac coloured dress. In addition, however, to the regular dress, the nurses wore a belt or strip of brown holland, edged with red, with "Smyrna Hospital" embroidered on it in the same colour. At first, ladies and all wore the belt, but it was eventually found necessary for the better working of the whole system, that those in a subordinate position should have some mark to distinguish them from their superintendents. The belt was consequently retained

by the former, and left off by the ladies. It is a pity that any misunderstanding should have arisen amongst those who had so nobly devoted themselves to the succour of the weak and the wounded, at the risk of their own lives, about the rank they were to occupy. Servants, nurses, and washerwomen, we are told, went out with an idea that they were to be placed on an equality with the ladies, and that because the latter had taken upon them the office of nurses, that they had forfeited the respect due to their former position. This misunderstanding, we are happy to find, was rectified in the end, and all contributed in perfect harmony to this work of charity.

The reader will doubtless be curious to know something about the occupations and the duties of the nurses. At first things were in a deplorable state. Dr. Meyer had not arrived, and the rules and regulations had not been fixed, so that each acted according to his or her individual idea of what was best to be done. There was an insufficiency of stores; neither pots nor pans, basins, jugs, nor anything in which to keep the food prepared for the men, had been provided; besides which, the kitchen utensils were altogether inadequate to the demand. At length things began to assume a little more order, and store-closets were fitted up for the lady-nurses at the end of the corridors. In these closets were shelves and drawers and a small table, and a couple of seats, so that they could sit and rest, and employ themselves at the same time, and yet be within call.

The good achieved by the Sisters, was rather of a moral than of a practical nature, though they could, if necessity required it, lend a hand to anything. Their principal duties consisted in seeing that the doctors' orders were carried out with discretion in the spirit as well as the letter—that nothing was done out of time, over-done, or neglected—in keeping systematic regularity—and above all, in exercising a moral influence over the soldiers. This influence was the greater, because the poor men could scarcely believe that ladies in an independent position of life, would feel such interest in them as to visit their sick beds so many thousand miles away from home; and when they found that such was the case, and experienced, day after day, their kind and unwearying attentions, their gratitude knew no bounds. The men were consequently very submissive, and rarely exhibited any symptoms of insubordination, however hard the restrictions imposed upon them. Only in the instance of smoking—which was forbidden in the wards—is it recorded, that disobedience occurred. The anti-smoking regulations were too much for them; they would do anything, risk anything, suffer anything, but they must smoke.

On one occasion a man had just had one of his toes taken off, under the influence of chloroform. It bled profusely; and the surgeon after binding it up, went away, giving strict injunctions not to allow the patient to move, and promising to send some medicine which he was to take immediately. The lady-nurse was called away for a few minutes to another patient, but left strict orders that M—— was not to put his foot to the ground. On her return, she was surprised to find the bed empty; and after some searching she discovered him, by the traces of blood on the stairs and corridor, sitting down in the yard, smoking his pipe with the greatest *sang froid*. She spoke to him seriously about disobeying orders, and doing himself an injury; but he was perfectly callous on the subject of his toe. She succeeded, however, on working on his feelings at having stained the corridor with blood; and he came back, saying, "Indeed, ma'am, I could not help going to have a pipe, for that was the nastiest stuff I ever got drunk on in my life," alluding to the taste of the chloroform. Sometimes the nurses could not fail being attracted to the wards, guided by their olfactory nerves, but the instant they entered, the pipe was smuggled under the bed-clothes. The excuse was generally the same: "Please, ma'am, I have the tooth-ache so bad."

A good deal of tact was necessary to deal with the various tempers and dispositions of the soldiers, so as to insure good order and peace in the wards. The restraint of sickness was not always sufficient. To illustrate this, we shall use the words of our authoress in the anecdote we are about to relate:—

"I had, in one of my wards," she writes, "an Irishman, C——, rather a *mauvais sujet*, and used to have frequent complaints made of his rudeness and quarrelsome disposition.

"One day while sitting in my 'den,' I heard C—— outside, talking, and constantly making use of violent language. I got up, saying, 'I must tell C—— to be quiet.'

"'You had better not,' said a lady, sitting by, 'you will only be answered insolently.'

"I went, however, and said very quietly, 'C——, I am sorry to hear you speak in that manner. You are the only man in the division I have ever heard swear, and I hope you will not do it again.'

"'Well, mem, I'm sure I wouldn't do nothing to offend you, for ye're a rale leddy, and a very well-natured leddy too, and I ax yer pardon; but I raly didn't know ye was in there, or I wouldn't have done it.'

"'It ought not to make any difference to you, C——, whether I was there or not; it is equally bad.'

"'Thru, for ye, mem; but faith, it's very difficult for a soldier to give up the habit of swearing, he's so used to it; but I'll try.'

"A very short time after, I heard a sound of loud voices down the

corridor, and went out to restore peace. I found C—— had been at some of his malpractices, which had provoked the second lady of my division to scold him rather sharply. He had retorted in no measured language, and I came up just in time to hear him say: "Report me, then, if ye like, and go to the divil."—P. 161.

We have, as it were to set off this, an anecdote of an Irishman's gratitude. In the next bed to that of a patient whom our authoress was attending, lay a tall red-haired sergeant. This sergeant always eyed her with what she thought a sullen look. Being unable to feed himself, the doctor gave our fair friend permission to make something palatable for him, and she made him a custard. "He let me feed him in silence," she tells us; "and I was going away confirmed in my impression of his sullenness, when a most fervent exclamation, in the richest Irish brogue, of 'God bless ye, ye're a fine woman!' arrested my attention, and on turning round, I saw the red-haired sergeant looking after me, with tears in his eyes." On a similar occasion, another patient relieved his grateful heart by exclaiming, "*You're not a 'ooman, you're a hangel!*"

In preparing little delicacies for the really sick patients, and in assiduous attentions upon the feeble, it sometimes happened that a feeling of jealousy was engendered amongst the others, who thought themselves neglected and aggrieved accordingly. Extreme circumspection had, therefore, to be exercised; and to the honour of the nurses, it should be stated, that they did impose upon themselves great restraint; and though one patient from his peculiar situation, or the character of his disposition, won their special sympathies, they endeavoured to act impartially towards all.

At one time a sectarian jealousy arose in the Hospital from the Roman Catholic priest finding some tracts issued by the "Evangelical Alliance Society," by the bed-side of one of the patients. He complained that the nurses had been trying to proselytize one of his people, and in his remonstrance to the chaplain, said: "I cannot think what these people (referring to the nurses) are, they neither belong to you nor to me; the only things I can compare them to, are a sort of spiritual Bashi-b'zouks!" On entering, patients were asked whether they were Catholics or Protestants. One man insisted on being put down a "Methodee." When informed that there was no necessity for stating what sect he belonged to, he pertinaciously said, "But I am a Methodee, and I'll be put down a Methodee." The ruling passion strong in death was exemplified in the instance of another patient, who exhibited the least possible amount of religious knowledge, but who had *money*s lodged in the hands of the purveyor. On being asked, when there was no prospect

of his recovery, to whom he wished to leave it, he mentioned his father and mother, yet seemed most unwilling to part with it. Looking up eagerly with his large sunken eyes, after a short pause, he said, "But s'posin', I don't die, they o'nt get it then, wull they? If I don't die, I wants it mysel'."

But all this while, we have forgotten to give the reader an idea of the duties performed by the lady-nurses. It must, therefore, be premised that all ladies and nurses throughout the establishment, acted under the orders of the medical superintendent, communicated by the lady-superintendent.

Chief Sister of the Division.—The duties of the chief sister of the division, consisted in taking care of the bedding, linen, dresses, utensils, &c. of the wards over which she was appointed; of visiting the rooms frequently in the course of the day to see that the regulations were strictly adhered to, and the doctors' orders carried out, and of sending for the surgeon should a sudden change take place in any of the patients. She had also to see that the meals were regularly served up, and in the just proportion; that the beds and linen were changed at the proper time; and that the most scrupulous cleanliness was everywhere enforced. The division to which she belonged, was placed under her immediate charge, as well as the superintendence of the sisters, nurses, ward-master and male attendants attached to it. It was her duty also to give in, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, to the resident medical officer, a return of the articles wanted in her division, and she was required to be in attendance from eight A.M. to five P.M.

Second Sister, simply assisted the chief sister of her division, and in case of her absence, took her place. Sometimes a portion of the patients was allotted to her, to whom she administered medicines and drinks.

Nurses.—The nurses were required to be on duty from six A.M. to half-past eight P.M., except during such intervals as were necessary for their meals; to obey the orders of the medical officer in dressing wounds, &c.; to administer drinks, medicine, &c.; to watch carefully the state of the patients, and to report progress to the chief sister in case of any unfavourable turn.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the merits of these regulations, or the efficiency with which they were carried out. Nothing that could add to the restoration of a patient, if it were attainable, was neglected. But, besides administering to their bodily wants, there was an equal necessity for occupying their minds, and thus relieving the dull monotony of their existence. Various expedients were resorted to. Sometimes the ladies would employ them in performing little offices of kindness for them, or invent occupations and amusements. Sometimes they gave one an egg

to beat, another, a lemon to squeeze, a third, rice to pick, a fourth, a tin to clean, a fifth, rules to copy, &c. &c. These of course were the convalescent.

“Many of them employed themselves in making small presents for the ladies and nurses, such as slippers and chess-boards made from pieces of their old coats; carved puzzles and ornaments, many of them very ingenious; little match-boxes, made in form of modern boots and shoes; rings made of hair, &c., while some engraved the names of the Sisters on the spoons and other articles belonging to the store-closets, which, if put down for a moment, were sure to disappear.”—P. 113.

The most fashionable employment, however, was rug-making. One described by our authoress must have been very elegant and interesting. It was made out of the coats worn at the different engagements. In the centre was a wreath of laurel of red cloth, to represent the blood-stained laurel of victory, whilst the flag of the three Christian allied nations were so arranged as to seem to uphold the flag of Turkey from falling. The crown, with the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, and the initials of the Queen and Prince Albert, ornamented the top. The name of the lady to whom the rug was given figured between the flags. Many other devices, such as bugles, cannon, shot, camp utensils, the words *Alma*, *Inkermann*, and *Balaklava*, were interwoven into it, whilst at the bottom, “Peace to the brave,” and on either side of it, “*Smyrna Hospital*,” completed the design. Her Majesty, hearing of this curious manufacture, desired to see it, and having seen it, expressed a wish to be allowed to keep it.

The intellectual wants of the soldiers were not neglected. It is true, the library was not very extensive; a portion of the chapel being screened off for the reception of such books as were sent out from England. “A great many of the books sent out were quite useless,” writes our authoress, “but we had some very suitable ones, which they read with much avidity.” “*Chambers’s Miscellany*,” was in great request; also, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Home Friend*, the *Family Herald*, *Lives of Lord Nelson* and the *Duke of Wellington*, *Carleton’s Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, and above all, “*Brave Words for Brave Soldiers and Sailors*.” A convalescent patient acted as librarian under the direction of the chaplain, kept account of the books given out to each division, and exchanged them for those which had been in other wards. The “*Mosque Ward*,” one of the prettiest in the building, was allotted to invalided sergeants, who took a pride in keeping it neat and tidy. They also cut up the *Illustrated London News*, mounted the pictures on

blue paper, and hung them thus framed around the walls of the room; the one occupying the most prominent place, being the Queen presenting the medals to the Crimean soldiers.

"Writing verses," we are told, "used to be a favourite amusement among many of them (the patients). I subjoin some verses written by a man, F——, a patient of Dr. Wood's, who had a very bad pulmonary complaint, which, it was thought, would prevent his ever seeing again the bright green fields of Old England. But F—— had brighter prospects in view, and looked for a better country, even a heavenly! He did live to reach home; but whether alive now or not, I cannot tell. During his stay in hospital he wrote out for himself a selection of texts from Scripture, making them into a little book, which he called 'Daily Food;' and he evidenced by his conduct and temper that he did live by the Word of God,—

" 'Jesus, Thou precious bleeding Lamb!

To Thy dear side I come;
For in Thy blessed Word I find
That Thou wilt cast out none.

" 'Oh, that my heart was filled with love

To love Thy blessed name!
And see Thee with an eye of faith—
That loving body slain.

" 'Help me to feed on Thy dear Word

With true and loving faith,
That I may love Thee better, Lord,
And see Thy smiling face.

" 'Oh, melt my heart to glowing love,

And draw my soul to Thee!
That I may look to Thee above,
And in Thy death to Calvary!'"

When the men had sufficiently recovered to leave for the Crimea, or were reported so invalided as to be sent home, the separation from their nurses was very painful. Many a poor fellow who, just strong enough to move about, was ordered to join his regiment, looked wistfully back upon the good treatment he had received, and fancied health scarcely a blessing with the loss of so much kind attention. Others again, homesick, longed to be with their families and friends in England. Not a few, however, looked forward even on their bed of sickness to the time when they should be on the battle-field again, fighting by the side of their comrades, and winning with them other Almas, other Inkermans, and other Balaklavas.

" Might I march through life again,

In spite of every ill,
To the end of life's campaign
I would be a soldier still,"—

is the burthen of a poem frequently repeated by other of the Hospital-patients.

As we have before said, the experiences of our Anglo-Samaritan were not confined to the Hospital. When her duties were less arduous and pressing, she contrived to visit the bazaars, accept invitations to weddings and other domestic festivals, and to collect much curious information from the ladies of Smyrna. Occasionally she ventured to join a party and make an excursion into the country; but the state of the country did not allow of many such excursions, brigandage being the order of the day as well as of the night.

We have an amusing account of the seizure of a physician which we are tempted to give as complete as the limits of our space will permit us. It not only is amusing in itself, but it will enable our readers to judge for themselves of the manner in which our fair authoress tells her own stories:—

“On the evening of Sunday, the 10th of June, we were put into a dreadful state of excitement by the tidings of the capture of Dr. M’Raith, one of the resident medical men of Smyrna, by a party of Greek brigands, of whom rumours had been afloat some time. . . . The news was not long in reaching Smyrna, and almost all the gentlemen of our party were quickly in the saddle, some on donkeys, others on horseback, eager to rescue poor Dr. M’Raith, and perhaps hardly less so to encounter and capture the robbers. General Storks immediately ordered out all his available men and headed them. The Pasha sent out Almed Bey and the Turkish police force; in fact everything that could be done was done. . . . The pursuit lasted all night, and in spite, as it afterwards appeared, of their being several times close upon the robbers’ track, they could see no traces of them or their victims, and returned home fatigued and disheartened.

“Great sympathy was felt for poor Mrs. M’Raith, who had five young children, and was not in circumstances to pay the large ransom they would probably demand, even if his life were spared. He was, moreover, by no means a strong person, and was not at all unlikely to sink under the fatigues of perpetually moving from fastness to fastness in the mountains, as they seldom remain more than twelve hours in a place in order to elude pursuit, and generally moved at night, resting during the heat of the sun in some of their numerous hiding-places.

“The following day, one by one, the other persons who had been carried away, returned, having been dropped at different places and at considerable distances from each other, in order to prevent their being able to give a clue to the robbers’ route soon enough to be of any use. One was re-conducted almost to the town, and found on the top of Mount Pagus, bound in a small tower, apparently one of the outposts of the Genoese Fort. None of these seemed to be able to give a very accurate account of things. They were carried

away, had had a very rough involuntary ride, and some of them a forced march back again. This was all they could tell, except that Dr. M'Raith was alive, still in the hands of the robbers, and had been struck across the head and wounded.

"This was terrible news for poor Mrs. M'Raith; but the same evening she had a note from her husband, saying, 'he was well with the exception of a bruise, but was dreadfully fatigued; and unless a ransom of £400 could be paid, he could not survive the life he was leading.'

"General Storks did not think it right at once to agree to the ransom. It was a very bad precedent, and once given in to, it would subject the whole staff to endless trouble and danger during their stay. It was much wished to crush the system at once at whatever cost. . . . The hunt still went on; and the second day the Turkish police came in sight of them; and though they were a considerably stronger force than the robbers, I am sorry to record that, upon being fired at, and seeing one or two of their number fall, they threw down their arms, and ran away; upon which a second messenger was sent to say: 'If we wanted to capture them, we had better send out men, and not faint-hearted women.' It was now thought advisable, Mrs. M'Raith being seriously ill, and all things taken into consideration, to give the ransom, the Pasha engaging to refund it, and not to slacken his endeavours to put down the rebels. The sum was accordingly sent by a shepherd, who had been made their emissary; but no one was there to receive it. As the pursuit did not slacken, they were probably afraid to approach in case of a surprise. Finally, however, the ransom reached its destination, and Dr. M'Raith was restored to his family, completely worn out with fatigue, on the Monday week after his seizure, unhurt, with the exception of the blow on the head which I have mentioned, the effects of which were apparent for a long time. This blow, it appears, was rather the effect of accident than design."—P. 140—147.

It is not our intention to be critical on the style of our humane authoress. We are indebted to the pages of her interesting book for more than we can even possibly allude to. The scenes and sketches, the anecdotes and incidents we have already given, must convince the reader how much there remains behind of what is really amusing.

Brief Notices.

The Geographical Word-Expositor. By Edwin Adams, T.C.B.
Longman and Co.

A most useful little addition to the Educational Library. Although professing to be "for the use of pupil-teachers and the upper classes

in school," it has a much more general claim. Not only newspaper readers, but not a few bookmen are ignorant of the derivation of numerous geographical words which are constantly falling in their way, and of which the etymology is a key to a world of interesting information. The size and price are such as to make this little volume accessible, as it is sure to be welcome, to the humblest library.

Systematic Theology. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Edited by J. R. Campbell, M.A. Vol. I. Adam and Charles Black. Edinburgh: 1856.

THE friends of Dr. Wardlaw, and the religious world generally, will be pleased to hear that his lectures on Systematic Theology are in the course of publication, and that the first volume is now out. We purpose, in a future number, to review it at length, but we cannot delay calling the attention of our readers to it. The volume begins with several introductory lectures, one of which is on the benefit of education for the Christian ministry; and another, on the use and abuse of systems of theology. The doctrine of the divine existence is the next theme, in the discussion of which, reference is made to the arguments *à priori* and *à posteriori*, the doctrine of cause and effect, the question of final causes, and various systems of atheism and cosmogony. The evidences of Christianity are afterwards investigated, and the volume closes with lectures on the perfections of God. Our readers will perceive that the volume treats of a variety of most important and interesting topics. Although written for students, it is adapted to the capacity of every Christian of ordinary intelligence; is composed in an attractive style, and will have, we doubt not, a large circulation.

The Christian System; or, Teachings of the New Testament. By Banks Ferrand. London: Longman, Brown, and Co. Pp. 511.

THE nature of this work is indicated by the writer in his own words when he says, "I resolved, by the help of God, to search out the whole teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ and his ministers, as they stand recorded in the New Testament; and to place them in order for my own instruction, and for the enlightenment of my fellow-men." It is in fact a body of divinity formed out of the New Testament, beginning with the recognized truths of the being and perfections of God, and ending with the establishment of the Christian church, and the duties we owe to God and to each other. The work contains an abundance of matter, statements, and proofs on almost all points of Christian doctrine,—exhibiting what are commonly considered as Evangelical views of divine truth. Without going through the whole volume, for which we have not space, we must take the liberty of pointing out one leading error embodied in these pages, relating to the person of Christ. The author's views on the subject

are what used to be called High Arianism. He maintains that God is one person; that Christ is above every creature, but not God; and that the Holy Spirit is simply the divine power. A few extracts will justify our statement. "This passage (Mark xiii. 32) is worthy of remark, as showing the relative gradation of spiritual beings; man the lowest, then angels, then Jesus Christ, and God above all." (P. 30.) "Christ furnishes so many proofs that he is not God, that this testimony (the testimony of Thomas) cannot be viewed as of any importance." (P. 39.) And, after quoting the words of the Apostle, "Christ, who is over all God, blessed for evermore," he proposes a different translation, and adds, as the reason for so doing, "To call Christ God would be inconsistent with our Lord's own testimony." (P. 40.) "When John says, 'the Word was God,' he implies that Christ was clothed with the wisdom and power of God, and that he was made deputy-God, and acted instead of God, and so was infinitely higher than any angelic being." (P. 42.) We need not quote more; these passages will sufficiently show the sentiments of the writer on the all-important subject of the person of Christ. The error of our author arises from not distinguishing between the official capacity of Christ in the economy of redemption, and his own independent personal character. In the one he is subordinate and inferior to the Father, as he himself declares a hundred times; but in the other he is equal with the Father. An official inferiority does not suppose a personal inferiority. In the first sense, an ambassador is inferior to the king who appoints him, but he is not so in the last; in that respect, he may be equal, and even superior, as is often the case. The passages, therefore, which our author cites are not to the point. Mr. Ferrand should remember, that while one class of texts affirms Christ's inferiority, another class distinctly affirms his equality to the Father. Our theory, relative to the distinction of what is official and what is personal, reconciles them together; while our author is compelled to deny the latter class, and in doing so he puts a gloss on the words of Scripture which they will not bear.

A Memoir of Elizabeth Fry. By her Daughter, Mrs. Frances Cresswell. Abridged from a larger Memoir, with Alterations and Additions. Pp. 584. London: Piper, Stephenson, and Spence.

We have not had an opportunity of comparing this abridgment with the original work, but of the desirableness of such a publication there can be no doubt, since it will make numbers acquainted with the character and labours of this excellent Christian and philanthropist, to whom they would have been otherwise almost unknown. In the preface Mrs. Cresswell states that "much is omitted that found a place in the former edition, especially lengthy extracts from her journal and letters, interesting as marking the minute development of her mind, but abounding in repetition, and little suited for the general reader. Many details especially relating to her foreign journeys, not in the first edition, but which found a place in the second, are retained here; and the whole is

prepared with the endeavour to allure and interest those who might be appalled by a more lengthy and strictly religious biography." All this appears to us highly judicious, and we cordially wish that the volume may meet with an extensive circulation.

The Beauties of the Bible. In Ten Lectures. By William Leask. Second Edition. London: Partridge and Co. 1856.

THIS is a book admirably adapted to the need of the times. The lectures were delivered in a public hall at Kennington, and published at the request of the audience, conveyed by resolution at the close of the course. The first requisite for successful speaking or writing—sympathy with the subject, Mr. Leask possesses in a very high degree; he stands in the right mental attitude for discovering the beauties of the Bible, while his talents and acquirements fit him well for pointing them out to others. The lectures treat respectively of the structure, poetry, dreams, biography, morality, parables, predictions, miracles, design, and destiny of the Bible. These topics are very ably discussed, and several of them give scope for powerful and conclusive reasoning, which will receive attention from those whose reverence for truth compels them at her call to step aside from any line of thought, however long and fondly followed. In the compass of this small volume the Bible is not only triumphantly vindicated from aspersion, but its claims on the love and earnest attention of its readers are set forth in a manner equally simple, dignified, and forcible. Mr. Leask has produced a volume which cannot fail to have a beneficial effect as wide as its circulation may be. Though by no means exclusively suited to the young, it will, by the charms of its animated and eloquent style, captivate many who have as yet been little in the habit of searching out and enjoying the beauties of the Bible. One of the strongest impressions we have received from the book is that of the happiness the author evidently finds in the study of the Scriptures. We have met with similar instances in other individuals, making good the inspired testimony to the blessedness of the man who meditates in the law of the Lord day and night. We congratulate Mr. Leask on the honourable position he holds as a preacher, a public journalist, and an author, in which last-mentioned capacity the work before us amply sustains his reputation.

A Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By Charles Hodge, D.D., Professor at Princeton, New Jersey. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1856.

ALTHOUGH we must not be understood as subscribing to every statement in this commentary, we hail its appearance as a token for good. The name of Dr. Hodge of Princeton is, no doubt, known to most of our clerical readers as that of one of the ablest Calvinistic American divines. The commentary on the deeply interesting and important

Epistle to the Ephesians fully sustains the reputation of its author. The critical portion is thorough and concise; the expository satisfactory and reliable; and the whole gives promise of permanent and general usefulness. There are neither useless rhetorical figures, theological platitudes, needless digressions, nor uncertainties about this commentary. We warmly recommend it to our clerical readers for their private studies and public teaching, while its conciseness and cheapness will no doubt make it also a welcome addition to the library of students and classically educated bible-readers in general. We need scarcely add that the exposition is thoroughly Calvinistic. As we place this neat and excellent little volume in our library by the side of Dr. Hodge's "Commentary on the Romans," we feel that it is a suitable sequel to it, and only hope that such contributions to our exegetical literature may be multiplied.

Bacon's Essays: a Lecture by Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. *The Jews*: a Lecture by Rev. C. M. Fleury. *Missionary Work—who is to do it?* a Lecture by Rev. W. P. Walsh. *The Wisdom of God in the Salvation of Man*: a Lecture by Rev. J. G. Manly. Dublin. 1855.

THESE four lectures were delivered in Dublin last winter before the Young Men's Christian Association. Dr. Whately's on "Bacon's Essays," consists chiefly of extracts from the preface and annotations to the admirable edition of the essays which he has recently published. Good, sensible thinking, deeper a great deal than it looks at first sight, characterizes everything bearing the archbishop's name. We wish we could say as much for Mr. Fleury. This good man told the young men of Dublin that since the distribution of the nations that took place soon after the Flood, and which is narrated in the tenth chapter of Genesis, they have continued to occupy nearly the same ground, and have undergone no change of situation of any importance. And according to his philosophy of history, the whole course of God's providence has been controlled from the beginning and must still be controlled by the necessities of the children of Abraham. He finds the Jew rather than Christ in the heart of the world's history. The other two lectures contain a great deal of noble and eloquent writing, and must have told powerfully, we should think, upon Dublin audiences.

Review of the Month.

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES HAVE AGAIN OCCUPIED PUBLIC ATTENTION. On the 30th of June, Mr. Moore, in the House of Commons moved the following resolution: "That the conduct of Her Majesty's government, in the differences that have arisen between them and the government of the United States, on the question of

enlistment, has not entitled them to the approbation of this House." The chief object of Mr. Moore appeared to be to disparage the character and conduct of Lord Clarendon, and the obviousness of his design, coupled with the acerbity of temper with which it was carried out, greatly weakened the force of his attack upon the policy of the Government. In reply, it was clearly shown by Sir George Grey, that the enlistment proceedings in the United States had originated in the offers of persons resident there—British subjects and foreigners—to enter Her Majesty's service, and Mr. Crampton communicated to the American Government this fact; but, although every precaution was taken by him to prevent any violation of the municipal law of the United States, it did appear that persons had engaged in the transaction, professing to act with an authority they had never received, and whose proceedings were calculated to compromise our friendly relations with the United States. Her Majesty's Government put an end to the scheme, and offered an ample apology to the Government of the United States for these unauthorized acts, which it was concluded, apparently by Mr. Buchanan himself, would have been deemed satisfactory and terminated the affair. The debate was adjourned. The case was shown by the Attorney-General to be a perfectly clear one. There is in the United States no constitutional obstacle against joining a foreign service, but every encouragement is given to it, so that it be done without compromising the territory of the United States. The truth appears to be that the conduct of the government of the United States was determined by electioneering motives, dependent on the near approach of the period at which the President is chosen. The House of Commons wisely refused to reopen the quarrel which had been peacefully settled by diplomacy, and rejected the motion by the large majority of 274 against 80. The impartial verdict of history will probably condemn our Transatlantic brethren on the charge of an undignified, and perhaps an unprincipled petulance, but we have no fears as to that verdict in reference to ourselves. Posterity will see that we have sacrificed a natural inclination to retaliate, to that wider and more philanthropic policy which recognizes the union of the Anglo-Saxon race, holding a pure Christian faith, as the link on which is suspended the peace and welfare of the civilized world.

THE CLOSE OF THE RUSSIAN WAR HAS NOW RECEIVED ITS FINAL CELEBRATION. Our soldiers have returned from the scenes of their sufferings and their triumphs; and the Guards, on their entry into London, have experienced a reception to which history probably affords no parallel. They have been welcomed home by their sovereign in person, and by so vast a multitude as made miles of London almost impassable, and Hyde Park too small to allow even a small fraction of the assembled public an opportunity of observing the Guards as they carried their tattered colours before the eyes of the Queen. Their officers have been received with equal distinction. General Williams has been made a baronet, with the memorable name of "Kars" introduced into his title, and has subsequently been returned to the House of Commons for the Marquis of Lansdowne's

borough of Calne. He, as well as his comrade, Sir Colin Campbell, has been fêted to satiety both by military and civil bodies, and nothing has been wanting on the part of the British people to testify their gratitude to the army which has served its country so well, and under such disgraceful disadvantages and privations. Meanwhile the Chelsea Commission has published its Report, in the face of all the notorious mismanagement, both at home and abroad, which has destroyed the flower of our army, and brought disgrace upon the military reputation of the country. That Commission has exculpated all the responsible parties, and even added commendation to their acquittal. A more monstrous farce was never enacted. The most palpable facts are ignored; personal animosities of chiefs, which, in accordance with the ancient maxim, "*Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*," have produced unnumbered woes to our brave soldiers, have been hushed in misrepresentation, but certainly not in oblivion. Great injustice appears to us to have been done to the commissioners appointed to the unthankful task of investigating the causes of our miscarriages in the Crimea; and an attempt has been made to bolster up a system which, if the British people possess the spirit for which we give them credit, is doomed to an inevitable and speedy destruction. How far this result may be promoted by the recent appointment of the Duke of Cambridge to the post of Commander-in-chief in the place of Lord Hardinge, who has resigned that office on the ground of age and ill-health, remains to be seen. One thing, however, is certain; the British people have been taught a lesson as to the general management of their military affairs, with respect both to promotion and to administrative regulation, which it is impossible they should ever forget.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION CONSTITUTE, IN OUR OPINION, THE MOST PROMISING REFORMATORY MOVEMENT OF THE AGE. We have repeatedly drawn the attention of our readers to this important subject, and the aspect which it has now assumed, is such as demands the most vigilant attention of the British public. It will be remembered that Lord Goderich during the present session, moved and carried against the government, an address to Her Majesty congratulating her on the results effected under the operations of the Commission, and recommending a system of open competitive examination for all appointments in the Civil Service of the Crown. There appears, however, to have been some informality in this proceeding which destroyed its effect, and on the 9th of July, his lordship moved that the House of Commons do resolve itself into committee upon the Civil Service. He was induced to withdraw his motion by a declaration from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the following purport: "Since the discussion upon the resolution of the House, a considerable number of examinations and appointments had taken place, and the practical result of the system up to the present time had been that two persons had succeeded in obtaining certificates where one failed. Lord Goderich proposed to carry the system of open competition still further, so that, whenever a vacancy occurred in a public office, any person might offer himself

as a candidate ; the plan at present being, in the superior departments of the government, that, whenever a vacancy occurred, candidates were selected by the head of the department, and subjected to competitive examination. The House, he thought, would see that this system offered securities for good appointments, it being the interest of heads of departments to obtain the most efficient subordinates. With respect to the Secretary to the Treasury, he, not being the head of the department for which the nominations were made, had not to the same extent that interest, and that class of appointments required some additional security. Having consulted the Civil Service Commissioners, he could state that the result of their experience was that examination by competition, where the number was not too large, produced, on the whole, more satisfactory results than any other mode, and it favoured the gradual extension of the principle of appointments by competitive examination." We cannot conceal our regret that Lord Goderich expressed his satisfaction at this declaration on the part of the government. It is fair to presume that the persons appointed to the Civil Service, prior to the system of examination under the Commission, were not superior to those who were presented for that examination. Large numbers of the latter were rejected on the ground of their ignorance of the commonest elements of scholastic knowledge ; and it is this circumstance, in a great measure, which has made administrative reform a question of the day. Now with all respect to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and to the government of which he is a member, we cannot feel any confidence in entrusting this all-important matter to their hands. Their temptations are insuperable by ordinary integrity. The parliamentary majority, which is the pedestal of their power, rests, or rather rocks on patronage, and Mr. Hayter, the Secretary of the Treasury, stops the way. But against this advantage to the existing ministry, stands the entire interest of the people. How much more efficiently would the public service be performed if its officers were appointed solely by recognized merit ; and if all promotions as well as all appointments were regulated by the same principle ? Above all, how would the standard of popular education be raised, if every youth who aspires to proficiency, in whatever department, should know that the highest departments of the public service are open to his ambition ? We exhort the constituencies of this country to keep this great subject in view at the approaching election. It is not a question of party, but of vital public interest ; and every well-wisher to his country, should take a conscientious care to record his vote only in favour of that candidate who will pledge himself to support a scheme of public competition for every clerkship in the Civil Service of the Crown.

SPAIN HAS AGAIN BEEN THE THEATRE OF A SANGUINARY REVOLUTION.—The last, which occurred just two years ago, gave hopes of constitutional liberty to that wretched country, so long the victim of monarchical and sacerdotal despotism. But Espartero, on whom those hopes chiefly rested, is a forgiving, single-minded, and unsuspecting man ; and, while his treacherous mistress was plotting his

overthrow, he turned a deaf ear to the warnings he received, and calmly pursued his patriotic career. At length, the "situation" was ripe for the catastrophe. An adequate military force had been gradually collected around the capital, and when all was in readiness, the treacherous Queen got up a frivolous quarrel for the purpose of precipitating a ministerial crisis, dismissed Espartero, and placed the seals of first minister in the hands of "the resolute and merciless O'Donnell." The result of this unexpected *coup d'état* has been thus briefly described: "The National Guard and people of Madrid flew to arms. Troops and artillery were poured into the city, and there ensued for many hours a fierce struggle between the troops of the line and the National Guard. This state of things could not last. The National Guard, deserted, as they say, by their leaders, and overpowered by the superior discipline and arms of their assailants, gave up the contest, and submitted to be disarmed. A few of the more determined, under the guidance of Pucheta, the bull-fighter, fought to extremity, and perished either by cannon shot or the bayonets of the soldiers. Little mercy seems to have been sought or given on either side, and the killed are estimated at not less than a thousand. Feeble insurrections of a similar character in different parts of the country have been easily suppressed, and the Queen and O'Donnell may now be said to have trampled out the last spark of constitutional liberty in Spain." No one can believe that this infamous plot is destined to permanent success. Spain will indeed bide its time; but surely the hour must come, and perhaps is not distant, when not only she, but the other Continental states that are groaning under the infliction of tyrants, will exact a terrible retribution, and work out, perhaps simultaneously, their own political regeneration. A suspicion has been more than once whispered in some public organs of the complicity of the French Emperor in these movements, and it has even been said that "the plot was hatched at the Tuileries." On the 24th, a question was put to Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, as to what steps the Government were prepared to take to prevent the armed interference of France in the affairs of Spain. To this he returned the following reply: "I apprehend that there is at present nothing in regard to the affairs of Spain which could lead to any interference on the part of the French Government with those affairs. The Emperor of the French is a man of great justice, and would, I think in any case, feel that foreign interference with the affairs of the Spanish nation, except under circumstances which we cannot foresee, would be unjust. He is also a man of great sagacity, and the lessons of the past teach that those sovereigns of France who have been led to interfere in the affairs of Spain have always, sooner or later, found that interference more or less disastrous to themselves. There can be no reason for apprehending that there is on the part of the French government any intention to interfere in Spain." Since this declaration, however, we have news of the concentration of large bodies of French troops on the Spanish frontier, and of a naval movement in the same direction.

THE APPELLATE JURISDICTION BILL AFTER HAVING ENCOUNTERED THE OPPOSITION OF THE ABLEST OF THE PEERS WAS DISCUSSED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE 10TH. The debate was taken on the motion for going into committee. The proceedings in the House of Lords, when sitting, as by a fiction they are said to sit, as the highest judicial court in the realm, has long been most unsatisfactory; and since the two ex-chancellors, Lords Brougham and St. Leonards have been laid aside by indisposition, the appeals have simply been from Lord Cranworth in the Court of Chancery to Lord Cranworth, in the House of Lords, while a couple of lay lords may be seen sitting at a distance, amusing as best they may those dreary hours in which they hear nothing of the proceedings, and could not understand them if they did. Such a mockery of a court of ultimate appeal has found some advocates of things as they are, bold enough to defend it in both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Raikes Currie, however, the member for Northampton moved that the bill be referred to a select committee. A principal argument urged against it was, that it involved the appointment of two more great salaried officers in the House of Lords; but whether these were to exercise their function in that House during the recess, whether they were to be taken from the bench or the profession at large, and what should be the amount of their salaries, were points left to be decided by the committee. It has been generally understood that one motive entertained by its promoters was the elevation of Sir Frederic Thesiger from the Lower House. The House of Commons decided by a majority of 155 to 133, that the bill should be referred to a select committee, in other words that it should be rejected. The measure was supported by one of those anomalous coalitions to which our recent parliamentary history has accustomed us. The *Times* thus concisely sums up its demerits: "It entirely failed in providing a remedy for that which is a great and acknowledged evil—viz., the want of a suitable court of last appeal to conclude litigation in civil matters. It defined and narrowed the prerogative of the Crown where the usage of ages had left the prerogative broad and undefined. At the same time that it did this, it introduced innovations far more startling than the one against which it was mainly directed. We have far from exhausted the objections to this most unwise and unconstitutional bill, for surely nothing could be more at variance with the practice of Parliament than that one House of the Legislature should continue to hold an abnormal and irregular session at the same time that the other House was relieved from the duty of attendance, and the Crown was debarred from all interference. This provision for the continuous session of the House of Lords in its judicial capacity at the same time that its legislative functions were suspended, was either ridiculous or open to the very gravest suspicion. If nothing more was intended than the formation of a Court of Appeal disjoined from the ordinary operations of the House of Lords, then the obvious course, to avoid confusion, was to have a House of Lords and a Court of Appeal of an entirely independent character. If, on the other hand, the new Court was to remain clothed, in some mys-

terious and undefinable manner, with the privileges and majesty of a legislative body, the very gravest evils might have resulted from a course so diametrically opposed to the principles of the constitution, as that one branch of the legislature should remain in permanent session while the functions of the two others remained in suspense."

THE PROPOSAL FOR RETIRING PENSIONS TO THE BISHOPS OF LONDON AND DURHAM HAS CAUSED GREAT EXCITEMENT IN BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Both these prelates have for a long time past been laid aside by infirmity, and utterly incapable of any public duty. They have occupied for many years the two richest dioceses in Great Britain, and the amount which they have both received, over and above the salaries allotted to them by Government, has been absolutely enormous. With respect to the Bishop of London, it has been proverbial for years that no one but himself can form even an approximate estimate of the income which he has enjoyed. The financial history of the Paddington estate is involved in a mystery which will, perhaps, never be cleared up. A partisan of this prelate, in the House of Lords, has declared that his lordship has spent the bulk of his income for church purposes,—a statement which may well be commended to the clergy and the country at large, as a notable test of their episcopal faith. One argument in favour of the amount of retiring pension for which he stipulates, is the necessity of his providing an immense sum for the payment of his premiums on life insurance. His modest request in intimating to the Premier his desire to relinquish those functions, which he is consciously unable to perform, is a retiring pension of £6,000 a-year, and the palace of Fulham to boot. And now, as to the Bishop of Durham. His income, as allotted by Government, is £8,000 a-year; but a return, moved for by Sir Benjamin Hall, indicates the amounts received by his lordship during the last thirty years, and these are probably only an approximation to the sums actually received. In two years we find them amounting respectively to £26,000; in a third, to £31,794; in a fourth, to £32,867; in a fifth, to £34,513; and in a sixth, to £34,677. This right reverend father stipulates for the small retiring pension of £4,500! The Bill introduced by Government, founded upon these claims, has been resisted upon two grounds. The first, that it introduces an innovation which involves a dangerous precedent, and the second, that it is tainted with the ecclesiastical sin of simony. With respect to the second of these, it is difficult to imagine our senators urging their argument with a grave countenance when they know that advowsons are publicly sold every week, at Garraway's, to the highest bidder. The traffic in the cure of souls is as open and notorious as the operations on the Stock Exchange, and surely no legal fictions can remove such transactions from the category of the sin of simony. But the former objection opens a wider question. If bishops, having received hundreds of thousands of pounds of the public money, are to be allowed to retire on ample pensions, why are those who are technically called the inferior clergy to be denied a similar privilege? If the episcopal Dives, with his splendid palace and his enormous revenues, is to be paid a rich

income for doing nothing, what arrangement ought to be made, *à fortiori*, for the half-starved and incapacitated curate. The one can provide for his sons and, we know, his daughters too, with rich livings. The other cannot afford to send his children to school. The one insures his life for £50,000; the other cannot spare from his hardly-earned pittance an insurance which will pay his funeral expenses. If the Legislature is to interfere with the sustentation of a Christian minister, which of the two classes should receive the first consideration? "Why," said Sydney Smith, himself a clerical dignitary, "must the Church of England be only a collection of beggars and bishops; the Right Reverend Dives in the palace, and Lazarus, in orders, at his gates, doctored by dogs, and comforted with crumbs?" The Bill has passed both Houses to the ineffable disgrace of the government, the church, and the legislature.

FROM THE "PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR" we select the following as the principal publications of the month: Fulcher's "Life of Gainsborough," fcp.; Etheridge's "Jerusalem and Tiberias," 12mo.; "The Sketcher," by the Rev. J. Eagles; Wilson's "Lost Solar System," 2 vols. 8vo.; Dobell's volume of Poetry, called "England in the Time of War;" Sir David Brewster's Work on the Stereoscope, post 8vo.; Sir George Cathcart's "Correspondence on the War in Kaffraria," 8vo.; Alridge's "First Trip to the German Spas and Vichy," fcp.; Jacob's "Rifle Practice;" Hooker's "Flora of New Zealand," in 2 vols. royal 4to. with 121 plates; "A Geography and Natural History of the Country, Colonies, and Inhabitants of Southern Africa," by the Rev. Francis Fleming, author of "Kaffraria;" "The Young Lord," by Lady Ponsonby, in 2 vols.; Laird's "The Glass and its Victims," post 8vo.; a volume of Lectures to the Church of England Young Men's Society; Baillie's "Heavenly Life," 12mo.; White's "Christian Biography," 12mo.; the Second Volume of Newland's "Seasons;" Neale's "Mediæval Preacher;" "Letters of a French Pastor from the Seat of War," fcp.; Lord Lyttelton on the "Gospels and Acts of the Apostles;" "Tholuck on the Psalms," by Mombert, royal 8vo.; "Clerk's Manual of Book-keeping;" "Elementary Arithmetic," by Sang; and the Addresses of Sir Richard Airey before the Board of Inquiry at Chelsea. New editions have also appeared, amongst others, of Johnston's folio "Physical Atlas;" greatly enlarged; Conybeare's "St. Paul;" Timbs's "Things Not Generally Known;" Bazley's "Drama of Life;" Myers's "Lectures on Great Men;" Murray's "Handbook of Italy," Part 2—"Rome; and of Portugal;" Randall's "Scripture Outlines;" Mackay's "Salamandrine;" Lund's "Short and Easy Course of Algebra." To the *répertoire* of cheap literature have been added editions of "Arthur O'Leary;" Miss Edgeworth's "Vivian;" Hook's "Jack Brag;" Grant's "Harry Ogilvy;" and St. John's "Levantine Family."

Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, states in a letter to a contemporary, that the volume of "Calendars of State Papers" which is to appear under his superintendence, will be ready for publication about the 1st of November next. Mr. Murray is preparing for publication

a new edition of "Boswell's Johnson," with Mr. Croker's final corrections and additions; and another equally interesting reprint is in preparation by Mr. Bentley, namely a complete edition of "Horace Walpole's Letters," newly edited. The general announcements of works in preparation are few: Col. Lake's "Captivity in Russia," for the 26th; "It is Never Too Late to Mend," a Tale, by Charles Reade, author of "Christie Johnstone;" "Paris and London," by Mrs. Trollope, in 3 vols.; "The Oxonian in Norway," by the Rev. F. Metcalfe; "Art and Nature at Home and Abroad," by G. W. Thornbury; a volume of "Edinburgh Essays,"—in emulation, we presume, of those which have emanated from the English Universities; "Readings in English History," by Richard Bithell; "A Social History of the People of the Southern Counties of England in Past Centuries," by G. Roberts; the Third and concluding Volume of the "Annals of England," epitomized from contemporary writers; "Ferny Combs, a Ramble after Ferns in the Valleys and Glens of Devonshire," by Charlotte Chanter; Murray's "Hand-book of Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset;" "A Descriptive Dictionary of the Indian Islands," by John Crawfurd, F.R.S.; the First Volume of the Essays of Professor Wilson, in continuation of his Works; "The Book of the Aquarium," by Shirley Hibberd; and "An Account of the Important and Rapidly Progressing Colony of Hong Kong," by Sir John Bowring.

Books Received.

- Barth (Rev. Dr.). Benoni; or, the Triumph of Christianity over Judaism. Pp. 140. Wertheim & Macintosh.
- British Quarterly Review. No. XLVII. Jackson & Walford.
- Burton (Richard F.). First Footsteps in East Africa. Pp. 648. Longmans & Co.
- Cairns (Rev. Jno., A.M.). The Scottish Philosophy: a Vindication and a Reply. Pp. 26. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.
- Challener (T.). Complete Catechism of the Descriptive Geography of England. Pp. 150. Longmans & Co.
- Clark (W.). Series of Tracts on Scriptural Subjects. Pp. 46. Glasgow: G. Gallie.
- Claud Wilford: a Romance. Pp. 352. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
- Collis (Rev. Jno. Day, M.A.). Praxis Græca. Part II.—Syntax. Pp. 277. Longmans & Co.
- Cottage Homes: a Book for Mothers. Pp. 31. Jarrold & Sons.
- Cumming (Rev. Dr.). The Church: a Sermon preached in behalf of the Society for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.
- Davies (Rev. Edwin). Glimpses of our Heavenly Home; or, the Destinies of the Glorified. Pp. 272. Ward & Co.
- Davis (Rev. C. H., M.A.). Prayer-book Difficulties Explained. Pp. 76. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.
- Dobell (Sydney). England in the Time of War. Pp. 200. Smith, Elder, & Co. |
- Dove (Patrick Edward). Logic of the Christian Faith. Pp. 426. Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter.
- Educator (The). Quarterly Journal of the Congregational Board of Education. No. X. Ward & Co.
- Espousals (The). Pp. 182. John W. Parker & Son.

- Etheridge (J. W., M.A.). *Jerusalem and Tiberias; Sora and Cordova: a Survey of the Religious and Scholastic Learning of the Jews.* Pp. 507. Longmans.
- Faith in God as to Temporal Things: an Account of the Rise and Progress of the New Orphan House, Ashley Down, Bristol. Pp. 175. Houlston & Stoneman.
- Forbes (Sir John). *Sight-Seeing in Germany and the Tyrol in the Autumn of 1855.* Pp. 370. Smith, Elder, & Co.
- Frazer's Magazine for July. John W. Parker & Son.
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STUDIES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, ANCIENT & MODERN.—No. II.

ART. I.—*Victor Cousin. Etudes sur les Femmes Illustres et la Société du XVII. Siècle.* 8vo. Paris. 1853, 1854, and 1856.

THERE is something which calls for more than a passing notice in the return of the eminent philosophers, whom Louis Philippe had enlisted in the service of his anomalous policy, to the pursuits of their early years, when the more active theatre of their middle life had been finally, and it would seem for ever, closed to them. It is strange to find such men as MM. Guizot, de Villemain, Salvandy, de Barante, de Broglie, de Montalembert, de Tocqueville, de Rémusat, de Carné, and Cousin, resuming, in their later days, the studies which first brought them into notice; and still more interesting even than strange must it be to trace the modifications produced upon their minds by the possession of power, and the deep insight into human motives they must have acquired during the long period of the apparent triumph of the system they served. The experiment has been tried of governing that great nation, France, by the most eminent of its philosophers, and to the superficial observer, it may seem to have failed. Now the philosophers have returned to the pursuits they, perhaps, ought never to have abandoned, and as the heat of the struggle has passed away, so far as they are concerned, it might afford the subject for a profound investigation, were any one to trace the history of these men and of their influence upon the course of events in Europe—to compare their conduct in power with the doctrines they advocated both before they attained it, and after it

had fallen from their grasp. We believe that the reputation of the eminent French statesmen and philosophers we have named, would gain greatly by such an inquiry; for it is our conviction that they have proved themselves consistent and conscientious advocates of the ideas they adopted. However society in general may differ from such men upon political questions, they must always command its respect, and in their retirement exercise great influence upon the opinions of thinking men, to which the peculiar state of French literature at the present day must lend an additional strength, on account of the comparative servitude of its press, and the absolute dearth of new or original literary talent of a high order. There is, alas! a reverse to whatever brilliance may be discovered on one side of this medal, in the reflection that France, one of the eyes of Europe, has not been able, either duly to appreciate the political character of the leaders of the *Doctrinaire* (or parliamentary school), or to replace them as literary men; and as she has sacrificed her liberty to the benumbing influence of Imperialism, so she allows her former professors quietly to resume the dictatorship over the public mind they possessed in the days ere they were tempted to launch upon the troubled sea of politics. Far be it from us to question for a moment the talent of these remarkable men, or even the correctness of the popular opinion which allows them to reassume the lead of the intellectual movement of society after so long an absence! Yet, still it must be a matter of surprise that France should not, during the last twenty years, have produced new men able to express the peculiar vitality of their period—that she should, as it were, have slumbered intellectually, whilst she was, in appearance, advancing with such giant strides materially—and that the literary place of the *Doctrinaires*, after twenty years' absence, should have known them again! How does it happen, that whilst French politics change with chameleon-like rapidity, its literature remains thus fixed? The character of every nation is a subject fraught with interest, and that, moreover, of the most complicated description; but the character of our neighbours seems involved in more than usual difficulties and mysteries. The simultaneous reappearance of its ancient literary glories, as we said, is one of the most striking manifestations of its present peculiarities; and of the authors we have named, M. Cousin has chosen the most singular theme for his new appeal to the judgment of his country. Without, therefore, at present doing more than allude to the national peculiarities involved in the considerations thus briefly noticed, or attempting to establish any comparison between the revived glories of French literature, we propose, in this article, to call attention to the biographical

studies recently published by M. Cousin, the former metaphysician, professor of moral philosophy, and minister of public instruction, under the government of Louis Philippe.

When we said that M. Cousin had chosen a singular theme for his new appeal, it was precisely on account of the dissonance between the objects of his recent productions, and all the studies and pursuits of his past existence. Notwithstanding a species of feminine tone observable in all his early productions, there is nothing to be discovered in the majority of them which should have led us to believe that in his old age, the "Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres" would have devoted himself to the production of a series of female biographies. Women are rarely metaphysicians, and therefore it is that—to our minds at least—there is something startling when we find the acknowledged chief of the students of mental philosophy in France, devoting himself to the record of female sentiments and of female actions. This could hardly occur in any other country than in the one in which indeed we find that, as Sterne said, the Salique law was only observed in the succession to the throne; for it is only there that women have, in modern times at least, occupied a position on the world's stage sufficiently marked to justify the peculiar attention of the philosopher, or of the historian. Yet, however great the women M. Cousin has delighted to honour may have been, we feel that there is a want of harmony—an entrance upon a false key—when men who have occupied the position in the world's eye, which he has hitherto done, condescend to record the lives of the class of women he has especially selected as the subjects of his later productions. The man who dwells with complacency upon the charming minutiae of the female mind, is no doubt a very amiable character, and likely to be a popular member of society; but so totally distinct do we believe the two classes of intellect, the male and the female, to be, that we suspect that he who is able to follow the ramifications of the latter, will not be able to grasp the former to their full extent; and whilst we at once confess to having received great pleasure from the biographies with which M. Cousin has beguiled his recent exclusion from political affairs, we cannot banish the suspicion that his original reputation as a philosopher must have been slightly exaggerated. He paints women so well, and discusses with so much unction the peculiarities of their mental organization, that we are compelled to question his power of comprehending the phenomena of the masculine intellect; and at the same time that we yield to the charm of these productions, we feel almost compelled to doubt and to re-examine M. Cousin's claims as a metaphysician. Not at pre-

sent, though. Our immediate object is to examine the "*Etudes sur les Femmes Illustres du XVII. Siècle*;" and we reserve the inquiry into the more abstruse question for a future essay.

The series of biographies thus alluded to, appears to have been originally suggested to M. Cousin's mind during the publication of his magnificent *Memoires* upon the life of Blaise Pascal, which he gave to the world in some of the serial publications antecedent to 1840. He was then so much struck with the character and writings of Jacqueline Pascal, his sister, that he wrote, shortly after, a very delightful sketch of her life, and accompanied it by extracts from the journals of her family, and a complete series of her writings, for which his official position gave him extraordinary facilities. In the introduction to this biographical sketch, M. Cousin said, "that if he had been younger, and had greater leisure, he should feel inexpressible pleasure in composing a collection of portraits which should serve as companions to Perrault's '*Portraits of the Illustrious Men of France of this Age*,' and which he would call in his turn '*Portraits of the Illustrious Women*.'" At that particular period, the excuse he pleaded was a valid one; for M. Cousin was constantly employed by the government of Louis Philippe in matters connected with one of the most important branches of administration in France, the Ministry of Instruction. The Revolution of 1848, however, which drove all the leading intellectual characters from power, gave him the leisure he desired—"otia fecit," though itself far from godlike—and, especially since 1852, the old minister of the Orleans dynasty has exhibited renewed energy and industry by the publication of the first portraits of the proposed gallery. Thus, in 1853, he published "*La Jeunesse de Madame de Longueville*;" in 1854, he published the life of Madame de Sablé; and in 1856, he has published the life of Madame de Chevreuse;—a series of biographies exhibiting talents of the rarest description, notwithstanding our reserve with respect to their employment, and which, notwithstanding some defects, are worthy of far greater attention on the part of the student of history, than we fear they have obtained in our country.

In the introduction to the life of Jacqueline Pascal, M. Cousin, with somewhat of the analytical spirit of the professor of moral philosophy, endeavoured to define the proper limits of female action upon society, and to explain his reasons for admiring certain modifications of female character more than others; as the doctrines thus propounded appear to be those he still entertains—even in the latest of his sketches—notwithstanding some anomalies, it may be interesting at least to cite them before turning our attention exclusively to the sketches themselves. The

investigations of the metaphysician, we shall find, have in this instance, added somewhat of depth and grasp of intellectual power to the judgment of the female historian.

“In a great age,” says M. Cousin, “all is great. [If the converse be true, how small must be our age!] When by a combination of different causes, an age is once mounted to a high pitch, the pervading spirit is felt throughout; from the men it passes by degrees to the women; and directly these feel its influence, they reflect it with force, and disperse it in all the directions over which they have any control: incomparable in their excitable nature to express and propagate the qualities which are in fashion, whether they be serious or futile, virtuous or depraved, but never doing anything by halves, and always extreme in good or in evil, according to the atmosphere around them. So in the seventeenth century, that type of true grandeur, the women were not less to be admired than the men.”

After this preamble our author sketches the description of the work he meditated, and the nature of the studies he contemplated upon the celebrities of that age.

“Women,” he said, “should also be admitted into the gallery of portraits, and the movement, the progress, or rather the insensible decline of the age would be traceable by the succession of their different faces, at first so stern and grand, then so delicate and graceful; marking more distinctly than in Perrault, the profound difference between the ages of Richelieu and of Louis XIV.

“The women who had distinguished themselves by their writings would also be admitted; but I would make a great distinction between the clever woman and the female author. I honour the one infinitely, and I have but little affection for the other. It is not that I agree with Molière with respect to women. Men and women have the same soul, the same moral destiny; a similar account will be required of the use of their faculties; and it is an infamy for man and a disgrace for woman to degrade, or allow to be degraded, in the latter, the gifts which God has given them. Ought not women to understand their religion if they desire to follow and practise it like intelligent and free agents? And directly religious instruction is laid open to them, I would ask what other kind of learning is above their reach? Either woman was not created to be the companion of man, or it is an absurd and iniquitous contradiction to debar her from the acquirements which would allow her to enter into intellectual communication with him whose destiny she is to share, or at least, whose labours she ought to understand—to feel the struggle and the sufferings he must undergo in order to mitigate them. Let her then cultivate her mind and her soul by all refined studies and pursuits, provided that she always observes the law which should be supreme with her sex, and retains the modesty which makes its charm.

“Woman is a domestic creature, as man is a public character. Born for action, he acts even when writing, and may pursue a public

career with the pen equally well as with the sword. No man of real worth writes but from necessity, and because he cannot otherwise attain his object. . . . When a man writes for the sake of writing, to shine, or to make a fortune, he writes ill or he writes without soul, because true grandeur can only proceed from a soul naturally great, which is excited by a great cause. Beyond this there is no pathetic, no true beauty, and consequently no grand effect; all is reduced to a species of intellectual industry cleverly exercised, to the system which enables a mandarin in China to pass from one rank to another—or which in France enables a man to enter the Academy. The literary man is a distinguished artist who contributes to public pleasures, who merits and obtains a just degree of popular applause, and is entitled to aspire to all things, even to the peerage, as we have rendered it—to anything excepting glory. This is otherwise to be obtained. It is the outcry of the gratitude of humanity, and the human race does not squander its gratitude; it only yields it on account of signal services.

“ But if I speak thus of the male, what shall I say of the female author? What! woman, who, thank God, has no public cause to defend, can thus rush into the public arena, and her modesty is not to be revolted at the idea of laying bare to all the world, of exposing as it were to the commercial appreciation of the publisher, the reader, and the journalist, her most secret beauties, her most mysterious and most touching charms, her soul, her sentiments, her sufferings, her inward struggles! This, indeed, I may see every day, amongst even the most worthy women; and yet it will always pass my comprehension! Every woman who writes for the public about her sentiments writes to deceive—she plays a part, and plays it ill; she writes with more or less warmth and external fire, but without soul; for if her soul inspired her, it would also restrain her from publicity. It must always be understood that I do not speak in this case of poets, male or female, who write under a species of inspiration. But prose is a sober muse who knows what she is about, and is fairly responsible. When a woman, then, writes in prose she is cool; and if she speak of herself she commits a blunder. I only know two excuses for female authorship—great talent or poverty; and I pay far more respect to the latter than I do to the former.

“ Whatever may be my admiration for the *Princess of Clèves*, and even though I rank it as hardly inferior to *Berenice*, I am obliged to make an effort to excuse Madame de la Fayette for having written it; and the gratuitous part of female author that noble lady undertook recalled to me, in spite of myself, the fact that she wasted her last affections upon a very worthless character, an intriguing nobleman, a frivolous author—a man of an acute but small mind, of a pen as skilful as without decency, who painted his own life in his maxims—the heartless, the ungrateful lover of Madame de Longueville, the worthless and despicable De la Rochefoucauld.”

This is a long quotation; but M. Cousin's style is to us so

full of charm, and his remarks upon many of the characters of the age he refers to are so entirely in accordance with our own opinions, that the tendency we have felt has been rather to find a difficulty in refraining from extending our obligations to him, than to intrude any remarks of our own. In that strangely chequered history of France, indeed, it would be hard, as M. Cousin says, to select a period which is more worthy of attention than the one which followed the disappearance of Richelieu, and preceded the absolute reign of Louis XIV.; and at the same time, it is worthy of remark, that the women of that day exercised an influence upon political affairs, and upon the external form and fashion of society in general, which they have not exercised before or since. Thus, in religious matters, Madame Angélique Arnauld gave a tone and character to the marvellous body of Port Royal, aided by the mystical doctrines of those worthy but dangerous men St. Cyran and Singlin, which carried away by its influence the whole family of the Pascals and the Racines, and more than anything else, enlisted the sympathies of the nation with the Jansenists. Madame de Longueville, la grande Demoiselle, La Princesse Palatine, Mesdames de Chevreuse, de Sablé, de Montbazou, de Guéméné, interfered more directly with the daily affairs of life, and threw themselves without hesitation into the actual struggle and fight which marked the final ruin of the feudal system in France, the object carefully pursued during so many years by the ministry of Henri IV., Louis XIII., and of the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV.; for the policy of Sully, of the Maréchal d'Ancre, of Richelieu, and of Mazarin, was alike in this respect, that they all sought to strengthen the power of the monarch, which they held to be the outward and visible sign of the inevitable progress of humanity towards freedom and equality, even though it were at the expense of the local and individual characteristics of the people. It appears to us that more of the difference observable in the political destinies of France and of England is to be attributed to the conditions, and the manner of the struggle between the crown and the great feudal nobility, of which the war of the Fronde was the last manifestation, than can be accounted for by the genius of the respective nations, or by the ostensible circumstances of their revolutions. The reply to M. Guizot's question, "Pourquoi la Révolution d'Angleterre a-t-elle réussi?" is to be sought much farther back in the records of this country than he carries it; and M. de St. Aulaire, in his "History of the Fronde," has incidentally touched the true solution more satisfactorily than the more brilliant historian, his subsequent chief. The keynote, indeed, of political affairs during the last two centuries in

France, is to be found in the conditions of the struggle which followed the accession to power of the wily Italian, Cardinal Mazarin, at a period contemporary with the great Civil War in England. Men's minds were then strangely excited by the discussions, carried on at the sword's point, between the principles of the independence of the feudal nobility, of the divine right of kings, or of the responsible nature of all social government, which arose after the religious wars of the Reformation had subsided throughout Europe. In England the struggle had become so fierce that women were forcedly driven into the background; for they only appear in the management of public affairs when men are not entirely roused. In France, however, the inner heart of the nation was not thoroughly excited by any of the political disturbances of the beginning of the seventeenth century; for the political questions raised did not affect the mass of the people who could not understand them, and the religious ones had been so painfully exhausted by the wars of the League, that the nation remained to a great extent indifferent in the contests between the philosophers who guided the Parliament, or the giddy nobility who formed the Fronde, and the worshippers of the royal prerogative. In our Great Revolution, there was a strange mixture of religious and political enthusiasm: in France, the wars of the League had exhausted the former quality; and the political education of the nation was not sufficiently advanced to enable it to understand the bearings of the questions discussed by the Parliaments of Paris, or of the other leading towns. It happened thus, eventually, that the contests which raged in France resolved themselves into a struggle between the court and the great nobles, between the principles of monarchy and feudalism; and as the interests of the people under such circumstances rather led to their adhesion to the royal power, than to local despotisms, the result could not long remain doubtful: royalty prevailed, and the only interposing body between the tyranny of one and the tyranny of the many, being thus destroyed, the seeds of the endless chain of woes under which France has groaned, and we fear will still groan for many years, were sown. But, in the meanwhile, the character of events which occurred in France during the battle between the regal and the feudal powers was precisely such as to leave the field open for female influence, and to bring women conspicuously forward upon the stage of public affairs. We question very much the true grandeur of the epoch for this very reason, and therefore cannot altogether subscribe to the admiration which the modern school of French historians lavish upon it. Nevertheless, that was indeed in many respects a great age, when Pascal, Descartes, and Domat, Balzac, Bonserade, and

St. Evremont wrote, when Condé and Turenne fought, De Retz and Mazarin intrigued, Matthieu Molé, and Omer Talon discussed political theories; when Lesueur, Le Brun, Philibert de l'Orme, and Mansard practised their various arts; and when the national intellect was in a ferment, which soon afterwards produced men of the transcendent merit of Bossuet, Arnauld, Malebranche, Fénelon, Racine, Molière, Lafontaine, Despréaux, Perrault, the younger Mansard, Coustoux, Luxembourg, Villars, Catinat, Sévigné, Lafayette, Deshoulliers, and Dacier. Not truly great either, for the result of all this fermentation was mainly the development of a form of government radically bad, and the accumulation of the elements of a diseased social state, which subsequently rendered the fearful explosion of the French Revolution of 1793 inevitable; but still great enough to modify the expression of French society and of all Europe for two centuries, and therefore worthy of very careful study in its general aspects, and in its individual characters, of whom the women were at least in a foremost rank, and they have been fortunate in meeting with so able and enthusiastic an admirer as M. Cousin, who has been enabled, moreover, in consequence of his ministerial position, to throw additional light upon many obscure points in the history of these somewhat erratic personages.

This last phrase must not, however, be considered to apply to all the ladies hitherto represented in M. Cousin's portrait-gallery; for certainly Jacqueline Pascal was not erratic, nor even could Madame de Sablé, with all her asserted deviations from the narrow road of virtue, be considered to merit a title which would, at least, argue a certain amount of active, energetic originality. But Mesdames de Longueville and de Chevreuse were so directly mixed up with the intrigues, and even took such decided parts in the positive fighting and bloodshed which ensued, that they must be considered to have overstepped the natural limits of action of their sex, and to have really been erratic, if we may apply so mild a term to conduct which led them to such fatal errors, fatal both for their own reputations and for the cause they upheld. We can easily understand that the fascination exercised by the study of the documents connected with the history of Mademoiselle de Longueville in particular, should have blinded M. Cousin to the strangely immoral and unfeminine nature of the early part of her career; but still we confess that it is a matter of surprise that our author, who could dwell with such evident delight upon the noble character and sincere piety of Jacqueline Pascal, should have in a manner assumed the position of the "squire of dames" to the light-headed, fickle-hearted princesses who figured in the

unprincipled struggles, or the unmeaning civil wars of the Importants and of the second Fronde, which desolated France about the middle of the seventeenth century, and we warn our readers that they must keep upon their guard against the elegant language and the sophistic reasoning urged by M. Cousin in defence of his heroines. It is true that the tone of public morals in France is in many respects different from the tone which prevails here, and that, especially in high society, men are very kind to failings we treat with extreme rigour. Yet M. Cousin ought to have been superior to his age in this respect, or he has studied moral philosophy to small purpose; and we confess that his laboured excuses for the follies and vices of the great ladies he represents, startle us in a very marked and unpleasant manner. There is danger, perhaps equal to the amusement, to be derived from some of these biographies to those who do not look beneath the surface, and are content to derive their opinions from the authors they read; for they are elegant apologies for the errors and failings of women who exercised great personal influence whilst alive, and whose example is still followed by far too many of those who regard the court of Louis XIV. in his youth, as the model of polite society.

M. Cousin's opinions, moreover, have we suspect, been warped in many cases, no doubt unconsciously, by the feelings excited in his own mind during the long struggle, in which he bore so conspicuous a part, between the Jesuits and the University,—one of the modern phases of the struggle between the liberty of human intellect in the Roman Catholic church, and the tyranny of Rome itself. At the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV., the dispute between the Jesuits and the Jansenists in fact turned upon the same principle, and as Port Royal became eventually the visible exponent of the Jansenist doctrines, it was natural that M. Cousin should feel his sympathies enlisted in favour of the patrons of the representatives of opinions which coincided so nearly with his own. The different views adopted by Messrs. Cousin and St. Beuve with respect to the history and character of the connexion between De la Rochefoucauld and Madame de Longueville may, we would also observe, be explained by their opinions on the broader question to which we have referred; and it may also be that we are justified in citing this discordance between the opinions formed by these able observers as an illustration of the necessity of receiving all historical essays with a certain degree of suspicion when written by men who have mingled in the struggles excited by differences of religious tenets. M. Cousin could hardly avoid being prejudiced in favour of the partisans of the Jansenists. M. St. Beuve could

hardly be expected to judge favourably of those who had opposed the doctrines of his real friends, the Jesuits; at least the temptation to lean towards their own peculiar doctrines must have been so great in either case, as to induce impartial students to stand upon their guard against the conclusions drawn by either of these impassioned actors. Of course we agree, in the main, with M. Cousin's preference for the Jansenist, or Port Royal doctrines, and we regard with a dislike, mingled with apprehension, the incessant attempts of the Jesuits to limit the exercise of human intellect; but we here are anxious to warn against the tendency of all such partizanship to warp the judgment in discussing matters of history, or in appreciating the characters of those who have figured so conspicuously upon the world's stage as to merit their being cited as objects of study, if not as being worthy of our interest or admiration. The fact that Mesdames de Longueville and de Sablé zealously and efficiently protected Port Royal and, in their later days, had abandoned themselves to the spiritual guidance of M. St. Cyran and of M. Singlin, has evidently been a valid excuse, in the eyes of M. Cousin, for many of the errors of their past lives. It is an excuse we ourselves would partially admit; for the voluntary adoption of a noble, though unfortunate cause, argues a generosity of character in those who so prefer principle to worldly interest. Yet history "should be made of sterner stuff," and the historian should not thus allow his judgment to be influenced by his prejudices. Mankind is always too prone to imitate the easy immorality of the commencement of the seventeenth century, and we, therefore, cannot but regret that a writer possessing the influence which M. Cousin unquestionably does, should have allowed a mistaken indulgence to cast a veil over the defects of his heroines.

We may, perhaps, be a little out of order in considering the life of Jacqueline Pascal as one of the series of biographical portraits of M. Cousin's gallery; because having been composed before the whole plan had been arranged, it ought rather to be considered a sketch than a finished study. But whether this be the true point of view or not, we at once confess that, both for its subject and for the mode of execution, we prefer the memoir of the pure-minded Sister of Port Royal to those of the more brilliant, but less estimable, fine ladies of the very equivocal court of Anne of Austria. Jacqueline Pascal, indeed, was worthy of her name, and intellectually might well claim kindred with her gifted brother; morally, there seems to be little reason to question even her superiority to him, for Blaise Pascal's conduct with respect to his sister's retirement from the world, and particularly with respect to her fortune, must inspire many sad

reflections as to the weakness, even if no harsher term be used, of even the best and noblest of men when their pecuniary interests are opposed to their duty. It is sad to dwell upon such considerations, and to feel compelled to abate the respect we had entertained for a great character; but there is in the correspondence connected with this question of the disposal of Jacqueline Pascal's fortune, so striking an illustration of the transcendental excellence of the moral doctrines of the leaders of Port Royal, that it may be referred to with satisfaction as the corrective for the weakness and covetousness of the then unconverted brother, and as offering some of the best moral lessons which have been recorded. Most earnestly do we recommend those who feel interested in the mental struggles of a pure and high-toned religious mind to discharge its duty in the world as a member of society, and at the same time to renounce every selfish feeling, to read and ponder over the "Relation de la Sœur Jacqueline de Sainte Euphémie Pascal," in which she records the discussions between herself and her family, and the conduct of Angélique Arnauld, La mère Agnes, and of M. Singlin, their confessor and guide. Alas! for some forms of Protestantism!—We fear that there are few amongst their members able to attain the degree of freedom from earthly taint which those noble women and that holy man exhibited; and, indeed, the plain unvarnished tale of the sister of the philosopher, who afterwards so bitterly attacked the Jesuits for their worldly-mindedness, has served, to our minds at least, to confirm the high opinion which we had formed of many members of the Catholic clergy, *under oppression*, from constant intercourse with them during many years. This opinion of their individual merit must not, however, be construed into anything like an approval of the dogmas or of the discipline of the Romish church. On the contrary; we hold the former to be false, the latter to be mistaken: but men of any persuasion would, or ought to sympathize with the spirit of self-sacrifice, humility, and resignation, M. Singlin had succeeded in inspiring his flock; and we have reason to be thankful that such glorious examples of earnest striving to fulfil the divine will should shine forth, even under mistaken tenets upon doctrinal points. Most profoundly do we feel that the excellence of the whole of Jacqueline Pascal's life, and, so far as we can learn, of the lives of the majority of the inmates of Port Royal, so far exceeded the standard of conduct we even now entertain in Protestant and Reformed England, that we can only acknowledge our inferiority, and sigh for assistance which should enable us to attain an approach to a disinterestedness so pure and holy. Under any circumstances, the conduct and opinions

of Jacqueline and her friends merit examination, and we believe, to a great extent, imitation; even as literary compositions, the letters and memoirs she composed in her later years, are worthy of careful study. We say designedly "in her later years," because the poems and literary fragments of her childhood, upon which her fame as an author formerly principally rested, are, in our opinion, very feeble, *wishy-washy* affairs. The vein of devotion, the aspiration for religious perfection which afterwards so entirely mastered her, were no doubt to be traced in Jacqueline's youthful attempts at poetry, and in her earliest recorded compositions; but it was not until she had decidedly entered upon the religious life of Port Royal, that the whole strength of her character developed itself. Probably M. Cousin is right in saying that the extreme asceticism of the Pascals in the fervour of their religious convictions was, after all, based upon a mistaken view of the objects and duties of our race in this world of trial. Still, when the sincerity of a belief leads to a sacrifice of pleasure, comfort, and worldly happiness for righteousness' sake, it must not only command respect, but admiration, from all well-regulated minds. Jacqueline Pascal was, no doubt, of her age in her credulity on the score of miracles; and we Protestants, especially, can hardly suppress a smile whilst reading, for instance, her eloquent, because convinced, account of the cure supposed to have been operated upon the eye of her niece by the mere apposition of a portion of one of the thorns of the crown worn during the consummation of the awful mystery of the Redemption. The child appears simply to have had what is vulgarly called a bad "stye," and this went, as it came, without apparent cause; the fragment had been applied to the seat of disease, like old women in England apply wedding rings for a similar purpose, and the "stye" disappeared. Alas! for the dignity of human intellect! Jacqueline, and the whole body of Port Royal, exclaimed that this was a miracle; she wrote some charming letters upon the subject—to relate the history to her sister—which may be referred to as illustrating at least her kindness of heart and simplicity of faith, even though they seem to us somewhat absurd. But if we smile at this episode, we must bow in admiration before the almost inspired feelings—we speak reverently, we hope—which dictated the scheme Jacqueline Pascal proposed for the education of children, the branch of conventual duties she was called upon to superintend, in consequence of her position as governess of the noviciates and sub-prioress. The authoress of this scheme was herself conscious that it involved a sacrifice of natural affections, and called for a degree of self-abnegation we rarely meet with in the world; but if the standard of excellence were

placed too high, and indeed were beyond human attainment, the fault was in the right direction, and we ourselves are ready to question whether any fault really were there. The best of us fall fearfully short of the moral perfection all thinking men require, or aspire after; yet unless our standard of excellence be even beyond the possibility of our attainment, we are likely to make to ourselves gods after our own image. We, therefore, do not quarrel with Jacqueline's high tone of moral and religious feeling; and though we feel, as she herself did, that the application of the principles of the "*Réglement des Enfants*," would require no doubt to be tempered in ordinary life; and although, of course, we dissent from the discipline, in matters of forms and ceremonies; we feel that she has only erred—if at all—in asking for a degree of excellence humanity has too seldom attained. But all questions of detail—all tendency to discuss the minor points of Jacqueline's principles, or the actions of her life, disappear before the closing scene; and the interest we have felt for the thoroughly convinced Christian, who renounced worldly vanities without any apparent effort, passes into enthusiasm when we consider the struggles, and the ultimate triumph, she must have gone through, in bearing witness to what she believed to be the truth in the great quarrel between the Jansenists and the Jesuits. Under the pressure of actual force, and of the timid councils of Arnauld, so far inferior in energy to his sister, and of Nicole, Jacqueline appears to have signed a renunciation of the doctrines she had hitherto held sacred, and her earnest heart sank under the trial. From the bottom of our souls do we offer our feeble tribute of admiration to the character and to the opinions of Jacqueline Pascal; and we avow that our admiration on those accounts carries us so far as to make us utterly careless of the degree of her merit as a literary woman, or as a woman of the world—for she was sincere and earnest in her religious convictions, and endeavoured conscientiously to apply her principles to the daily concerns of life. When we reflect upon the ease with which society receives the doctrine that "compositions may be made with heaven," we are little disposed to join M. Cousin in the species of blame, which he hardly dares to utter, by-the-way, for the exaggerated devotion, or the overstrained morality of the sub-prioress of Port Royal des Champs, who at least proved the sincerity of her opinions by the sacrifice of all the world could give, and died broken-hearted because she was compelled to sign a document which was intended to convey their renunciation.

Very different in every respect are the characters of the three great ladies upon whose portraits M. Cousin has employed all the resources of his art, and to whom he has devoted all the

charm of his wonderful talents as a narrator and apologist. The histories of the youth of Madame de Longueville, and of Madame de Chevreuse have evidently been to him labours of love; and he dwells with undisguised partiality upon the singular adventures—we had almost said the unfeminine conduct—of those women of erratic and ill-regulated minds. Madame de Longueville herself, was no doubt a person of great individual fascination, and she possessed many of the instincts which might have enabled her to have fulfilled admirably her position in society. But the defect in her character was precisely that it was instinctive, and that she threw herself without reserve into any course of action which her instincts, animal or mental, prompted her to adopt, and without attempting to submit them in any manner to the control of reason. The education of princes and princesses, in those days especially, was not of a nature to superinduce any description of efficient moral restraint, and the court of Louis XIII., under the guidance of Richelieu, was not exactly the best school for a young, beautiful, self-willed, high-spirited member of the royal family, whose position, charms, and talents, entitled her unfortunately to neglect public opinion. The early years of the regency of Anne of Austria, who so soon fell under the official and private influence of Mazarin, were very little calculated to raise the tone of feeling, or to purify the sentiments of the rising beauty; and it is not to be marvelled at that she should have yielded to the influence of the examples which surrounded her on every side. Married to a husband considerably older than herself, who, notwithstanding his descent from the Dunois, had, as M. St. Beuve said, very little of the spirit of chivalry, and was in every respect of a character opposed to her own, Madame de Longueville was sadly exposed to fall, especially when attacked by a man like the Prince de Marsillac, subsequently better known as the Duc de la Rochefoucauld. The greatest misfortune for the happiness, as well as for the glory of this woman, who might have been an ornament to her sex if she had fallen early under good guidance, was precisely that she gave herself up to the inspirations of that most contemptible and hateful man. Cold and selfish, ambitious without aim, and unprincipled from sheer absence of good feeling or power of conceiving a noble motive, De la Rochefoucauld worked upon the impressionable, impassioned nature of the woman who sacrificed for him all that was in her power, and exposed herself for his sake to privations and physical danger like a heroine of romance, until he had estranged her from the feelings and duties of her situation; and then when tired of the mistress, he, with diabolical malice, involved her in quarrels with her brothers, and organized female intrigues to deprive her of

the lover she had selected in his place. All this is very sad, and but little edifying to those who conceive that an aristocracy ought to be composed of the best members of society, as its name implies; but though we must condemn the woman who allows herself to be led astray, our greatest indignation should be reserved for the wretch who could so mislead, and then so basely wrong her. The life of De la Rochefoucauld was, in fact, a practical illustration of his "Maximes," a book which has done more mischief, and is more radically false than any other ever written. Such as the doctrines are, such was the man; and he who could seriously maintain that "all our virtues were but vices in disguise," was not likely to practise that which he could but so little understand, nor to guide to noble ends the instinctive impulses of a generous, though ill-regulated and irreflective woman, who loved him with an earnest, self-sacrificing devotion, we grieve to see wasted on so worthless a wretch. In the literary dispute which has arisen between MM. Cousin and St. Beuve, with respect to the merits of De la Rochefoucauld, we, therefore, take our position by the side of the former, who stigmatizes with what we feel to be proper indignation, the heartlessness and cowardice of that man, rather than by the side of the brilliant, but sophistic defender of the lover of Madame de la Fayette in his old age. At the same time we record our surprise, that persons of such weight and influence as MM. Cousin and St. Beuve, should have passed so lightly over the total demoralization of society indicated by the more than friendly relations and the subsequent quarrels of these fine gentlefolk; and that they should have enrolled themselves as the partisans of either the selfish lover or the impassioned mistress, without doing more than utter occasional feeble condemnation of a tone of social morals which could allow such quarrels to assume the importance of state events. After all, the discussion with respect to De la Rochefoucauld's conduct towards Mesdames de Longueville and de la Fayette, only differs from one with respect to Macheath's behaviour to Polly and Lucy, on account of the more distinguished position the former actors filled on the actual stage of the world. The morality is about the same in both cases; and if Gay had intended to have satirized the nobility of France in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., he could not have invented a better illustration of their follies and vices than his witty, but equivocal "Beggar's Opera."

But, however, we may quarrel with the apologetic tone in which M. Cousin glosses over the follies and frailties of the youth of Madame de Longueville, it is impossible to withhold our admiration from the history in which they are recounted; as a

work of art at least, though not as a philosophical statement of the extraordinary events interwoven with the adventures of his heroine. M. Cousin, indeed, seems to us to have taken a very mistaken view of the importance of the movement in men's minds which ultimately produced the first Fronde; nor does he appear to have appreciated the effects of the success of Mazarin upon the subsequent history of France. M. de St. Aulaire was far more correct in his opinion as to the ultimate bearing of the avowed objects entertained by the leaders of the parliamentary opponents of the minister, as well as of the whole course of the war, and alas! for France, he also felt too well the consequences of the victory gained by absolute monarchy over constitutional government, in consequence of the frivolity and want of high principle amongst the principal actors. It is very sad at any time to review the history of our neighbours, and to observe how uniformly the noble aspirations of the bulk of the nation have been sacrificed, and their best interests betrayed by the pretended patriots; and we think that a very curious historical parallel might be drawn between the events which, in 1652, induced the nation to accept a despotism after the anarchy following the noble movement of 1648, and the precisely similar events which occurred in 1852, after the confusion produced by the Revolution of 1848. M. Cousin says, and therein it is that we think he makes the greatest philosophical error, that "the Fronde was not serious; that it was a series of intrigues in which every actor was influenced by interest, vanity, the desire for importance, together with gallantry and pleasure." So far as de Retz, Conti, de la Rochefoucauld, Beaufort, Elbeuf, Mesdames de Longueville, de Montbazon, la grande Demoiselle, &c., were concerned, this may be true. The motives which prompted the conduct of Matthieu Molé, Le Coigneux, Novion, Omer Talon, Blancménil, de Bellièvre, de Longueuil, Amelot, Viole, and the great majority of the civil and legal functionaries in their opposition to the designs of Mazarin were, however, of the purest and most patriotic character; and the declaration of the 24th October, 1648, would have constituted an entire revolution in the government of France, which, if its conditions had been conscientiously observed, might have saved that country from the evils she endured during the later years of Louis XIV. and the long ignoble reign of Louis XV.; and perhaps by the gradual initiation of the practice of responsible government it certainly contained in germ, it would have rendered unnecessary the fearful political earthquake of 1793, from which France is still suffering so severely, in its moral dignity at least. The concessions gained by the parliament, which were confirmed by the peace of 1649, were all in favour of well-regulated constitutional

and individual liberty ; and to the extent to which Madame de Longueville contributed to secure them, did she merit the gratitude of her country. Subsequently to 1649, the turbulent nobles endeavoured to take advantage of the shock thus given to the royal power, in order to recover the position and influence of which they had been deprived by the policy of Richelieu ; and for their own personal objects threw their country into all the horrors of a civil war. The effect of this anarchy was, naturally enough, to make the majority of the nation regret the repose it had enjoyed under the shadow of a strong central government ; and when, during the struggle, the opponents of the court resorted to the assistance of Spain, then always ready to foment discord in the neighbouring kingdom, the patriotic feelings of a race more than usually jealous of foreign intervention, were at once enlisted on the side of the party which proclaimed itself to be purely national. During the first year of the Fronde the faults were all on the side of the royalists, and the objects and conduct of the Frondeurs were far purer than generally is the case in civil commotion. Towards its close, the Fronde became criminal ; such men as Matthieu Molé, and De Bellièvre abandoned it, whilst even De Retz disapproved the conduct of his former allies. The consequence was, not only that the royal prerogative absorbed the feudal powers and independence of the nobility, but that the popular liberties, the legal control over the actions of the crown, were swept aside ; and a despotism of the most harsh and irrepressible nature, one which justified Louis XIV. in believing as well as saying, “l'état c'est moi,” was established. It may be that this is the form of government suited to the genius of the French nation ; for, on all occasions, when freedom has been offered to it, it has thrown itself into the arms of absolutism, after passing through a period of anarchy. But it is a mistake to suppose that on either of the last three occasions, 1648, 1793, and 1848, the nation was not serious ; and we hold that M. Cousin has made a grievous error in asserting this of the Fronde. Is it to such incomplete views on the part of the leading French politicians as to the real character of the great events of their national history that we must turn, if we seek for an answer to the question, “Pourquoi les Révolutions de la France n'ont elles pas réussies ?”

There is something strange in the constant recurrence of these grave political discussions whilst considering the lives of women, who, after all, were essentially of their sex ; and this fact induces us to believe that Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse was nearer the truth than our manly vanity (so to speak) is disposed to admit, when she said that “in France women dispose of everything.” In the early life of Madame de Longueville, as

recorded by M. Cousin, they force themselves upon us at every turn, and the whole of the strange eventful history of the substitution of pure monarchy for feudal disorder, of Jesuitism for the liberties of the Gallican church, is brought before our eyes. Most elegantly, and most eloquently, are the various events which actually bore upon the career of his heroine detailed; and with singular rapidity, and clearness of style, are the circumstances which indirectly influenced her fate, without having any immediate connexion with her history, sketched by this most finished master of the art of writing. There is, indeed, about the higher French literature a charm known to our neighbours under the name of "style," which we, as a nation, sadly neglect—the charm of lucid arrangement, well-turned phrases, and harmonious language, or rhythm, in fact, to be found in old Sir Thomas Browne, the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," and, at times, in Macaulay—and M. Cousin possesses it in perfection. He has employed it more liberally in his notice of Madame de Longueville than in the other portraits of the series hitherto published, for she seems to have been to him an object of predilection; and certainly he has clothed her with an interest superior to that cast around either Mesdames de Sablé or de Chevreuse. In this preference we think M. Cousin is correct; for the only decided claim upon our admiration, or rather we should say consideration, which Madame de Sablé offers, is to be found in the fact that she retained the friendship of all the illustrious women of her time, in spite of the gallantry of her early life—to which some people of rigid notions might apply a harsher name—or in spite of the epicurean devotion of her later years, contrasting so forcibly with the ascetic devotion, we would add, of the first heroine of M. Cousin, the earnest Jacqueline Pascal. Again, Madame de Chevreuse seems to have had all the defects of Madame de Longueville with few of her excuses, and still fewer of her recommendations, unless a readiness to gallop over the country in page's costume, and a certain recklessness of physical fatigue, can be taken as female accomplishments. At any rate, Madame de Longueville appears at the age of thirty-five—long, indeed, ere the world is usually supposed to have lost its charms to the worldly-minded—to have appreciated the real nature of her past life, and to have devoted herself with the same energy and entireness of mind to the expiation of her errors, which she had previously displayed in their pursuit. Her penitence was sincere, her conduct noble and conscientious in the highest degree; under circumstances too, in which her instincts as a woman, and a mother, might have excused, in the eyes of many, a line of conduct essentially different from that she felt

bound to follow. Indeed, in our opinion the greatest charm in M. Cousin's portrait of Madame de Sablé is to be found in the constant allusions, and the large space allotted, to the history of the later years of Madame de Longueville, and of the struggle she underwent in defending the interests of her weak-minded son by M. de Longueville, against her own partiality for, and the unjust attacks of, her more brilliant son, whose paternity was universally attributed, and no doubt with justice, to De la Rochefoucauld. M. Cousin claims for Madame de Sablé the merit of having suggested the peculiar style of writing which was so much the fashion in one portion of the reign of Louis XIV., viz., the maxims and portraits, such as Pascal, Nicolle, De la Rochefoucauld, and Vauvenargues have left of the former, and la grande Demoiselle, Madame de la Fayette, and La Bruyère have left of the latter. But we question the originality of the invention of these modes of composition by so modern an authority; for not to go back to Tacitus, whose history is filled with maxims of the most pointed description, we would remark that Antonio Perez had published in France, about the year 1584, a series of Aphorisms upon political affairs, and that these again were but feeble reflexes of Erasmus's more general collection of Adages; whilst in the works of St. Evremond, De Balzac, and Voiture are to be found sketches of character only slightly removed in style from the more pretentious portraits of the decline of the Rambouillet clique. Frankly we confess, that to our minds Madame de Sablé is a very uninteresting, even if we do not go so far as to say a very absurd creature, and utterly unworthy to appear in a gallery devoted to the history of the women who gave a tone to a great age. Her permanent state of dread of contagion, her singular mixture of devotion and love of good cheer and worldly comforts, render her character so ludicrous that involuntarily we ask how she could have attained the influence, or the consideration, she certainly enjoyed. It may be that the secret of this social success resided after all in the fact that Madame de Sablé was more of a real woman—not of the best kind it is true, but still essentially feminine—than the various heroines around her. Neither men, nor women either, like masculine minds in the women they constantly see; and therefore it is that they surround with such consideration those who are, to use M. Cousin's phrase applied to Madame de Sablé, "amiable, highly born, and well educated, who after abandoning the illusions and temptations of early youth, centre their notions of happiness in solid and elegant operations, and pride themselves upon exercising around them a useful and noble influence." Practically we find that women of this description are the most beloved,

and have the greatest chance of meeting with happiness in our work-a-day world; but we ask naturally, what have they to do in a gallery designed for the instruction of posterity, by the side of the more energetic adventurers of their sex. After all the merit of Madame de Sablé was principally her insignificance. Why need M. Cousin have placed this on a conspicuous pedestal by the side of her more dashing and brilliant friends? We almost feel disposed to quarrel with him for wasting such transcendent abilities upon so shallow a subject; and indeed, as we said before, only feel interested in the life of Madame de Sablé because, by a species of "bull," it is really the life of Madame de Longueville after her definitive renunciation of the errors and follies of her youth.

The life of Madame de Chevreuse has more interest, more subject, to use an artistic phrase, than perhaps any of the other lives hitherto recorded by M. Cousin. She occupied a wider field, was intimately connected with events of deeper importance in their present and ultimate consequences, was thrown into personal communication with a far more varied class of statesmen and rulers than either of the women M. Cousin had noticed before her. There is something passing strange, and fitted to excite the most serious reflections in the career of the woman who could beard Richelieu, lead the King of Spain and our own Charles I. whilst she was in exile, who made or unmade parties during the Fronde, and at the close of her long and adventurous career, assisted to overthrow Fouquet and bring Colbert into power. De Retz and De la Rochefoucauld may assume for their own purposes, that she who could take a decided lead in events so stirring, and of a nature to arouse all the more violent passions of strong, able men, was only guided by the caprices or passions of the moment; but it must be evident to all who study the actual history of worldly affairs that no one, man or woman, can remain long in a position to act decidedly upon their course, unless he or she be endowed with energy and ability of superior order. Both those essentials for worldly success Madame de Chevreuse seems to have possessed in abundance, without much moral control, or without any regulating overruling religious conviction, so essential to a woman raised by her character and position above the restraints of public opinion, and enfranchised from the modesty and reserve of her sex. Her history was consequently of the stormiest and most exciting nature; wild, romantic, and irregular in the extreme; all for passion, nothing for principle; to-day, witnessing her triumphs in courts; to-morrow, her quarrels with astute and powerful ministers; shortly afterwards, her escape in disguise through personal perils and dangers of the most irksome descrip-

tion ; her residence in foreign courts, living upon their charity, and at all times exposed to their intrigues ; then, her return to her own country and to power ; again, her exile and disgrace ; a reconciliation with the minister and favourite of her quondam friend and royal mistress ; and lastly, an intimate alliance with the plebeian guide of the Grand Monarque—with the man who alone gave a glory and a real strength to the despotism then founded by identifying it with the wants and feelings of the nation. Surely this was a career more worthy of study and record than either that of the “*La Vallière of the Fronde*,” or of the female epicurean amongst the ascetics of Port Royal or the Carmelites ; and it may be a fair subject of reproach to M. Cousin that he should have misplaced his interest upon Madame de Longueville to the extent of preferring her to the more energetic Madame de Chevreuse. Yet, perhaps, this preference is natural, for the very energy of the fair widow of the Duc de Lynes, subsequently married to the Duc de Chevreuse, rather startles and revolts the bulk of mankind ; and they who feel conscious of their own want of mental power and moral dignity usually feel a dislike for those who possess the qualities of which they feel themselves deficient. Physical organization has far more to do in these affairs than we are willing to admit ; and, no doubt, much of the peculiar character and many of the singular adventures of Madame de Chevreuse are to be accounted for by the strong animal organization to be traced in the portrait prefixed to her history ; whilst the somewhat lackadaysical character of Madame de Longueville is to be read in her features. But what annoys us is that any of these women, graceful, lovely, clever, and energetic, as they unquestionably were, should have been raised from their real positions of ladies of high rank—light of love, and lighter of political conviction—to the rank of heroines ; and that M. Cousin should have employed in varnishing their very equivocal reputations the same pen which had before recorded the virtues and excellence of Jacqueline Pascal. Frankly do we confess that we have read these memoirs of the frail, fair enemies of Cardinal Mazarin with absorbing attention, and have yielded without effort of resistance to the singular fascination of M. Cousin’s narrative. The perusal of nearly all the contemporary memoirs of this period, moreover, has convinced us that substantially he is correct in all his records of facts, and the descriptions he gives of the various actors in these strange, eventful histories ; although, as might have been expected, M. Cousin has warped events, and represents characters in the most favourable light to his own predilections. Still we are startled and pained when the professor of moral philosophy, the minister of public instruction for a great

nation, erects himself into the complaisant apologist for ladies somewhat more than errant, and endeavours to surround the record of their follies and crimes with the interest of romance. We do not believe—or at least we are not aware of the existence of any such publication—that in France this objection has been raised to the tone of the “*Nouvelles Etudes sur les Femmes Illustres du XVII^{me}. Siècle* ;” but at any rate it strikes us as indicative of a fearful tone of moral degradation in high quarters, when such men as M. Cousin dare to avow themselves the champions of Mesdames de Longueville, De Sablé, and De Chevreuse, and to dwell with indulgent complacency on their “*amiable weaknesses*.” We hope that the fact of treating Jacqueline Pascal apart from her frail contemporaries is to be accounted for by some instinctive perception of her immeasurable superiority ; and we almost beg pardon ourselves for mingling names and characters so discordant.

There is, however, in all M. Cousin’s portraits of these irregular princesses one moral, “one strain which still comes o’er his breathing chord,” viz., that having drank to the dregs the cup of pleasure and worldly ambition, they all in their latter days took refuge in extreme devotion. Was this, as De la Rochefoucauld would no doubt have asked in the language of one of his own Maxims, anything more than a change of passion ? Let us hope that it proceeded from nobler motives ; but there was something so exaggerated in the devotion of Madame de Longueville, something so tardy in that of Madame de Chevreuse, and something so characteristically self-indulgent even in the mortifications of Madame de Sablé, that involuntarily the uncharitable suspicion forces itself upon us that the merit of self-sacrifice was small in either of these cases. Perhaps even in the case of Jacqueline Pascal there was little of what can really be called self sacrifice ; for her mind was so well organized that she required little effort to renounce the world for what she believed to be her vocation. But there was throughout her life one clear, fixed principle from which she seems never to have swerved ; and she died broken-hearted because she had been induced to act in a manner she believed to be in contradiction to her convictions. M. Cousin’s other three heroines were of a different stamp. It may be that the majority of men will agree with him in his manifest indulgence of their feminine errors, and regard such close approximations to perfection as Jacqueline Pascal with a feeling of awe, approaching to dislike, because it is a tacit reproach upon themselves. Yet that she did choose the better part is to some extent proved by the eagerness of the very three women whom we have thus placed in juxtaposition with her, to submit to her guidance, or to that of

her community—and thus again is the lesson read that “virtue alone is happiness below,” and that they who sow the wind of passion must ever reap the whirlwind of repentance! Since the world began, wisdom has cried this lesson in the streets. Alas! it is now as little attended to as ever! and all the more forcibly are men, in the position, and yielding the influence which M. Cousin’s marvellous talents have conferred upon him, bound to endeavour on all occasions to point the moral to be rightly drawn from the eventful histories of the world’s leaders. How strange it is too, withal, that the modern advocates of Port Royal should exhibit a laxity of morals which would have revolted any of the leaders of that remarkable congregation! In this respect France has still much to learn; and the tone of public opinion requires even a greater reformation than its political institutions before the nation can rightly enjoy freedom.

Be all this as it may, and notwithstanding our reserves as to the real moral worth of M. Cousin’s portraits, we avow that we look forward with anxiety for the future pages he has promised, upon the intimate history of a period in which, as Thomas very truly said, “a revolution in the heart of a woman almost always announced one in the affairs of a nation.” To some extent, too, these brilliant sketches force us back upon the contemplation of our own literature, for whilst admiring their artistic excellence, we ask, without meeting a reply, whom can we cite as worthy companions to M. Cousin or his colleagues? It is to be feared that we are passing through an epoch of national mediocrity; for in this phase of intellectual development, as in most others, we are totally unable to cope with our neighbours. Why should this be? and how strangely do such various questions, connected with the phenomena of mind, force themselves upon us.

A really good philosophical history of the middle of the seventeenth century, in France or in England, is still to be written; for neither Voltaire, Anquetil, nor De St. Aulaire, nor the endless series of memoir authors, were able to grasp all the bearings of the subject. M. de St. Aulaire’s “*Histoire de la Fronde*” is the best account we know of that particular period, and it is written with a far broader and more comprehensive view of the political problems then mooted; but that nobleman did not carry back his researches sufficiently to discover the real sources of movement amongst either the prominent actors, or the body of the nation. He could appreciate the movement of the “*Importants* ;” but the conduct of the legislators, and of the people during the first Fronde, is hardly treated as it merited in his otherwise commendable work. We had hoped, that M. Cousin’s actual connexion with government had inspired

him with the desire to supply the literary want to which we have thus referred. He has thought proper, however, to amuse and interest, instead of reading grave political lessons. Perhaps he was right, so far as his reputation as a mere author is concerned; for his portraits will be far more popular than a serious history would ever be; and perhaps also it is absurd, on our parts, to allow the regret for the absence of the nobler and more ambitious work to interfere with the enjoyment of the charmingly written "*Etudes sur les Femmes Illustres du XVII^{me}. Siècle.*" Why are they not translated? They would introduce our English reading population to a phase of history and a class of society of which they know very little; and we are convinced that they would be eagerly read, both by those who seek only for amusement, and by those who seek, in the productions of ex-ministers of state, for a reflex light upon their political conduct; and in the lighter labours of the metaphysician, the key-note to his doctrines. We repeat that they are beautifully written, in the main correct, and though their tendency may be questionable, there can be no doubt as to the surpassing literary excellence of these Studies.

ART. II.—*Die Zeichen der Zeit: Briefe an Freunde ueber die Gewissensfreiheit und das Recht der Christlichen Gemeinde.* Von Christian Carl Josias Bunsen, Koeniglich Preussischen Wirklichen Geheimrath, Doctor der Philosophie und der Theologie. Leipsic. 1855.

2. *Signs of the Times: Letters to Ernst Moritz Arndt on the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the present State of the World.* By C. C. J. Bunsen, D.C.L., Ph.D., Translated from the German by Susanna Winkworth, Author of "*Life of Niebuhr,*" &c. London. 1856.

THE race of Admirable Crichtons is extinct—as hopelessly so as the plesiosaurs and the mastodons. We have still literary knights-errant more than enough, but they do not now-a-days affix their challenges to the doors of Professor de Morgan's lecture-room in Gower Street, or of the logic schools at Oxford. The spirit of the age has changed; and we should as soon expect to see the hero of Cervantes travelling first-class to Gravesend by the North Kent Railway, with Rosinante in a horse-box, for the purpose of encountering his deadly enemy in a charge up Windmill Hill. To think of a bumptious young M.A. of St. Andrew's, of only four years' standing, and less than eighteen years old, challenging successively the dons of the Universities

of Paris, Rome, Venice, and Padua to dispute with him in any one of twelve specified languages "in any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, whether practical or theoretic," makes us pigmies of the nineteenth century simply shudder. That the Scotch stripling came, saw, and conquered his Goliaths in all these fields, is indeed proof that he must have been a prodigy of learning, such as in these dog-days, in which we are writing, it is perfectly distressing to contemplate. At least, the only consideration that comes to our relief in the case is, that his antagonists must have been truly most gigantic "Philistines," in the sense of the German universities; or as the Cambridge slang has it "*snobs*." Otherwise, one is provoked to regard the act of his hopeful young pupil, the Prince of Mantua, in cutting short his portentous career in his twenty-third year by assassination as no unmixed evil, just as Charles Lamb on one occasion, after being teased a whole forenoon by the children of his host, proposed, on the removal of the cloth and of his tormentors, a toast "to the memory of the much maligned and abused, but g-g-good King Herod." Such precocious upstarts are now happily impossible, and our modern conventionalisms allow no scope for egregious puppyism of this sort. It would have been highly diverting, and would have put the anachronism in the clearest light, had some Earl of Eglinton, on a recent interesting occasion, got up a literary tournament. The late contest for the succession to Sir William Hamilton's chair at Edinburgh, might have been turned to admirable account. With the Established church of Scotland backing one candidate; the Free church, a second; whilst independent intellectual men of all parties both north and south of the Tweed wished success to a third, there would have been no lack of excitement. The judges of the lists might have been selected by the town-council from amongst the most renowned metaphysicians of the day; or, if this should have been held to trench too closely on civic prerogative, the Lord Provost and his conclave might have done duty themselves. Only in order that their heads might be reasonably cool for such a knotty business, they must have been carefully dieted, and interdicted from turtle, and above all from toddy, for at least three clear days. Of course a *Times* reporter would have been present to ensure a due awe of the public opinion of the country. We fear it would have been incompatible with a proper regard to the important issues at stake to adhere to the precedents, by admitting ladies, with the exception, perhaps, of a few very resolute and not too well-favoured blues. Let the reader imagine the scene. The important day having arrived, and all preliminaries settled, amidst a flourish of trumpets and "tremendous cheers," the learned Professors Ferrier, Fra-

ser, and Scott, descend blushing into the arena. The Knight of St. Andrew's flings down his "Institutes of Metaphysics; or, Theory of Knowing and Being," as his guage of battle, which the author of the "Essays in Philosophy" instantly takes up, and they rush to the encounter. Confused shouts of "Mind-together-with-that-which-it-apprehends!" "Union of the universal and particular!" "Concretion of the ego and non-ego!" "Epistemology, Agnoiology, and Ontology," with other high-sounding phrases, rend the affrighted air, and puzzle sorely the municipal mind of the modern Athens. At length one of the disputants cries "craven," and then after a suitable interval for rest and refreshment, the victor finds a new, and perhaps, a more doughty champion, burning with ambition to pluck from his vizor his hard-earned laurels. The tug of war recommences; syllogisms and enthymemes, sorites and dilemmas, terms categorical and syncategorematic, subjects and predicates and copulas, fly in all directions, to the great danger of the heads of the corporation, no less than to those of the combatants, until the wordy strife is decided, and the conquering hero is duly installed in the vacant chair to the tune of *Barbara celarent darii ferioque prioris!*

The Chevalier Bunsen is no literary Quixote, and lays no claim to the character of a universal genius. But he is ready to do battle for the good and the true against all comers; and perhaps there is no man of the present day who has attained to eminence in so many and such diverse departments of learning and philosophy. Of him it may be said with at least as much truth as of any of our contemporaries, *Nihil quod non tetigit; nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* His varied culture is entitled to the more admiration, because in our days it is comparatively so rare. Our modern tendency is towards division of labour in intellectual, no less than in mechanical pursuits, and amongst Continental scholars this is carried to a far greater extent than it is even amongst ourselves. Nor can there be any doubt that upon the whole this tendency is a healthy one, notwithstanding its liability to generate narrow-mindedness, and a microscopic rather than a telescopic view of things. The parcelling out of the wide field of knowledge into a number of small farms proportioned to the increasing swarms of labourers turned into it by the general diffusion of education, tends to ensure its better cultivation, and a richer harvest of results. The man who, as Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell, is equally ready at a moment's notice to take the command of the Channel fleet, or to perform the operation for the stone, only offers you the wretched option between a lubberly admiral and a quack surgeon. The Jack-of-all-trades is sure to turn out master of

none; and if we are ever to have an administrative reform in literature and science, where it is as much needed as anywhere else, the system of division of labour must be allowed freer scope by far than has yet been accorded to it. Only thus shall we get "the right man for the right place." But supposing all that is desirable to be attained in this direction, there will be none the less, but all the more necessity for *some* encyclopedic minds, like Bunsen, able to scan with comprehensive grasp whole counties and provinces of the kingdoms of Nature, Art, and History, and to point out the path which progress must pursue! They must be men of Promethean brain, and with warm, genial hearts, stretching forth into the future, without losing hold of the present, and thus linked on to the past; the watchers on the mountain-tops who announce to universities below, that these may tell the teachers of the peoples, the rising of the sun. Each of these "kings of men," will, of course, have his Thersites, whose buffooneries he will treat with easy contempt, unless, perchance, they should be carried too far, and provoke him to let fall the bossy sceptre on the luckless knave's pate. For the rest, they will be as much diverted with the clamours of the Obscurantists as Luther was with the debates of the parliament of crows which he observed from the tower of the Wartburg, and has described with such inimitable humour. That one who has come to such deadly grips with priestcraft as the author of the "Church of the Future," "Hippolytus and his Age," and of the masterly exposure of the Ignatian imposture, contained in his "Letters to Neander," should have come in for his share of such amusement was but in the nature of things.

The Chevalier's new book is not, as its somewhat apocalyptic title, "The Signs of the Times," might almost lead one to anticipate, an attempt to unravel the mysteries of unfulfilled prophecy, and to take the wind out of the sails of the prosperous seer of Crown Court, but simply a series of ten letters to old Arndt the poet, on the prospects of religious liberty, especially in Germany. Our author does not tell us, to our great comfort, that the battle of Armageddon is past, since Sebastopol has fallen, and that we have now only to wait for the second advent in 1866, like the boudoir divine of that histrionic neighbourhood, but summons us rather to brace up our nerves for the "coming struggle," with foes more formidable than the Russians—the dark gathering hosts of hierarchy, Romish, Lutheran, and Anglican, who must soon be put to a second rout like that which humbled them at the Reformation, if ever there is to be a millennium at all. The following passage from his first letter, which is of an introductory nature, shows us what he regards

as the two leading "signs of the times," and how he was led to such earnest reflection upon them:—

"When, on my return to my German fatherland in the summer of last year, I began to compare what I saw there in traversing its various districts, with the result of similar observations and studies during my fourteen years' residence in England, two phenomena immediately arrested my attention as universal and significant characteristics of the age. *I refer to the spontaneous and powerful development of the spirit of association, and the evident increase of the power of the hierarchy.* I had long since fixed my eye on both these facts, and endeavoured to understand their workings, particularly in England. The *spirit of association*, to speak of that first, is of native, and not recent growth in England; and among the modern monuments and public works of London, or indeed of the British empire at large, there is scarcely one that is striking or of any magnitude but what has its root in this principle. The British empire in India the greatest in the world, has grown up in less than a century from a company of traders and capitalists. The great American republic had its origin for the most part in voluntary churches and other English associations, and a future Canadian union, which already looms on the horizon, will also take its place in the world's history by the strength of this same spirit. What but the spirit of association has called into existence within the last twenty years the gigantic railway structures which throw into the shade the collective results of all that princes and states had ever been able to accomplish in the way of roads and canals, and whose erection has required more capital than the revenues of all the states in the world amount to? And what has given England, in the same space of time, more new churches and chapels and congregations of all Christian sects than governments and hierarchies have founded during the whole course of the last four hundred years, but this same principle?

"Is, then, this spirit of association a product of the most recent times, a child of this century, or at most of the last eighty years? Is it an offshoot of modern industrial activity, or is it too a conquest of the philosophy of the last century, and of so-called modern civilization? England proves the contrary. Here we see, so early as the seventeenth century, the formation of voluntary congregations, which, under the name of Independents, develop themselves as did Christianity itself once, beneath the persecution of two hostile state churches. From these communities proceeded the modern Baptists, whom even learned German theologians still to this day affect to confound with the Munster Anabaptists. As regards their form of government they are, as every one knows, Independents, who perform the rite of baptism, like the primitive Christians, by immersion; and only administer the rite to such as make a profession of personal faith in Christ as the Redeemer, and publicly pledge themselves to live accordingly. The Baptists, also, arose amidst persecution as voluntary congregations of believers, and not only gained a footing in England and Scotland, but formed in the United States many thousand congregations, mostly from among the Independents. The

congregations are independent of each other; but, like the Congregationalists, have formed voluntary unions; and in the United States now number more than 5,000,000 Christians, white and black. The vitality of these congregational churches is evinced by their missions; for the Baptists and Independents have been the first who have converted whole tribes, and raised them into fitness for civil life; while the Jesuit missions of Paraguay only trained a people perfectly incapable of self-government, and unable to walk except in leading-strings. For example, we may point to the Independents in Tahiti, whom the French missionaries are trying to counteract by means of bayonets and brandy; or to the Baptists in the Sandwich Islands, where the state founded by the mission forms a self-existent church which sends out its missionaries into the Oceanic Isles. All this has been done in sixty years. During this period—nay, for the space of two hundred and fifty years—the state churches of England and Scotland have exhibited but little capability of propagating themselves; the German and Dutch Reformed Churches still less; and the Lutheran church, none at all. To the same principle we must assign the voluntary associations for pastoral aid, and scripture readers, and the Mission for the City of London, as well as all the associations for missionary labour at home and abroad, and also the Bible societies.

“The whole of these have sprung up within the last sixty years; and now they send forth many evangelists and apostles over the face of the whole earth, and educate as many more from among their converts belonging to the most dissimilar races of Asia, Africa, and America, to become a parent-stock for future races and peoples. The youngest of these voluntary associations, which we have seen shooting up before our eyes during the last few years by the side of a highly respectable, though somewhat torpid national church—I mean that of the Free Church of Scotland—has in only ten years, outstripped the activity of all the state churches in the world.”—Pp. 20—24.

Of the other principal “sign of the times,” he thus speaks:—

“Equally conspicuous, both on the Continent and in England, is the second sign I have mentioned: I mean the rising power of the clergy as a governing caste or hierarchy, and especially, though by no means exclusively, of the Romish. Here, too, the diversity of the whole national and political life has an obvious influence upon the complexion of the particular case; still the phenomenon remains essentially the same. No two things can be more unlike than English Puseyism and German Lutheranism. The first rests upon a firmly established episcopate, independent of the executive and the police, and reciprocally influences and is influenced by many national movements. But modern Lutheranism is the child of a consistorial church of officials. We find the Lutheran pastors, from whom this hierarchical tendency emanates, with few exceptions, entirely uninfluenced either by the congregational element for which Germany is indebted to the Reformed Church, or by the outburst of new life

throughout the Christian world during the last sixty years. To both these elements of life they are hostile, as derogating from the 'dignity of the sacred office,' or even infested with the pestilence of liberalism. But towards the peculiar scientific tendency of German thought, whether in philosophy or critical philology, to which they owe all the learning they possess, they assume an attitude of direct opposition, and insist on a theological system which is as far from the leading ideas embodied in the Protestant Confessions, as from the spirit of that first and most genial of the reformers whose name they abuse. Far outstepping the views of the genial Steffens, nay, even of the more cautious Harless, they accuse their instructors, the great men of our universities, of holding aloof from congregational action, and of having sacrificed practical life to critical science; entirely forgetting that one main cause of the sickly state of our churches is precisely what these men have delivered us from. They reject the unimpeachable results of investigation as infidel, and stigmatize as godless that which has essentially proceeded from a deep moral and religious earnestness. Thus, so far as in them lies, they cut away the root of congregational life on the one hand, by the hierarchical pretensions of their 'office,' which issue in a Catholicizing idea of the Church; on the other, by the servile bureaucratic spirit which they display wherever they encounter the element of free congregational activity. If they do not persecute with the sword, like their predecessors, it appears to be more owing to want of power than of will. At all events, they show the will wherever they are able."—Pp. 26—28.

"The phenomenon has been indigenous among us for the last thirty years; and for the last forty, a silent preparation for it has evidently been going on in men's minds. Does it proceed from the hierarchy, or from the governments, or from the peoples? It is, at first sight, certainly, the most perplexing riddle of this century.

"Wherever a nation at large has striven for and conquered political freedom, it has never forgotten to lay down the principle of freedom of conscience, still less clamoured for persecution. And though the Spaniards would not accept the Napoleonic tolerance, which came to them in the train of craft and violence, and bore no impress of moral earnestness, yet even there the industrial masses have begun to perceive that the true Christian religion must be able to exist without inquisition, or sword, or dungeon, and that those must have understood little of its nature (not even excepting Donoso, Cortes, and Balmes) who maintain, and withal to God's glory, that this is not possible.

"And who would have dreamt, at the beginning of this century, that in the land which saw the judicial murder of Jean Calas, symptoms of religious hatred should manifest themselves immediately on the return of the Bourbons—that, contemporaneously with Le Maistre and De Bonald, a school would arise which should defend the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and apply to it those fearful words: 'Ce sang était il donc si pur?'—that, in 1823, Ferdinand VII. should only have been restrained with difficulty from re-establishing the Inquisition in Spain—that, in 1832, the Protestant inhabitants of the

Zillerthal, in Tyrol, after suffering many attacks, and heavy oppressions, contrary to the law, should at last have been driven into exile as an act of mercy, as was the case in 1853 with the Madiari in Florence? Yes, who would have believed that, under the sceptre of the brother of the religious and liberal Alexander I., in the empire of Peter the Great, which, though despotic, was based on universal toleration, thousands of Protestants, and millions of the united Greek church, would be forced over to the dominant and national church by every evil art of treachery and violence, in provinces where this national church of Russia had never been the prevailing one, or never existed at all before?

"Nay, even among Protestants rages this demon of persecution. The Estates of that Swedish nation which two centuries ago combated with such heroism and faith for the religious freedom of their Protestant brethren in Germany, have passed in the preceding year an exceedingly intolerant law, ordaining the persecution of evangelical associations, and the banishment of natives who go over to the Romish church. After long hesitation, the king has set his seal to this cruel decree; while in pious Norway, perfect freedom of religion prevails.

"And look at Germany! Not only in Mecklenburg, which has fallen a prey to measureless political retrogression, but even in other German countries, a vehement and bitter persecution has been set on foot against the Baptist congregations, which had begun to form themselves under the shelter of a short interval of religious freedom. Nay, what is still more astounding, even among free-thinking Christian men in Germany, principles have been enunciated in opposition to religious freedom, which were more appropriate to the seventeenth than to the nineteenth century. Nay, even the leaders of liberal political parties among us make a boast of their exclusiveness as regards the Jews. Whence arises this lagging behind of the Germans in the march of humanity?

"The spirit of persecution is not, therefore, to be considered as the isolated endeavour of fanatical or ambitious individuals, but as rooted in our social condition. Neither can it be designate das tendency of a single church or of a single nation. Is it the offspring of the recruited power of the hierarchy? or is it the consequence of the general direction taken by religious thought on ecclesiastical questions, or a direct effect of retrograde absolutism? or has it yet deeper grounds in the sense of the inward unsoundness of the existing ecclesiastical and political organizations?"—Pp. 33—37.

The second letter was penned June 4th, 1855, on the eve of the eleventh centenary commemoration of the martyrdom of the Englishman Winfrid, or Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, as he is usually styled. The inflated pastoral issued on occasion of the jubilee by Bishop von Ketteler, the Roman Catholic Primate of Germany, and Boniface's successor in the see of Mayence, forms its text; and this audacious manifesto of the hierarchical faction receives rather rough handling from the

indignant Chevalier. His patriotic and Protestant ire is particularly roused by the prelate's impudent assertion that German unity was the work of Rome through her emissary Boniface, and by the following passage of this mendacious missive, in which the Reformation is charged with being the cause of the rupture of the nation, and is described as a crime equal in malignity to the rejection of Christ by the Jews:—

“ ‘ When this spiritual foundation was subverted, and the spiritual bond with which Boniface had bound the German peoples together, was rent asunder, it was all over with German unity and the greatness of the German nation. *As the Jewish people lost its standing upon earth when it crucified the Messiah, so the German nation lost its high calling for the kingdom of God when it rent asunder the unity established by Boniface.* Since that time Germany has contributed rather, one might almost say, only to subvert the kingdom of Christ upon earth, and to bring into vogue a heathenish view of things. Since that time the old loyalty and truth have more and more vanished along with the old faith; and all the bolts and bars, all the bridewells and prisons, all sorts of restraints and police rule, are inadequate to supply the place of conscience. Since that time, German hearts and German thoughts have become ever more and more estranged and we are, perhaps even now, in the midst of a crisis which is preparing the way for the disappearance of the German nation as a nation having interests in common, and is carrying up a wall between us as strong as that which divides us from other peoples of Teutonic stock. Since that time, even the branches which have adhered to the old trunk have been suffering; for if a mighty branch is broken off a great tree, the whole tree begins to mourn, and it is long ere it recovers its former vigour, and ere a new branch replaces the old one. It is precisely on this point that so many are deluded. Men cast in the teeth of the Catholic church so many sins of her members, so many sad phenomena even in Catholic countries, without reflecting that, for the most part, they are the fruits of that unhappy schism. The more noble that member is, the more profound is the shock which it gives the body when it refuses its services. The more sublime was the vocation of the German people for the development of the Christian order of the world, the more radical and lasting must be the shock which this entire order of things must have received when that member refused to fulfil its function, and the longer will be the interval ere a new branch can replace that which has fallen away, and fulfil the calling which the German people has abdicated.’ ”

We cannot forbear extracting a few paragraphs of the Chevalier's spirited rejoinder to these atrocious accusations:—

“ The German nation is accused of having forfeited its vocation in the kingdom of Christ by the Reformation, as the Jews lost their vocation as the chosen people of God by the crucifixion of the

Messiah. As a palpable proof that this reading of history is that of a true prophet, called to proclaim God's voice and his eternal judgments in the events of his providence, three assertions are made: First, that, since that epoch, Germany has almost exclusively exercised a destructive influence on the world of thought, and been the parent of a heathen view of the world. Secondly, that there has been a decay of the old German loyalty, nay, of conscience itself, which no civil penalties or correctional institutions can replace. As the former assertion is the prophetic interpretation of history, so is the latter the prophetic reading of the present. But the prediction of the future likewise is not wanting. The Reformation is destined to bring about the annihilation of the German nationality, and the various races which were united in such close spiritual bonds by Boniface and the Carlovingians, and which still possess a common language and culture, will soon be as far divided from each other as they are now from Switzerland and Holland, or even from the British Anglo-Saxons. Nor is this enough. Through this crucifixion of Christ afresh in his church the German nation is responsible for the undeniable decay and corruption of the nations which have remained in the Catholic unity. If a thousand voices in Italy and Spain rise to heaven in lamentation over the wretched state of these once so flourishing lands, these once so powerful nations; if thousands on both sides of the Pyrenees are sighing over the corruption of religion and morality; if (according to the latest official reports, which are now filling all Europe with horror) the prisons of the Papal States are crowded with men guilty of the most horrible and loathsome crimes, to an extent hitherto unparalleled among Christians or Turks (twenty-one parricides among others); on whom does the guilt rest but on ourselves, the German nation? The unfortunate peoples and governments are suffering from the consequences of our godless deeds three hundred years ago!"—Pp. 47—49.

"We cannot suffer these unexampled words of the prelate to pass without comment. They are, indeed, directed in the first instance to the believers of his diocese, and, if he chooses to treat them as such godless persons, we cannot deny him the right to do so. We should certainly regret it deeply, but should neither feel it our duty nor our business to stand between the shepherd and the flock; but it is clear it is not the Roman Catholic inhabitants of this diocese, nor our Catholic brethren in general, on whom the bishop intends his awful invectives to fall. They are evidently regarded by him as sufferers under the fresh crucifixion of the Messiah, committed by their Protestant fellow-countrymen. His hard words are, therefore, as regards the guilt of the transaction exclusively, as regards the punishment chiefly, directed against us Protestants; only the bishop, being a mild and courteous man, did not wish to say the naked truth so directly in our faces. God cannot possibly punish an innocent posterity still more severely for our sakes than the sinners and criminals themselves, for that would be contrary to all justice, human and divine. Our interpretation of his meaning must, therefore, be the correct one."

"Now there are probably few, even among the clergy of the reverend prelate, who seriously think the German nation a depraved one, and its views of the world unchristian and godless, compared to those which prevail in France, Spain, and Italy, or believe that its influence in the world, since 1517, has been purely anti-Christian. We will, therefore, attribute its full share to the rhetorical force of his language, and the excitement of the great clerical festival which the bishop had just been attending in Rome. His language is strong, but let it pass as an episcopal *façon de parler*! But when the prelate says in so many words that the German nation has lost its conscience, we are compelled by our conscience, which commands us above all things to speak the truth, to tell him with Christian freedom, that we deeply lament for his own sake, that he should have made such an assertion. It seems to us more worthy of an ignorant feudalism, or an arrogant priest, than of a man so highly cultivated, still less of a Christian bishop. Nay, it reminds us but too strongly of those words of our Lord, exhorting his hearers to beware of the sin against the Holy Ghost which could not be forgiven (Mat. xii. 31, 32), for us to dwell on it without a shudder. We can only hope the bishop did not know what he was saying.

"He who denies all conscience to his own nation, to which he owes his birth and mental culture, excommunicates her from all participation in the spirit of God, in so far as she does not think as he does on church matters. And can such an act be committed by a German prelate, casting his eye over three centuries, at the celebration of a German festival, on the eve of a great assembly of bishops? Now within these three centuries (at least according to the judgment of those who have not left their consciences and their eyes under the cupola of St. Peter's, in the crypt of the apostles), German intellect, German integrity, German loyalty, and German thought, have more than once enlightened and saved the world. Did not the bishop then feel a shudder when he denied conscience to this his nation, his home, his mother; when he joined the epithet murderer of the Messiah to her name, forgetting that there existed yet a Messiah to kill, the body of Christ in the world, his church, and the conscience of its living members? This Messiah truly, as did once that divine person, wanders over the earth in the form of a servant; and nowhere more so than in our distracted fatherland.

"But just because no one can blaspheme the Spirit in humanity without blaspheming or denying God himself, are we bound to speak of the children of our common mother with affection, and of herself with reverence; and we repeat it, above all, of such a mother and such a people, and in such a conjuncture for our fatherland and the world!

"Gladly would we find an apology for the bishop that should mitigate our censures and our sorrow, in his patriotic anxiety regarding our future, with reference to the position of foreign countries; but this we are honestly unable to do, and therefore must not attempt it. For only too soon the course of our observations will lead us to a very remarkable and purely politico-juristic production

of the same prelate, in which he expressly calls upon the two powerful neighbours of Germany, France and Russia, to interfere in our ecclesiastical disputes; namely, as guarantees of the peace of Westphalia in 1648, and of the final resolution of the committee of the Diet, in 1803. We will, therefore, leave the baron to defend his honour, the bishop his conscience, and the patriot his German sentiments. I do not know if I may add, the subject his oath of allegiance, for it is said that he has never taken it."—Pp. 50—53.

The third letter, written on the day of the jubilee itself, treats of the labours of Boniface, his forerunners and successors, and scrutinizes his title to be considered the evangelist of the Germans. Following in the footsteps of Neander and Rettberg, the Chevalier shows that Winfrid's claim to this honour is more than doubtful, and that it rather belongs, in the first place, to the Gothic bishop, Ulfilas, who, already in the middle of the fourth century, gave his countrymen the bible in their own tongue, and, in the next place, to the Celtic missionaries who were sent forth from Bangor and other seats of the ancient British church, to preach the gospel to the German tribes, long before Boniface received his commission from Rome. What Winfrid did was to conquer an already evangelized province for his master the Pope. He was the apostle of the hierarchy, not of Christianity. His achievements in this way are here duly pointed out, and this is followed by a masterly survey of the successive stories added by his successors in the chair of Mayence to the Babel of which he had laid the foundations. It is a curious but well-established historical fact, that from this very diocese proceeded that stupendous forgery, the Papal Decretals, those "few sheets of paper," which, as Gibbon sarcastically remarks, "were sold for much wealth and power." This portion of the work is highly creditable to the author's historical genius, and to his erudition and acumen as an ecclesiastical jurist.

The next four letters discuss some modern developments of the hierarchial maxims for which Germany is indebted to Boniface. The first of the four, after some pungent animadversions on the Bishop of Strasburg's "Tiara Sermon," preached on the last day of the Boniface Festival, and so called because in it the episcopal orator apostrophized Queen Victoria, summoning her to restore to the Pope the stolen tiara on her brows, gives some interesting details respecting the proceedings of a synod of German prelates held at Würzburg in the autumn of 1848. Of this important conclave too little is generally known. The Chevalier shows from those portions of its acts which have been made public, that at this assembly there was hatched a most reckless and daring ultramontane conspiracy for subverting altogether the settlements relative to religion made at the Peace

of Westphalia just two centuries before. The plot then contrived has been bearing fruit ever since. There can be no doubt that Baden was from the first pitched upon by these Popish revolutionists, as the state most favourably circumstanced for the inauguration of their schemes of aggrandizement, and encroachment upon the civil power. With a small territory, which has seen many political changes, and is open on all sides to the conflicting tendencies of the age, the Grand Duke of Baden rules as a Protestant prince, over a population of a million and a half, two fifths of whom are Catholics. Here, accordingly, a beginning was made, and from 1853 till last year, (when a sort of compromise was effected, by which the hierarchy were certainly not the losers), the Archbishop of Friburg was in open revolt against his sovereign. The Chevalier's fifth letter follows at length the various phases of this ecclesiastical crisis in Baden. Attached to it are two valuable appendices, the former giving an historical and juridical account of the contest, and the latter, a project of law proposed by Professor Warnkönig, a liberal Roman Catholic ecclesiastical jurist, for the settlement of the questions at issue. The sixth letter is of wider scope, and treats generally of the conflict everywhere going on between the Civil Legislation and the canon law of Rome in its bearing upon marriage, education, and church property. The most painfully interesting letter is the seventh, the subject of which is the conflict of the priesthood with conscience, and the recent persecutions. Appended to it are the official and other authentic documents relating to the persecutions of Cecchetti in Tuscany, Borczynski in Austria, and other similar phenomena elsewhere. This concludes the first volume of the original, which, as will be seen, is mainly concerned with the manifestations of the hierarchical spirit in the Roman Catholic portion of Christendom.

The eighth letter boldly proposes, as the only solution of the present complications, the reinstatement of the Christian people in their ecclesiastical rights, of which they have been robbed for so many centuries by the hierarchy on the one hand, and by the sovereigns on the other. We wish we could afford room for extracts, but we must forbear. The last two letters are a searching critique of Professor Stahl's "Discourse on Toleration," which refutes alike his doctrine on that subject, both from an historical and juristical point of view (Letter IX.), and his utterly un-Protestant view of the church therein propounded (Letter X.). Stahl, we may observe, is the great gun of the Prussian reactionary party in church and state, and to have spiked it as Bunsen has here so effectually done, is a service not only to our author's own fatherland, but to the civilized and Christian world at large. His demolition of the Tory and Neo-Lutheran

bigot's plausible and oily sophisms is as complete and crushing as could possibly be desired. We quote the Chevalier's eloquent and inspiring conclusion, which must also be ours.

"If these things be so, my honoured friend, how can we Protestants, who have nothing to do with the Jesuits, doubt that the great and noble nations whom that society has first led to superstition and despotism, and then plunged into their inevitable consequences—unbelief and anarchy, will extirpate from their midst, with holy resolve and judicious act, the evil that has once more assumed such gigantic proportions, and free the world for ever from its curse? What nations wish for the servitude which the Jesuits introduce or cherish, and not for liberty?—for the disruption of the commonwealth, and not for its prosperity?—for persecution, and not for freedom of conscience? It would require fresh centuries of bondage, new religious and civil wars, before the nations could again be made rotten enough, the world wicked enough, scepticism universal enough, and the decline of true learning deep enough, for Europe to become once more a pupil of the Jesuits. But we will not do them the favour to fall into the snare which they have laid for us.

"Therefore we, for our part, in the strength of this faith, desire to keep wholly within the field of right and of liberty. We desire to take note of all that is done: we will not depart from our rights in order to deprive the Jesuits of theirs. Were we to violate our principle of freedom, we should be recreants to our faith in the victory of truth. The only way in which we can help our Catholic brethren, is by faithfully acting upon the dictates of the gospel committed to our hands, and of the freedom and knowledge to which it has conducted us; and by labouring for the kingdom of God among ourselves, ever mindful of our own faults and imperfections, and of the high purpose and prize of liberty.

"But this we will say boldly, and proclaim to all the world, *whoever promotes oppression of conscience and mental slavery—yea, whoever does not, with all sincerity and energy, labour in faith for the freedom of the human conscience and intellect, is working for Jesuitism, and, as much as in him lies, for the downfall and destruction of his own church and nation. But if he be a Protestant, he deserves a double measure of our abhorrence or compassion.*

"But he who in the sphere assigned him, whether it be high or low, labours faithfully for right and freedom, is labouring for the overthrow of the enemies of the kingdom of God over the whole earth.

"Assuredly, my honoured friend, a mighty struggle is impending for us. It is a sacred warfare, and no unhallowed hands may take part in it with impunity. The antagonism between liberty and oppression of conscience is everlasting, but the banner of free moral personality waves victoriously over the battle-field, and on it is inscribed, in letters of fire,

"*'In hoc signo vinces.'*

Even as the chorus of the Greek tragedy ends—

"*'το δ' εν νικατω.'*

"Yes, the right shall prevail in the history of our world; for it prevailed in Christ for all humanity eighteen centuries ago!

"We are all hastening to eternity while living in it, and our time has its essence in eternity. Time, into which the kingdom of God has been born, and is advancing step by step to its full accomplishment.

"Probably, my dear and honoured friend, we shall behold only in spirit the dawning of the new day that is coming upon our earth; but we shall behold the day that is about to break, for it is ours. May we, like the divine prophet Elias, perceive the presence of the Lord in his still small voice of inward peace, even amidst the roar of storms and crashing of tempests! May we, as we depart from this world, exclaim in the beautiful and dying words of the immortal seer of Gorlitz, the pious Jacob Böhme:—

" 'HALLELUJAH! From sunrise to midnight flames the power and might of the Lord; who will stay his thunderbolts?

" 'HALLELUJAH! Into all lands looks thine eye of love; and thy truth endures for everlasting!

" 'HALLELUJAH! We are redeemed from the yoke of the oppressor! No one shall build his kingdom again for ever; for the Lord hath spoken it by his wondrous deeds. HALLELUJAH!' "

ART. III.—*Bacon's Essays; with Annotations.* By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: 1856.

Who can tell us how it is that really great books never lose the stamp of originality? Within a generation or two after an author's death, if his books have been widely circulated, and reckoned to be worth something, his best thoughts pass into the general stock of human wisdom, and many of the most daring and startling of them become commonplace. The fences round his intellectual estate sink into decay; and the estate itself, which he had recovered from the great deep and made rich and beautiful by incredible toil, becomes part of the unenclosed kingdom of thought. At first, book-makers fell the noble timber and use it for the purposes of their handicraft; reap the bountiful harvests, and gather them into their own barns; by-and-bye, all men forget how the land was won, and think it part of their original inheritance. Thus, the philosophy of one age becomes the common sense of another. Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, and Burke, would recognize some of their best gold in the currency of the market-place. These great men have wrought permanent changes in the language and modes of thought of all civilized communities. The very toys and songs

and discipline of the nursery, bear traces of their imperial influence. The results of their most painful reasonings, and the profoundest intuitions of their genius, have passed into popular proverbs and household words, and are now part of the soil and atmosphere of our intellectual life. We are necessarily familiar with very much of the substance and spirit of their writings long before we begin to read philosophy; and yet, when we open their books, we find an immortal freshness. The thoughts which we had heard from other men scores of times before, and pronounced obvious and commonplace, we recognize as original, self-derived, and profound, as written by them. The great men cannot, after all, be deprived of their honours and prerogatives. There is something in the expression and *setting* of their thoughts, too subtle, perhaps, to be exactly defined, which impresses us with the inevitable conviction that what they wrote was their own.

Perhaps no book would supply more striking or more numerous illustrations of these remarks than that which has suggested them. There are some men whose thoughts never become the common possession of mankind; they travelled too far away from the great highways of human life for the millions of men to follow their guidance and profit by their discoveries. The sublimities and grandeurs they tell of, the quiet, hidden beauty they lighted upon, belong to a region not sufficiently inhabitable ever to become generally known. Now and then a solitary wanderer, who has escaped from the tumult of the city, or from monotonous plains of wealthy corn-land and fat pasture, will climb their rugged mountains and float idly across their lovely lakes; but men generally, find no occasion to visit, and still less to appropriate, regions so unfitted for ordinary and practical life. This cannot be said of Bacon. He did not explore the glens and mountains of a land of romance, but made the common roads, in which we are all travelling, wider, straighter, and smoother. He discovered countries which common men can colonize; and they have profited by his discoveries. In short, he tells us, especially in these Essays, so much that is valuable and pleasant for all men to know, that many of his thoughts have already been worked into the daily life of millions of us; so that we are enriched with his wisdom, by observation and intercourse with men, before we know anything of his writings.

The first edition of the Essays is dated, "From my chamber at Gray's Inn, on the 30th of January, 1597." He tells his brother, in the Dedication, that in publishing these "fragments of his conceits," he did, "like some that have an orchard ill-neighbour'd, that gather their fruit before it is ripe to prevent stealing." In the course of the next thirty years the crop became more abundant as well as riper; for the ten Essays of

the original edition were afterwards "considerably enlarged both in number and weight," and now number nearly sixty.

Mr. Hallam, in his notice of Bacon in his "Literature of Europe," says, that "if we compare what may be found in the sixth, seventh, and eighth books *De Augmentis*, in the *Essays*, the *History of Henry VII.*, and the various short treatises contained in his works on moral and political wisdom, and on human nature, from experience of which all such wisdom is drawn, with the *Rhetoric*, *Ethics*, and *Politics* of Aristotle, or with the historians most celebrated for their deep insight into civil society and human character—with Thucydides, Tacitus, Philip de Comines, Machiavel, Davila, Hume—we shall, I think, find that one man may almost be compared with all these together." We are glad to adopt the language of a writer, who is himself distinguished for the sagacity he celebrates, as the expression of our own estimate of Bacon's amazing wisdom. We are surprised, however, that Mr. Hallam should have said, as he does in the course of a few lines after the passage we have quoted, that Burke, of all modern writers, comes nearest to Bacon. It is true, perhaps, that these two great men were equally remarkable for their command of a deep and practical philosophy, and for their perfect control of almost boundless resources. They were alike too, in the dignity and grandeur of their eloquence; for there are passages in the philosophical works of Bacon as stately and majestic as any that can be found in the "*Reflections on the French Revolution*," the "*Letters on a Regicide Peace*," or the still more dignified and more elaborate "*Letter to a Noble Lord*." And, perhaps, in all these respects the most philosophical of modern statesmen approached more nearly than any other man to the father of modern philosophers.

But the contrast is at any rate more striking, if not more real, than the resemblance. Not to notice other elements of dissimilarity, Burke was almost at the mercy of his gorgeous imagination; Bacon walked in "dry light." In Bacon, the intellect and the heart were separated by impassable embankments; in Burke, the deep, clear currents of his reasoning were perpetually swollen and disturbed by the impetuous torrents of his passion. These differences arose from differences in the innermost structure of their nature. Had there been more of Burke's vigour and whole-heartedness in Bacon, these very *Essays* would have had a higher value. Unfeignedly and profoundly as we admire them, we cannot but feel and lament the absence of some very important excellences. Bacon's moral nature was not only corrupt, but feeble. He recognized indeed the shamefulfulness of insincerity. He saw that frankness and courageous truthfulness usually characterize the greatest

men ; and he was not without a cold admiration for the manly, vigorous, and robust virtues. But although his moral philosophy is strangely free from the positive infection which his heart might have been expected to communicate to it, the same gulf that secured the intellect from being injured by the heart, deprived it also of the nobleness, grandeur, and glowing health, which can only be communicated to a man's thinking powers by a pure and chivalrous moral nature. Burke cannot speak of meanness, cunning, or treachery without curses. Bacon quietly dissects it in the most unimpassioned way, and often makes you smile at the cleverness with which he shows up the cheat, rather than frown at the wickedness of the cheat itself.

On this account we are deeply grateful to Dr. Whately for the care, thoughtfulness, and judgment he has exhibited in his annotations. They consist largely of extracts from his own works, and present the pith of most that he has written—the general principles of his entire system of thought. The manliness and honesty of the Archbishop's mind, the clearness and penetration of his thinking on all moral subjects, are too well known to English Nonconformists for it to be necessary for us to say that where the text is corrupted by the influence of Bacon's moral cowardice, the note detects the poison and supplies a remedy.

The defect we have just noticed in what would otherwise have been a perfect book, cannot but suggest the peril to which a man is exposed, even by his knowledge of human nature and of society, if he has not that other knowledge which is given only to the humble and right-hearted, the knowledge which springs from faith in the authority of moral laws, and the folly as well as the wickedness of trying to cheat and evade them. There is a wide difference between shrewdness and what may be rightly called wisdom in the highest sense. Shrewdness will not be undervalued by the truly wise man. Shrewdness is to the man of activity what scholarship is to the man of thought : the one is the knowledge of the contents of books, the other is the knowledge of the ways of men. But neither scholarship nor shrewdness is wisdom. A man who is shrewd, and nothing more, understands all the windings and turnings of dishonesty, trickery, and falsehood. A hint here and there which would mean nothing to other men, reveals to him the innermost heart and aim of the transactions he wants to understand. He knows the vanities and follies as well as the rogueries of mankind, and how to use them ; the weaknesses of the good, and the terrors of the bad. His eye is always open, his hand always strong. He never misses a fair wind, and knows how to make the best of a foul one. This knowledge is a knowledge of men rather than of man ; of the details of human life rather than of its grander central elements,

which can only be known at all by the philosopher, and which, to be known thoroughly and truly, must be devoutly studied in their relation to God. Admirably useful, however, is this shrewdness to men who are resolved to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, and who never think whether at last they shall go like Lazarus to Abraham's bosom, or like Dives to the tormenting flame; and useful too, to men of higher aims and nobler spirit, who understand the true value of knowledge of this sort, and are too honest to use it badly. Shrewdness however, in the absence of high moral principle, generally leads to a cold-hearted selfishness, and to miserably low views of human nature and life. Only moral integrity and a generous heart can make it infallibly certain that knowledge of the world shall be confined to its proper functions, and be invested with only its true dignity.

But though Bacon's wisdom sometimes degenerates into shrewdness, it still more frequently contracts into prudence. Prudence is not one of the most princely of human faculties and virtues. It is plebeian alike in its origin and services. It is an admirable servant indeed, but an unworthy lord. It may hew the wood and draw the water, but should be forbidden ever to aspire to the priest's office. The prudent man is "wise for himself," as Bacon would have phrased it. He never blunders. He foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself. But the world owes little to the men who were most conspicuous for this attribute. Not by prudence are new continents discovered, great inventions patiently worked out, political reforms achieved, ancient rights defended against the encroachments of tyranny, great empires like our own built up. We are impatient sometimes at the ease with which prudence, the handmaid of wisdom, passes for her regal mistress. The prudent man only makes a safe voyage by keeping close in shore, is obliged to cast anchor in the dark, and is altogether at fault in unknown seas. The wise man steers by the compass and the stars of heaven. In new and strange circumstances, in revolutions, in leading on the aspirations of the present to the triumphs of the future, wisdom rejoices in her strength; prudence hesitates, falters, and turns pale. Our readers may find the worshippers of this huckster's virtue obstructing all change and improvement in every province of human activity.

If a public teacher, the prudent man is so afraid of being misunderstood that he is in danger of not being understood at all. He protests against prejudices he inwardly despises, with such "bated breath and whispering humbleness;" his wiser teaching is padded with such liberal concessions to ignorant errors; he states the truth in phrases so long consecrated to the falsehood he wishes to remove; that he works no deliverance, and leaves the

world very much as he found it. The work it was in his heart to do quietly and coaxingly, has to be done after all by sterner, harder, rougher men. He is too much afraid lest the devils should rend and tear their victims at their departure, to speak with any boldness the words that would cast them out.

In private life and commercial affairs, excessive prudence is not less preventive of great success; though, as the interests at issue are not so serious as in politics and religion, its influence is less pernicious. Fool-hardiness, presumptuous folly, we are not anxious to see either in public or private men. But we do long to see a noble and fearless loyalty to truth and righteousness; a whole-hearted consecration to one Master; such a renunciation of self as shall leave the heart with all its affections, and the intellect with all its powers, free to do the work of Him whose we are, and whom we serve. Self-sacrifice, not prudence, is still the law of the Christian life. To order one's actions by the laws of the unseen universe, which, though slow in their operations, are certain in their effects, is surely a higher thing than to be able cunningly to calculate the chances and anticipate the accidents that enter into our transient earthly history. Shrewdness and prudence deal with things seen and temporal; wisdom remembers the things that are unseen and eternal.

Let not our readers imagine that we wish to brand Bacon's Essays as selfish and grovelling. Occasionally, we think, his bad heart corrupted his thoughts about the true method and laws of human life; but he had too much clearness of vision in the region of moral realities; he could separate too distinctly the real from the false, the natural and necessary on the one hand from the accidental and artificial on the other, to be greatly and frequently deceived. It is, most melancholy to contrast his Essays with his life. Some of them, indeed, he translated nobly into practice. Those on Studies, Innovations, and Truth came naturally enough from the same pen as the *De Augmentis* and *Novum Organum*. But for the faithless, cowardly betrayer of the chivalrous and bountiful Essex to have written on Friendship; for the corrupt Chancellor to have written the essays on Great Place and Judicature; for the lover of bribes to have written, while sitting perhaps in the house and surrounded by the gardens which had been beautified and adorned by the "presents" of anxious suitors, that "integrity is the portion and proper virtue of judges;" for the servile courtier of Elizabeth and the Cecils, the obsequious flatterer of the pedant James to have written the many high-spirited things that are scattered over these pages;—this moves one's pity, indignation, and scorn. He has written his own condemnation. He has barred the plea of mistaken judgment and imperfect

moral sense. He fed the flame which reveals his deformity and deepens the shadows of his crimes. The history is worth remembering. His conspicuous and flagrant wrong-doing were visited by conspicuous and unsparing punishment. If his life had been written in the book of Chronicles it would have formed the frequent and apt confirmation of the grand old lessons that "treasures of wickedness profit nothing," and that "the ungodly are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." He knew the world so well, that if any man could hope cleverly to evade the penalties of wrong-doing, he might have hoped to evade them; for a time he did escape; but the invisible ministers of vengeance were not to be mocked; iron-handed, swift-footed, they came upon him terribly at last.

It is impossible to read this book without being reminded of some feeble but pretentious notions which have been popular of late, about our Christian faith being worn out and obsolete. It is only too obvious, that during the last two centuries and a half, little progress has been made in banishing from England ancient wickedness, meanness, and folly; and that the sorrows of Bacon's days are the sorrows of our own. Bacon learned what men were among the courtiers of Elizabeth, among "secretaries and employed men of ambassadors" at Paris, when Henry III. was king; among the law-students of London, while Sir Walter Raleigh was discovering Virginia; and in the House of Commons, more than two centuries before the Reform Bill was passed; and from his Essays we should infer, that our fathers were not much worse, and not much better, than ourselves; and, what is most grievous, we have not even changed the form of our sin; the very same vices which Bacon knew so well, are encountered by us still. Our temptations are the ancient hereditary foes of our race, and the greatest troubles of the nineteenth century were the greatest troubles of the sixteenth. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin tell us, as Bacon told our fathers, that we have "a corrupt love of the lie itself," that "this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-light." And in a Book, fifteen hundred years older than the Essays, we are told that even then men loved the darkness rather than the light. Still, as in the days of the great philosopher, "the vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, rashness, and facility." But, indeed, it is impossible to open any page that does not contain what, to use Bacon's own words about his Essays, will "come home to men's business and bosoms" to-day, as it did two centuries ago. Notwithstanding the manifest, and as we cannot but esteem them, important political changes which have come to pass during the intervening period, in which were enacted the

great Rebellion, the Revolution of 1688, and a score of hardly-won reforms; notwithstanding the inventions and discoveries, which have made so great a difference in the mere circumstances of human life and the instruments of human power;—man's passions, temptations, struggles, and sorrows, are the same as they were then. And certainly, the difference between our fathers and ourselves, is not of such a character or such a magnitude as to befriend the suspicion, that the faith which gave them wisdom and strength, goodness and joy, can confer no heavenly treasures upon us. The mere surface of life may have changed; some artificial boundaries may have been shifted or altogether destroyed; the soil may have received a richer and more scientific culture; waste lands may have been reclaimed; there may be less of gloomy forest and pestilential marsh than there used to be; some of the wild untamed creatures that troubled our ancestors may have disappeared, or have been compelled to bow to civilized control; and to superficial observers we may seem to be living in the midst of new heavens and a new earth;—but those that go deeper know, that the granite rocks and the central fires are beneath us still. God and the Devil are still doing battle in the soul of man. Our virtue is assaulted by the old temptations, and our happiness clouded by the old sorrows. The rugged mountain-path has not yet been made level and smooth; it is still a strait and narrow way that leadeth to life, and a broad road that leadeth to destruction. No bad passion, no bitter grief has become extinct. Through generation after generation the same calamities afflict us in life; the same regrets and the same apprehensions disturb us in death. And hence the faith, in which the guiltiest of our fathers found peace with God, and the most wretched “joy unspeakable and full of glory;” which could heal the broken-hearted among them, and enable them even to “rejoice in tribulations;” the faith which disciplined their strength for heroic achievement, and taught them what they confessed to be their best wisdom; inspired them with the conception of a sublime goodness, and with the power to realize it;—cannot be worthless to us: they were men of like passions, like sins, and like sorrows with ourselves. Whether Christianity ever had God's sanction, is a question for serious argument; for learning, for logic, for all the energies of the loftiest genius strenuously to endeavour to determine. But whether a faith which confessedly had a divine value to men two or three centuries ago, is a dead fable and an obsolete inanity now, is a question for only fools to be troubled with. Let our readers give themselves to the vigorous study of such books as Bacon's Essays with Whately's Annotations, and their intellectual nature will become too healthy to be tainted either with this or any similar creation of feeble and morbid brains.

ART. IV.—*Ramus (Pierre de la Ramée) : sa vie, ses écrits, et ses opinions.* Par Charles Waddington, Professeur agrégé de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris, et au Lycée Louis le Grand. 8vo. Paris: Meyrueis.

A FEW months since, before the publication of M. Waddington's volume, what did we know about Ramus? There were half a dozen pages in Brucker's "*Historia Critica*," a line or two in Voltaire, a paragraph in the *mémoires* of Nicéron, and beyond these sources of information—sources both meagre and incomplete—we could boast of nothing. The generality of readers had heard the labours of Ramus alluded to in connexion with moral philosophy; they had some faint notion that three hundred years ago he was amongst the first to wage war against scholasticism; they were pretty sure that he perished on the fatal Saint Bartholomew's day, 1572, a martyr to the Protestant faith; but these scanty details made up the whole amount of our knowledge concerning a man whose name deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance as a thinker, a patriot, and a Christian. The work we are now noticing, undertaken *con amore*, and written with all the noble enthusiasm of a kindred mind, has for ever cleared the thick darkness which surrounded the history of Ramus. It would be difficult indeed to determine whether M. Waddington deserves most praise as a brilliant and elegant writer or as a man of profound erudition and extensive learning. The subject, at a first glance, might appear to suggest nothing but dry criticism or abstruse disquisition on points of metaphysical subtlety: the reader must turn to the volume itself and judge whether, in the range of contemporary biographical literature, any production can be named which surpasses in interest the present one.

With the name of Ramus a thousand events are associated, which M. Waddington has grouped round the portrait of his hero, like episodes in the unfolding of a poem. The origin of the French Reformation, the manners, the discipline, the intellectual training of the far-famed University of Paris, its disputes with the Jesuits—all these curious points are amply illustrated by the learned author, who, whilst introducing us to the most conspicuous of the philosopher's contemporaries, has in fact given to us the history of the sixteenth century in France.

Pierre de la Ramée, or, *more scholastico*, Ramus, was born in 1515, at Cuth, a village situated between Noyon and Soissons, in the Vermandois. The story of his early life, with the difficulties he had to overcome in the pursuit of his studies, is

perhaps the best known part in his whole history. It was whilst attending the lectures at the Collège de Navarre that he first imbibed the strong aversion he always entertained for the philosophy of the schoolmen and the teaching of the Stagyrte ; but the earliest public manifestation of this dislike on the part of Ramus cannot be fixed earlier than the year 1536, when the young student “went up” for his degree of Master of Arts. The disputation which took place on the occasion was really one of the most important in the history of the Paris university. Let the reader imagine a “board of heads” bound by custom, by tradition, by prejudice—ay, with edicts, royal letters patent, and charters into the bargain, to maintain for ever the absolute infallibility of Aristotle in every branch of human knowledge ; and before this “board of heads” let them fancy a student, just twenty years old, having the impudence to assert that *quæcumque ab Aristotele dicta essent commentitia esse*. This bold proposition—this paradox, we should say—took by surprise the whole of the University. The stoutest peripateticians were summoned to the rescue, and endeavoured in vain for an entire day to defend the bulwarks of the church and of philosophy against an innovator who was advancing towards his “great go” through the paths of heterodoxy. Ramus obtained a complete victory, and was proclaimed Master of Arts amidst the acclamations of the astonished “dons.”

Thus invested with a title which enabled him to teach under the sanction of a corporate body, at that time high in repute for learning and discipline, Ramus immediately set to work and began by attempting to carry out the wildest (as they were then deemed) plans of reform ; he associated to himself two young men equally decided in their opposition to the old teaching of the schoolmen, and opened in conjunction with them at Ave Maria College, public lectures on philosophy and eloquence, which attracted a great concourse of hearers. This independent and fearless way of acting had secured a large share of notoriety to the new Master of Arts ; the publication of his two first works caused a regular *émeute* in the University. The one entitled “*Aristotelicæ Animadversiones*” deserves special notice on this account.

“In this treatise,” says M. Waddington, “Aristotle’s system of logic was submitted to an inquiry so severe that it may be pronounced positively unfair. Aristotle and his disciples were treated in the roughest manner, the master being represented as a sophist, an impostor, and an impious wretch ; the disciples as barbarians ; the futile and noisy disputes of the latter, their subtleties, the trifles of every description in which they indulged were either ridiculed as pointedly as if Erasmus himself had held the pen, or condemned with

the most powerful eloquence. Then Ramus openly declared himself the adversary of routine and the champion of intellectual liberty against the blind maintainers of authority in matters connected with philosophy; challenging the scholastic doctors, he then exclaimed: 'Since, for the sake of truth, we have declared war against the sophists, that is to say, the enemies of truth, in order to level with the ground the hiding-places of these babblers, we must not only undergo labours and perils of every description, but also hold ourselves ready, if needs be, to meet a glorious death.' This was a solemn and prophetic declaration—a declaration which, at that time, had unfortunately nothing exaggerated about it. In short, the '*Aristotelicæ Animadversiones*' reproduced, with very trifling abatements, the famous paradox that whatever Aristotle had said was false; the extreme asperity of the language, the bold and cutting sarcasms with which the book was full, giving it the appearance of a real pamphlet directed against the professors of the Paris faculty of arts and their antiquated forms of teaching."

This publication drew down upon Ramus persecutions of the severest character at the request of the indignant peripateticians; the faculty of theology, the parliament, the king himself interfered; a board of four judges, three of whom were the sworn enemies of the defendant, met to examine the criminated works and to pass a verdict. In vain did the young lecturer, in an animated and eloquent apology, set forth the imprescriptible rights of thought to be absolutely free; his condemnation had been resolved upon. The king interfered once more; and in March 1st, 1544, the works in question were suppressed by his order.

Ramus must certainly have been a man of uncommon merit, since the very year after the sentence just now alluded to, the fellows of the Collège de Presles elected him to be their master, thus almost setting at defiance the displeasure of the University and the supreme authority of the king; to tell the truth, Ramus had found a protector in an old schoolfellow of his, the Cardinal Charles de Lorraine, who not only defended him from the consequences of the calumnies by which he was assailed on all sides, but secured his appointment to the professorship of eloquence and philosophy founded in 1551, at the Collège Royal de France, by King Henry II. For the space of twenty years the master of the Collège de Presles occupied this important post, and it was in his capacity as a lecturer that he introduced the various reforms which have rendered his name so justly illustrious.

A full account of these useful innovations would, of course, be incompatible with the brevity of an article; but no biographical account of Ramus could be complete without at least a summary notice of them. In the simple attempt even of bringing about

a necessary eradication of grammatical errors, the philosopher met with an opposition which can hardly be credited; every one has heard the ridiculous story of *kiskis* and *kankam*, the Sorbonnist way of pronouncing *quisquis* and *quanquam*; will it be believed that on the subject of a mere orthoëpic dispute the parliament had to pronounce; this time, at least, sanctioning by its high authority the champions of common sense and the partisans of progress. If the *Fonetic Nuz* had been perpetrated during the sixteenth century, we are sadly afraid that Fred Pitman would have suffered capital punishment for his misdeeds. The grammatical views of Ramus, thus sanctioned in a quarter from which he had been led to expect anything but indulgence and favour, produced three elementary treatises in which the principles of the Latin, Greek, and French languages were for the first time methodically explained and judiciously illustrated.

Grammar leads the way to rhetoric. If in the days of Ramus students and masters were wont to fight *unguibus et rostro* for the pronunciation of the letter *k*, we must not be astonished at hearing that they used to engage in pitched battles respecting the merits of Cicero and Quintilian; singular times those when the parliament, for lack of work, had to sit on the case of the "Oratio pro Murenâ," and to decide whether such or such an expression was to be allowed or not! There were the Cicero-nians with Pierre Galland at their head, and the anti-Cicero-nians, led on by Pierre Ramus; Peter pitching into Peter, as Joachim du Bellay said, who composed on the occasion the "Satyre de Maistre Pierre du Cuignet sur la Petromachie de l'Université de Paris." In all this quarrel Ramus had the superiority; although far from adopting the Tusculan orator as a paragon of perfection, he was quite disposed to do him ample justice as writer and a thinker, and the only point on which we deem that he showed some lack of judgment was in his unqualified admiration of Quintilian.

But logic was the principal study to which Ramus directed his attention, and which he endeavoured to reform; all the sciences, he asserted, are only applications of logic, and therefore the *instauratio magna* should begin with it. In this fresh attempt our intrepid philosopher had to encounter the opposition not only of his professed enemies, but sometimes even of the pupils who crowded round his own desk, and who were urged on by persons interested in creating a disturbance in the lecture room; but the calm firmness and the perseverance of Ramus triumphed at last over the petty vexations to which he was subjected.

In examining the merits of Ramus as a metaphysician, we must endeavour to identify ourselves with the times in which he

lived. During the sixteenth century, whether in the sphere of politics, religion, literature, or science, party spirit ran exceedingly high; discussions soon became disputes; and instead of argument, violence was too often employed. Impartiality is a quality of which we find but few traces in the writings of those days; and although we are disposed to consider Ramus as a man generally inclined to receive the truth from whatever quarter it came, yet we cannot help acknowledging that fairness is not the constant characteristic of his writings.

“Ramus,” says M. Waddington, “defines dialectics the art of reasoning; he treats it as a practical science, the object of which is to describe the rules and to state the legitimate use of reasoning, or rather of reason. As every practical science, it presents itself under three successive forms, and, so to say, in three different degrees, viz., nature, art, and practice. Nature, here, is the human reason, or the natural power of reasoning; art includes the precepts which will enable us rightly to use this natural power; and practice consists in acting according to the precepts deduced so as to become habits. Hence this fundamental principle stated at the very first by Ramus, and which he always strenuously maintained, that practice presupposes art in the same way as art presupposes nature. From this principle he has deduced the whole of his system of dialectics.”

M. Waddington then explains very fully the Ramist system in all its details, and after a number of illustrative quotations from the “*Dialectique*,” (1555, 4to.,) he concludes, that the leading idea throughout is the study and the imitation of the ancients:—

“It is therefore,” he adds, very truly, “the logic of a humanist; a work more in harmony with the literary *renaissance* of the sixteenth century, than with the scientific movement of human modern times; it recommends, no doubt, the observation of human nature, but it selects the dead works of antiquity as a medium for our researches; it proclaims as a principle, and it asserts most strenuously, the independance of human reason; but, in fact, and contrarily to the author’s intention, it still binds us down under the authority of the ancients, at the same time freeing us from the yoke of Aristotle, and waging a violent war against the barbarity of the Middle Ages.”

We must not forget to mention another important service rendered by Ramus to the cause of learning; he was the first who popularized, not only in France, but also in the whole of Europe, the study of mathematics. The majority of the *savants*, who lectured at Paris on that branch of the sciences during the sixteenth century, were his pupils; Cardinal d’Ossat, for instance, and the Président de Thou had imbibed under his teaching a taste for scientific pursuits, which they afterwards communicated to

the numerous persons with whom they were in daily contact. If the reader would have some conception of the extent of our philosopher's labours in the various walks of metaphysics, mathematics, and elegant literature, let him turn to the bibliographical list, given by M. Waddington at the end of the volume.

The position of a lecturer was not always, in a financial point of view, a very desirable one during the sixteenth century. When Francis II., on the death of Henry II., ascended the French throne in July, 1559, the professors of the Collège de France soon found out that they could not reckon upon meeting, in their new master, either sympathy or even fair-dealing. For the space of four years they did not receive a single penny of the salaries to which they were entitled, and if their truly enthusiastic zeal for the cause of learning had not been superior to every consideration of a sordid nature, the young students, who filled the various colleges of the University of Paris, must have been reduced to seek in foreign countries the means of instruction, which they had hitherto been supplied with by the *alma mater* of old Lutetia. Despite the sort of disgrace in which the Collège de France had sunk, under the reign of Francis II., it is a remarkable circumstance that Ramus lost nothing of his popularity at the court of that prince, nor during the first years of the administration of Charles IX., when Catherine de Medici held the reins of the government; his enemies, even constrained to acknowledge the greatness of his talents and the dignity of his character, had, with almost one exception, become his intimate friends. Surrounded by the love, the respect, and praise of all who knew him, Ramus seemed destined to spend in peace a useful life, divided between his duties as a lecturer and the composition of his works, when an event took place, in 1561, which gave a new direction to his thoughts, and pointed him out as a conspicuous mark to the fanatic supporters of the Roman Catholic party. In 1561 Ramus made an open profession of Protestantism.

We know perfectly well, thanks to M. Waddington's minute inquiries, what had been up to the date of the "Colloque de Poissy," the religious opinions of our philosopher. Truly pious, he was extremely strict in his attendance upon the ordinances of the church; every day, at six o'clock in the morning, he might be seen, accompanied by the master and pupils of the Collège de Presles, going to hear mass at some chapel belonging to the University; he conformed scrupulously to the various ceremonies which make up the sum and substance of the Popish faith, and required the same strictness from those placed under his care. We must acknowledge, however, that Ramus had long secretly entertained certain doubts respecting the church,—

doubts, in a great measure, brought on by the position which he had assumed in the Aristotelic controversy. Peripatetism, we have already said, was, with scholastic divines, almost part of a Christian's creed, and those who refused to subscribe the doctrines of Aristotle, were considered as downright heretics. The leaven of heterodoxy, after having tainted Ramus, spread itself, as it appears, throughout the Collège de France; the pupils of Presles, one and all, renounced the old faith, and under the liberal and noble administration of Chancelier de l'Hôpital, Protestantism had gained many an illustrious supporter from the ranks of those who hated scholasticism as the exponent of intellectual as well as religious despotism. Unfortunately, the world was not yet ripe for the principles of freedom, and the massacre of the Protestants at Vassy gave the signal of the civil wars, which were to retard for so many years the progress of civilization and the triumph of truth. Ramus did not live long enough to see the horrible unfolding of all those *plus quam civilia bella*, but he witnessed the three first, and uniformly shared the destinies and the misfortunes of his brethren in the faith. Between the years 1562 and 1572, the life of Ramus reminds us of a noble bark, tossed about on a stormy sea by the fury of wind and tide; as soon as the war breaks out, as soon as the relentless spirit of religious fanaticism is let loose, he is obliged to fly from his country, and to seek, in foreign climes, a place where he may worship God in safety, and proclaim undisturbed the everlasting rights of the human thoughts; when a short interval of quiet occurs, through the weakness of some leader or the wise counsel of some politician, we behold Ramus returning once more to his beloved Collège de Presles, resuming his lectures, defending against the Jesuits the privileges of the University, and for the hundredth time impugning the authority of Aristotle before the enthusiastic students assembled to hear him.

The last journey which Ramus undertook before his death occupied two entire years; he started in August, 1568, and visited the whole of Germany. He had very prudently foreseen that a fresh storm was about to burst upon his unhappy country, and he, therefore, solicited from the king to be sent officially on a sort of scientific mission throughout the most celebrated universities of Europe. These literary crusades, or exploring tours, were very frequent three centuries ago; in many cases, as in that of Ramus, they were matters of necessity, but the results often proved extremely beneficial; learned men thus met together; an interchange of ideas took place; and the visits of a Galileo or a Ramus generally led to discoveries or to improvements, both in science and in literature. Thus we find

Calvin spending the greater part of his life in going from place to place, to spread the principles of the Reformation; thus we see Giordano Bruno, under sentence of excommunication, wandering hither and thither, and in return for the hospitality which he receives at the hand of Hubert Languet, or Sir Philip Sydney, revealing to his entertainers the bold flights of his own imagination, and the treasures of an original system of philosophy. Previous to his departure, Ramus devoted the greater proportion of a well-earned fortune to the creation of a mathematical lectureship at the Collège de France. This was his legacy to the establishment where his own brighter days had been spent, and it still exists as a monument of his generosity, and of his attachment to the cause of learning.

We cannot, like M. Waddington, take up the pilgrim's staff, and follow Ramus in his travels. His first stay was at Strasburg, where the rector, Sturm, received him with the greatest honour; from thence he proceeded to Basle, and during a ten months' sojourn in that town, he published his chief mathematical works. At Zurich he became acquainted with Bullinger; at Berne he found likewise everybody eager to see him; and at Heidelberg he began a course of lectures at the request of the Elector Palatine, Frederick III., but was obliged to leave on account of the vehement opposition offered by the Aristotelians; Frankfort, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Lausanne, and Geneva, "the delight of the Christian world," as he used to say, were visited in turns. Amongst his friends we find recorded the names of Tremellius, Languet, Camerarius, and Tycho Brahe, who although at that time only fifteen years old, had already acquired much fame by his astronomical discoveries.

The history of our philosopher's temporary residence at Geneva is one of the most interesting parts in M. Waddington's volume. Calvin had been dead six years when Ramus arrived in the capital of Swiss Protestantism, and Theodore Beza was far from adopting all the innovations adopted so enthusiastically at the Collège de Presles. "Many learned men," he said, in a letter to Ramus, "have, you are well aware, seen with displeasure, your animadversions against Aristotle. You are quite at liberty to blame me for sharing their views. As for me, I adhere to my sentiments, and I do not see how this can in any way disturb our mutual affection, unless perchance you believe there can be no friendship except between those who, on all subjects, are exactly of one opinion." Such were the dispositions of Theodore Beza; we see that, if not quite hostile to Ramus, neither were they of a cordial character. However, our philosopher having reached Geneva about the end of the

May, or the beginning of June, 1570, was very well received there by the citizens; he even gave a series of lectures, which attracted so numerous a concourse of students that it became quite evident that the reaction against Aristotle had developed itself even under the most unfavourable circumstances. Driven away from Geneva by the fear of being infected with a contagious disease which was raging in those quarters, Ramus visited Lausanne on his way to Paris, whither he hastened as soon as he received the first news of the treaty of Saint Germain-en-Laye.

Unfortunately for our philosopher, matters had become very much altered since his departure; his conversion to Protestantism of course alienated from him the Cardinal de Lorraine; and exposed as he was to all the animosity of the Catholic party, he no longer found by his side, his old friend the Chancellor de l'Hôpital. At the head of his enemies was his rival at the Sorbonne, Charpentier, a man of whom it has been said that he was the impersonation of jealousy, and whose feelings of envy had grown into positive hatred. Ramus was pensioned off: he had determined upon devoting henceforth the whole of his time to the study of the Scriptures and to theological works, when the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day put an end to all these plans by removing him to the "society of the just made perfect." He was sixty-nine years old.

M. Waddington has proved to a certainty that the murder of Ramus was perpetrated at the instigation of Charpentier; all the authorities who have in any way alluded to that horrid catastrophe are unanimous in making that man responsible for it; pointed at on all sides as the assassin of Ramus, Charpentier never attempted even to deny the fact; nay, further, he had the impudence to assert that those who murdered the opponents of Aristotle had only done an act of justice. In relating the atrocious deed, the biographer rises to real eloquence:—

"I turn aside," he exclaims, "from that accumulation of horrors, in order to deplore only a single crime. I never could have tears enough for so many heroic and innocent victims; I never could find power enough to describe a scene so extensive. Out of a long list of murders, I have only, thank God, a solitary one to relate, but it is so frightful that, about to undertake as I am the mournful narrative, I fear lest I should be accused of exaggeration by those even who know in its minutest circumstance the history of which I purpose unfolding a separate episode. In describing this crime I need only put together evidence of those who witnessed it. Paid assassins, led on by two men, one of whom was a tailor by trade, and the other a sergeant, broke open the gate of the Collège de Presles, and began to examine the house from top to bottom. Understanding that he

was the object of all these threats, Ramus had retired into his study on the fifth story, and there he awaited in meditation and prayer, when the band of murderers, acting upon some indications which had been given to them, found out his retreat, forced the door, and rushed into the room. Ramus was on his knees, with his hands clasped and his looks turned towards heaven. He rose, he wished to address those infuriated men whom an involuntary feeling of respect still kept hesitating; but he soon discovered that he must reckon upon neither mercy nor compassion, and availing himself of a few last moments which were granted to him, he commended his soul to God, and exclaimed: 'O my God, I have sinned against Thee; I have done evil in Thy sight; Thy judgments are equity and truth: deal mercifully with me, and have compassion on those unhappy men who know not what they are doing!' This was all he could say, on account of the eagerness of the murderers to finish their work. One of the leaders, uttering frightful blasphemies, fired at the head of Ramus; the two balls rebounded against the wall; another ran him through the chest with his sword. The blood was gushing freely from the wounds, and yet Ramus still lived; the assassins then had recourse to another kind of torture; they threw the body out of a window at the height of more than a hundred steps from the ground. In its way it met a roof, which it partly broke through, and fell quite mangled in the college court. The blood covered the pavement, the entrails had gushed out, and Ramus was not yet a corpse; they insulted his mangled remains in the vilest manner, fastened a rope to his legs, and dragged him through the streets of Paris to the Seine; there a surgeon, as it is commonly reported, cut off his head, and the trunk was thrown into the river. We can assert, from Nancel's testimony, that some passers-by gave a crown to a few bargemen who brought to shore the corpse which was floating about near the Pont Saint Michel: they feasted their eyes with the shocking spectacle. In short, all the extremities of cruelty could hardly satisfy the extraordinary fury which animated the enemies of Ramus."

The chapter from which we have taken the above extract, is one which contains some of the heaviest evidences against the Roman Catholic party in France during the sixteenth century. As a relief the reader cannot do better than turn to the next, in which M. Waddington has collected together a variety of most entertaining anecdotes on the various personages with whom Ramus was acquainted. Pierre Galland, Pasquier, Charles de Lorraine, Ronsard, Loysel, Pithou—all those worthies and many more besides, figure in these amusing pages, which exhibit to us, if we may so say, a gallery of great men *en robe de chambre*. Those amongst our friends will revel over the racy chapter we are now alluding to, who have perused the duodecimos published by the Elzevirs, and in which, under the title of *Scaligerana*, *Thuana*, *Perroniana*, and *Menagiana*, is accumulated so much chit-chat respecting the *literati* of former days. They will follow

there in all its details the life of Ramus; they will become acquainted with his habits, his way of living, his studies and his recreations; they will see the poor scholar, the son of a farmer and grandson of a charcoal burner, by dint of labour and perseverance, enjoying at last twelve thousand pounds of annual income, which he spent entirely for the benefit of his dear college, building libraries, defraying the educational expenses of twelve students, and founding a lectureship which is still, in the nineteenth century, a memorial of his name and a proof of his enlightened munificence.

It is quite certain that as a teacher of metaphysics and as a reformer, Ramus possessed much influence. For a long time Europe was divided into parties of Ramists, Anti-Ramists, and Semi-Ramists.

“In Germany,” says M. Waddington, “the professorships of philosophy were for a short time held almost exclusively by the supporters of Ramism, at least in the Protestant universities, especially at Altorf, Corbach, Dusseldorf, Göttingen, Helmstadt, Erfurt, Leipsic, Marburg, Hanover, Hamburg, Lubeck, Rostock, Dantsic, &c. Besides metaphysicians, amongst whom Gaspard Plaffrad, Henning Rennemann, John Cramer, and F. Beurhusius hold the highest rank, jurists and divines were seen making an open profession of Ramism, such as Wesembeek, Brederode, and Gerard. However, as it was suspected that certain sympathies existed between the followers of Ramus and the disciples of Calvin, exclusive Lutherans soon returned to the system of dialectics professed by Melancthon, and the philosophers of Germany were distinguished as Ramists and Anti-Ramists, otherwise called Philippists. . . .

“The opinions of Ramus took a still more solid footing in England and Scotland. James Stewart, Earl of Murray, regent in the latter kingdom, had been the pupil of our philosopher, Buchanan was his friend, and it was perhaps through the protection of the Scotch peer that Ramism obtained admittance in the classes belonging to the university of St. Andrew. Oxford forms part of the domains of Aristotle and scholasticism; we need not, therefore, be surprised that the new opinions were persecuted there; but things were quite different at Cambridge, where in conformity with the spirit of Ramism, mathematics have always been quite as much cultivated as literature. Roger Ascham rather liked the doctrines of the French philosopher; and under his influence, the liberal university of Cambridge adopted a teaching which enjoyed besides the warm patronage of Sir Philip Sydney and Sir William Temple. In vain Bacon accumulated against Ramism the most offensive insults. . . . In 1672, Ramism in England was as flourishing as ever; a bookseller of the university of Cambridge published the ‘Dialectics’ of Ramus with the commentaries of William Ames, and in the same year that work had the still more extraordinary honour of being faithfully abridged in

Milton's treatise, entitled, "Artis logicæ plenior institutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnatæ."

M. Waddington is an enthusiast; he has spent ten years in studying thoroughly his hero, and although he acknowledges very frankly that Ramus was by no means a perfect man, yet he ascribes to him as a teacher and a writer, an influence which we are not singular in calling exaggerated. In the character of Ramus there was more of the *littérateur* than of the thinker; he has really done more for the revival of philology, erudition, and literature in general, than for the progress of metaphysical science. At the time when he appeared, the intellectual world in Europe might be considered as forming naturally two great divisions, including respectively men of high merit but of unequal powers. Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Pomponaccio, Cremonini, Nicolaus Cusanus, Cornelius Agrippa, Jerome Cardan, Sanchez, Charron, Montaigne,—such are a few of those whom we would really call original thinkers, men of high metaphysical acumen, and whose influence as such was very much felt. On the other hand, we find a host of elegant writers, gifted with great classical taste, perfectly qualified to illustrate Cicero, or to explain the beauties of Euripides; to this category belonged Laurentius Valla, Marius Nizolius, Ludovicus Vives, and Rudolph Agricola. Ramus shines undoubtedly *primus inter pares* of this last-named band; but we question whether he is really entitled to a place in the former. M. Cousin himself (*Fragments de Philosophie Cartésienne*), says, that "Ramus had not much depth of mind, and that he was not gifted with powerful originality." In a word, Ramus was a first-rate critic and an admirable lecturer on metaphysics, but that was all; for, as another writer accurately remarks, he had not received from above that gift of patience which, according to Buffon, is one of the distinguishing features of scientific men.

Notwithstanding the qualified manner in which we subscribe to M. Waddington's praise of Ramus, we should be unfeignedly grieved if our readers were to suppose that we wish either to deny the philosopher's merits, or to find fault with the admiration which has inspired the eloquent pages of his biographer. It is no small evidence of a man's greatness that he stands up as the undaunted champion of truth, against the combined attack of a powerful majority, and that he assails error when the supporters of error have at their command racks and gibbets, dungeons and assassins.

"To free the human mind from the yoke of Aristotle and from scholastic darkness; to simplify the study of all the sciences, and to vulgarize them by making them speak the language of the people;

to encourage in France the study of mathematics; to inculcate the principles of intellectual freedom by a noble and useful example; finally, to direct metaphysical science into the right path by making it rest upon the observation of human nature,—such were the chief services for which the world was indebted to Ramus and to Ramism. Considered in itself, a work such as this deserves all our respect; but when we remember a life entirely spent in the service of virtue and of truth, how can we but feel the deepest sympathy for the victim of intolerance, purchasing with his blood a freedom which he has not been spared to enjoy, but which he has bequeathed to us as a precious inheritance. It is assuredly a duty and an honour for modern philosophers to reckon amongst their ancestors a man conspicuous by the highest gifts both of the heart and of the mind, and by his unbounded devotedness to the great cause of intellectual progress.”

Such was the character of Ramus; that it is well worth studying no one will deny, and accordingly M. Waddington deserves our best thanks for having added to the stores of our biographical literature a work which is complete without being dry, and done heartily without any of that party spirit which contemporary writers do not always endeavour to avoid. At the beginning of this paper we have enumerated the principal authorities from whose works we had hitherto derived all we knew about Ramus. There are, besides, still extant three lengthened biographies of our philosopher; but they seem not to have been known even by the historians who preceded M. Waddington; and instead of the interesting and well-written volume we have just now been reviewing, how tedious would be the wading through the worm-eaten, musty old pages of Nancel, John Thomas Freigius, and Theophilus Banosius! The appendix of original documents which closes the work, will sufficiently show how all these sources of information, and many others besides, have been studied, analyzed, and made use of by the learned author. The treatises of Ramus himself are of such rare occurrence at the present day that it is difficult to meet with them even in the best collections; and if Mr. Waddington had not been enabled to use freely M. Victor Cousin's splendid philosophical library, he would have perhaps found it quite impossible to proceed with his undertaking.

In times when the spirit of controversy is abroad, works like the present are doubly valuable. In the first place, they show to Protestants how their ancestors toiled and suffered for the cause of religious and intellectual freedom—a cause against which the hatred of bigots is as fierce as ever. In the next, they enable unprejudiced persons professing another faith, to judge for themselves whether the reformation is indeed, as the

Univers Religieux would have us believe, at the root of all the crimes which have since the sixteenth century disgraced the name of man. We would add by way of conclusion, that no one was better qualified to write the biography of a Protestant metaphysician than a gentleman who is now the *only* Protestant lecturer on metaphysics belonging to the University of France.

ART. V.—1. *Crétins and Crétinism : a Prize Thesis of the University of Edinburgh.* By George S. Blackie, M.D. Edinburgh : Maclachlan and Stewart. 1855.

2. *The Abendberg : an Alpine Retreat founded by Dr. Guggenbühl for Infant Crétins.* By L. G., Geneva ; with an Introduction by John Coldstream, M.D. Edinburgh : W. P. Kennedy. 1848.

3. *Briefe über den Abendberg und die Heilanstalt für Crétinismus.* Von Dr. Guggenbühl. Zürich : Orell, Füssli und Comp. 1846.

4. *Notice of Attempts recently made to Improve the Condition of the Fatuous by Education, Physical and Moral.* By John Coldstream, M.D. Monthly Journal of Medical Science, November, 1850.

5. *On the Presence of Iodine in various Plants ; with some Remarks on its General Distribution.* By Stevenson Macadam, Ph.D. Transactions of Botanical Society, Vol. IV. Edinburgh. 1853.

SUBJECTS purely medical are so often regarded as of a strictly professional character, as technical matters which concern only the medical practitioner, that many of the most interesting phenomena of the body and of the mind, in health and disease, escape the attention of those most likely to profit by the careful study of them. How important that many of our social reformers and educators should acquaint themselves more diligently than is usually considered expedient, with the scientific details of the conditions upon which physical, moral, and mental health depend, and the complicated relations which connect them ! In a thesis which has recently received the gold medal of the Edinburgh University, Dr. Blackie has opened up to us a stratum of society which exhibits man in his most abject condition. The statements brought forward are of great importance, and deserving of more general consideration than they are likely to receive in the form of a university thesis ; we shall, therefore, do a good service in calling attention briefly to some of Dr. Blackie's results, and thus indicating the source whence more detailed information may be obtained.

Of late years the terms "Goître" and "Crêtinism" have crept into our medical literature, but no very satisfactory account of the maladies they indicate has, until now, been given in our language. This is somewhat remarkable, when we consider that the victims of these maladies, Goîtres and Crêtins (as they are called), appear to be common in many countries, and are not unknown in our own; and that English travellers, in making the grand tour of the Alps, have year by year been in the constant habit of passing many of those melancholy objects of humanity as common beggars by the waysides.

Let us premise that these two maladies, Goître and Crêtinism, are of a perfectly distinct character, but that the former is so constantly associated with the latter in Crêtin districts, that both have been long regarded as probably having, in many cases, a common source and origin. Dr. Blackie arrives at a different conclusion. Speaking of the origin of Crêtinism, he observes:—

"The cause or causes have long been supposed to be the same as those giving origin to Goître; but on examining the subject, we find that they are distinct, although we find that, where Goître is endemic, the Crêtin is generally more or less affected with it."—*Blackie's Thesis*, p. 30.

The respective causes of these maladies certainly act in combination, or, if distinct, are frequently associated together, Goître being always present where Crêtinism prevails, although the converse is by no means the case.

In the Swiss Alps, as in other mountain regions, a race of hardy and healthy mountaineers, strong in mind and in body, active and ingenious, occupy the higher valleys; those of them who are herdsmen and shepherds spending their summer months on the Alpine meadows, which are higher still. But in the deeper valleys where the rivers become larger, the air denser, the climate milder, giving rise to a richly wooded vegetation, there the health and strength of the inhabitants seem to give way, so that by the river-sides in the deepest valleys (as, for example, by the Rhone in Lower Valais), sluggishness, ugliness, and weakness of body and mind prevail, while certain diseases are characteristic of the people. Of these a soft, projecting, elastic tumour of the neck called Bronchocele, or Goître, is the commonest. This affection is not peculiar to such conditions, although most fully developed under them, but is common in many parts of the world, and in individuals who enjoy, in other respects, the greatest amount of bodily health and mental development. In Crêtin districts, however, it is so intimately con-

nected with that disease as to require consideration along with it. Whether the Bronchocele of Derbyshire, Northamptonshire, and other English counties, is the same malady as the Goître of Swiss valleys may admit of doubt; but Crêtinism does not appear to be of greater prevalence in the Bronchocele districts of England than elsewhere in England; in fact, the latter is by no means regarded in England as the associate or as the precursor of a debilitated state of either body or mind; but, on the contrary, appears rather in the form of a casual affection occurring in individuals of the greatest bodily and mental vigour, as well as, it may be, in those of weaker habit, and neither affecting their physical development nor impairing their mental powers.

For this complaint many causes have been assigned. Some say it arises from the straining occasioned by the carrying of heavy weights on the head, and in the valleys of the Rhine and on the Moselle the people *do* carry burdens on their heads, and Goître is frequent; but in the Valais, where the burdens are borne on the back only, it is far commoner.

Others attribute Bronchocele to the congestion of the head and neck, attendant on much climbing of hills; but then most mountaineers are not so affected. A third cause is found in the constant drinking of snow-water and melted ice, and the inhabitants of the Upper Rhone valleys deriving their water from that stream, *do* drink melted snow and ice, and have Goîtres; but there is no snow-water in Derbyshire, at Treves, nor in the Ahr valley near Bonn, where Goître is common; while, on the other hand, the Kurrawurrees, who get nothing but snow during several months in the year, are not so subject to Goître as the people who live in damp grounds at the foot of the Himalayas, where there can be no snow water. A truer cause may be sought in the popular belief, which lays the blame on impurities in the waters; indeed in Styria and elsewhere there are "wells from which the inhabitants fear to drink, or having by any accident drunk out of them, they rush to an antidotal well to counteract the bad effects. Whatever the first well may contain, we find the second to abound in iodine, which would seem to be Nature's specific for the complaint." Before entering further upon this part of the subject, it may be advisable to indicate the nature of Crêtinism, and to discuss the causes of Bronchocele and Crêtinism together.

The Crêtin is defined as "a being deformed and distorted, an abortion of man, peculiarized by a pale leaden colour of the face, by a flaccidity of the flesh, an unexcitable nature, and extraordinary amount of laziness and inactivity, and inability to speak or utter articulate sounds, and generally, not always,

with very large goîtres, a circumstance which has led to a much misunderstood connexion of the two complaints." It is indeed regarded as the highest stage of idiotcy, peculiarized by a vitiated state of body, in addition to the want of mental faculties. Hear J. G. Kohl's description of the Crêtin, who, according to Weber, is midway between man and beast, as Caliban was and the New Hollanders are!—

"With timid, cowering mien, with dull, listless eyes, with bent legs and Goïtred necks (many have three or four thick swellings at their throat), these misshapen abnormalities drag themselves everywhere through the streets [in Styria.] 'Tis the saddest lopping and laming of humanity that is to be found anywhere on the earth; for the body is as deformed as the soul is debased, and the understanding as blind as the feelings perverted. These wretched creatures are, for the most part, malicious, revengeful, and cruel. They exhibit, when they eat, a most voracious and entirely brutal appetite, and indeed all their sensual propensities are manifested in a most brutal and disgusting way. Like the brutes, they have generally a keen scent, but their hearing is seldom acute. Their growth displays no vigour, and they are mostly of small stature. This is a small kindness of nature to those unfortunates, for which we ought to be thankful, for if these unsightly shapes were allowed to attain a large and full development, the sight would be altogether intolerable. . . . 'Who,' asks Berchtold Beaupré, 'who is this melancholy being who bears the human form in its lowest and most repulsive expression? I see a head of unusual form and size, a squat and bloated figure, with a stupid look, with blear, hollow, and heavy eyes, with thick, projecting eyelids, and a flat nose. His face is of a leaden hue; his skin is dirty, flabby, covered with tetter, and his thick tongue hangs down over his moist livid lips. His mouth, always open and full of saliva, shows teeth which are going to decay. His chest is narrow, his back curved, his breath asthmatic. I see, indeed, arms and legs, but his limbs are short, misshapen, lean, stiff, without power, and without utility. The knees are thick and inclined inwards; the feet flat. The large head droops listlessly on the breast, the belly resembles a bag, and the integuments are so loose that they cannot retain the intestines in their cavity. This loathsome idiot being hears not, speaks not, and only now and then utters a hoarse, wild, inarticulate sound. Notwithstanding his greediness, he is scarcely able to support life. One passion alone seems sometimes to rouse him from his usual insensibility, that is, the sexual instinct in its rudest brutality. At first, we should be inclined to take this being for a gigantic polypus, something in imitation of a man, for it scarcely moves. It creeps with the painful heaviness of a sloth; and yet it is the monarch of the earth, but dethroned and degraded. It is a Crêtin!' "—Pp. 14—16.

The Crêtin is obstinate, of a resisting, mutinous temper, incapable of gratitude or of affection, and without sense of

pleasure or pain. "Reduced to a sort of vegetation and automatic existence, they arrive without difficulty at an extreme old age;" but this statement (of Fodéré), while in accordance with the experience of Kohl, who speaks of them as dragging on their unhappy existence for seventy years or more, "a misery to themselves and an eyesore to creation," is contradicted by Weber, who says it would be wrong to wish them an old age, and better far to kill them out of mercy, as some barbarians do, adding; "The greatest blessing of heaven is just this, that these unfortunate creatures seldom grow old."

These descriptions are well calculated to excite our compassion for fellow-beings thus deprived of all the blessings which it is our high privilege to enjoy. And when we state that the malady is not confined to isolated individuals, but is common in many localities, and lays prostrate hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, it is scarcely necessary to urge the importance of the subject as one meriting the notice of the philanthropist. Of the 2,188,000 souls constituting the population of the Swiss Confederation, 20,000 persons are Crêtiens.

In the Canton Valais there is 1 Crêtin in 25 inhabitants.

„ District Moudon, (Canton de Vaud)	„ 1	„ 27	„
„ Canton Uri	„ 1	„ 83	„
„ Canton Argovie	„ 1	„ 167	„
„ Canton Grisons	„ 1	„ 266	„
„ Canton Glarus	„ 1	„ 375	„

The malady is endemic in various parts of Rhenish Prussia. Of the 750 inhabitants of the small island of Niederwörth in the Rhine, 40 are Crêtiens. In a village of 300 inhabitants near Bonn, 22 are Crêtiens and idiots. In the Grand Duchy of Baden there were, in 1847, no fewer than 490 Crêtiens, chiefly in the Black Forest and the Odenwald. In Sardinia, in a population of 4,125,750, there are reported 7,084 Crêtiens and many half Crêtiens, and that is probably below the actual number.* In Lower Franconia, Bavaria, there are 200 Crêtiens in half a million of inhabitants, and a larger proportion in the highlands. In Austria, whole families consist of Crêtiens and half Crêtiens, and the disease prevails to such an extent that in villages of from four to five thousand inhabitants, not one man was found capable of bearing arms; in Steiermark, 6,000 Crêtiens of the worst kind were found. In Wirtemberg 5,000 are affected with Crêtinism; and a large proportion of the 4,000 idiots of Denmark and Norway, are supposed to be

* Drs. D'Espire and Guggenbühl reckon the number at above 10,000.

Crêtiens, and probably many of the idiots of Massachusetts (where there is nearly one in every 200 inhabitants) and other American states will on inquiry be found to be Crêtiens. The malady is also known in the Vosges and other parts of France. Dr. Blackie reports several cases in the north of England, and in various parts of Scotland.

One valley is spoken of (whose geographical position is not stated) where all the inhabitants are goîtrous, having great round swellings on their necks; and when a traveller appears the people stare at him and stroke their chins, wondering at his deformity; and when perchance one of themselves is born without the goîtrous ornament, they laugh at him, and call him "goose-neck."

With respect to the nature of this sad malady, and its place in the catalogue of diseases, it may now be advisable to allude briefly. Dr. Guggenbühl regards it as a disease of the cerebro-spinal system, impairing the development of the body and perceptive faculties; and he is of opinion that if this diseased condition of *body* be removed, the maladies of the mind will be more easily overcome than in those cases in which the body is originally in full vigour and the mind idiotic. Dr. Blackie observes:—

"What disease is Crêtinism? and to what analogous? Those to which we find it nearest allied are, as regards the mind, idiotism, and in relation to the body, rickets. By idiotism we understand a state in which 'the mental faculties have been wanting since birth, or have not been manifested at the time when they are usually developed.' (*Prichard*.) Rickets is a disease attacking the skeleton, during the early years of life (in some instances commencing immediately after birth). It rarely, however, appears before the fifth or sixth month, and the most frequent appearance of it is between eighteen and twenty-four months. It very seldom commences after puberty. The same words apply to Crêtinism, while the description of the diseases, and the phenomena attending each, are very similar. The bones are incompletely developed; they are bent, deformed, and distorted; the pelvis is small and flattened; the long bones crooked; and the head small from the want of growth in the bones of the face, from which cause also the cranium appears larger than usual. The features in rickets are strongly marked and displeasing, but the intelligence is often very great, in which point the difference is marked. We may then consider the disease of Crêtinism to be highly developed rickets, accompanied with idiotism. We may indeed look upon Crêtinism as a variety, and the highest degree, of idiotism, a degeneration of all the faculties of the body and mind. Its peculiarities consist in certain characteristics accompanying the general appearance of idiocy proper."—Pp. 23, 24.

While our knowledge is so imperfect of the phenomena of

Goître and of Crêtinism, it is impossible that we can arrive at satisfactory conclusions respecting the causes of these maladies; but we are not entirely without information on this point. Although the early notion of snow-water must be discarded as insufficient to account for the appearance of Goître, many well ascertained facts seem to point to peculiarities in *water* as the cause of that affection, and Blackie is of opinion that it may be *one* of the causes of Crêtinism also; and that its influence arises from its holding some peculiar substance in solution, or wanting some one. In Styria, there are many springs condemned by the populace as those out of which stupidity, Goîtres, and Crêtinism arise. Drs. Morel and Menestrel believe that the want of iodine and bromine in the water, and a superabundance of lime and magnesia, induce these diseases, and “it has long been a well known fact, that those mineral springs, both in South America and in Europe, which have acquired celebrity as capable of curing Goître, are found to contain iodine, which seems to be a specific remedy for the disease, as shown by the numbers of cures accomplished by its use in India and elsewhere.”

Taking it as a generally received and well grounded opinion that the impregnation of water by mineral substances derived from the geological structures through which it passes, is the cause of Goître (aggravated by poor diet, dirt, bad living, confined air, &c.), Dr. Blackie proceeds to build up a theory on the subject which has the merit of generalizing many known facts which only one well acquainted personally with the phenomena of Crêtin and Goître distribution could safely accomplish. He throws the blame upon sulphate or carbonate of lime, or some other salts of lime, which occur in what is generally known as hard water. In Nottingham, the water is hard, and Bronchocele occurs and is vulgarly imputed to the water; according to Coindet, the use of hard water in Geneva is sure to induce Goître; in Switzerland, certain springs are known to induce the disease; at Edmonton, in the Polar regions, Goître and Crêtinism attack those only who drink of the Saskatchewan river, the water of which is hard; in the head-quarters of Crêtinism, in the Valais, and in Cluse, in Savoy, the waters in common use are almost all hard; and in Scotland where Goître is known, the same fact has been observed. Let us see in how far the distribution of Goître conforms to geological structure:—

“A great bed of limestone and magnesian limestone occupies a great portion of the Tyrol, the whole of the Grisons, and extends over the cantons of Schwitz, Uri, and Unterwalden, occupying the greater part of the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, then passing south-west, including Brienz, with its lake, and that of Thun, the mountains Faulhorn, Scheideck, and Stockhorn, the passes of Gemmi

and Zweizimmen, the towns of Loèche, Sierre, and Sion, Mount Jaman and Veray, where it reaches the Lake of Geneva, along which it courses, stretching nearly as far south as Chamounix, and including Cluse and Bonneville. Another great belt of limestone may be said to ascend the Rhone from Brieg as far as the Furea, in one direction, and Airolo and the Pass of Splügen in another. Now, it is a great fact, in support of this lime-in-water theory, that this is precisely that district in Switzerland and its adjoining territories in which Goîtres and Crétins most abound; and it is another impressive fact, that in the two beds of granite and gneiss which interrupt the great limestone field, namely, the Bernese Oberland and the Mount St. Gothard, Goîtres are rare, and Crétins do probably not exist, certainly not as indigenous. But still we find that such places as Martigny, Andermatt, and Geneva, the first two of which stand on granite, and none on limestone, are also liable to Goître, and in the case of Martigny to a great amount. But the difficulty here is easy of solution. The inhabitants of Martigny drink the hard or lime-impregnated water of the Rhone, which has in all its course, with the exception of this corner, followed the lime district; those of Andermatt are supplied equally as much by the Reuss, rushing down from the Furea, as from the stream running from the Lake of Lucandro, near the summit of the Gothard; and the people of Geneva are well supplied with lime in the water of their lake. The great limestone rocks at Cluse, in Savoy, form one of the most striking features in the landscape; and between Balme and Maglan, in the same neighbourhood, where there are many Crétins, there are also many phenomena respecting the limestone rocks which serve to impress their existence on the memory, such as stalactitic caverns, rocks with wonderful echoes, and the celebrated Cascade d'Arpenas, mentioned so particularly by Goethe in his Swiss letters, in connexion with the layers of limestone."—Pp. 33, 34.

Facts of a similar nature have been detailed by Dr. Inglis with respect to our own country, the distribution of Bronchocele following that of the magnesian limestone in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire, except in localities approaching the sea, where the morbid action is counteracted, as we find the disease itself is removed by a sea voyage, probably from the presence of iodine in the atmosphere. Many statements have been made which seem to support this view. In India, Mr. M'Clelland was so well acquainted with the phenomenon that in the course of his inquiries he was usually able to predict from an examination of the rocks whether the inhabitants were goïtrous or not; his general results are that Goître affects a large proportion of the inhabitants in India wherever transition limestone, or magnesian limestone, occur, whereas districts where granite, gneiss, sandstone, clay-slate, and the like, are prevalent, Goître is rare or unknown. The little village of Deota presents a curious illustration in its three castes

of inhabitants. These consist of twenty Brahmins, all free from Goître; forty Rajpoots, two-thirds of whom are affected to a greater or less degree; and forty-six Domes, all of them goïtrous. Mark the apparent cause of this distribution of the malady. The spring by which the village is supplied boils up and agglutinates the sand and gravel around by a deposit of calcareous tuff. The former inhabitants, prejudiced against this water, brought another supply by an aqueduct from a clay-slate source; from this the Brahmins are supplied, and the Rajpoots (who intermarry with them); but as there is not enough of this water for both during the hot season, the Rajpoots have then to drink of the calcareous spring, and thus $33\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of them acquire Goître, while the Domes, from having always to use it, are all goïtrous.

While Bronchocele is thus apparently to be regarded as usually arising from the presence of lime in water, there are certain kinds of it which must be referred to other causes; for example, Congenital Goître, which is rare; Weavers' Goître, which occurs among the weavers in France, and is imputed to their mode of work, and the emanations from steeped flax, &c.

Let us now return to Crêtinism. Some have stated Goître to be the cause of this disease, but Dr. Blackie's statement that the disease is unknown where every inhabitant is goïtrous, and that there are occasionally Crêtins without Bronchocele, would seem to negative that view, although Cerise was probably mistaken in stating that the worst forms of Crêtins never had Goître, and certainly wrong in calculating the intensity of the Crêtinism in the inverse ratio to the size of Goître. Indigence, gross diet, and indolence contribute their influence in inducing the disease, but are not singly sufficient to account for its occurrence. A more likely cause is found in the humid exhalations and impure atmosphere of the countries where it abounds. In the higher valleys it is unknown; in descending we come upon the region of Crêtins, and their numbers increase as we descend, until, reaching the plains, they again disappear. De Saussure regarding these facts, imputed Alpine Crêtinism to the exhalations from the rivers, and the stagnant air collected in the lower valleys heated by a fierce sun. M. de Rambuteau mentions that the Rhone runs between two chains of glaciers and lofty mountains, joined by minor valleys, all of which contain boisterous streams joining the Rhone, which sluggishly runs down the broad valley. The streams occasionally overrun their banks, and overwhelm the plains, leaving as they retire decomposing matters which distribute a pestilential air around; in narrow valleys, exposed to these exhalations, the Crêtin villages are found, exposed, moreover, to the rays of a burning

sun reflected and concentrated by the heated rocks. To these causes are added the use of lime-water from the mountains, the indolence and laziness of the inhabitants, the want of physical and moral education, insalubrious domestic arrangements, crude diet, drunkenness and debauchery. M. de Rambuteau also alludes to the probable deficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere, which is probably charged with a deleterious proportion of carbon. M. Fodéré also attributes Crêtinism to the humid, warm, and concentrated air, rather than to the water alone. This probable cause of Crêtinism is also traced by Dr. Blackie to geological phenomena. He remarks that certain rocks give rise to certain formations of valleys, which again give rise to peculiar meteorological conditions,—in certain cases allowing a free current of air to circulate through them whereby noxious vapours are removed,—while in others means of ventilation (if the term is admissible in reference to natural phenomena) are wanting.

“In the highlands of Scotland and Wales, and in the mountainous parts of the south of Scotland, in such enclosed valleys, we almost invariably find idiots. In most of our valleys the other conditions mentioned as causing Crêtinism do not exist, such as lime formations, snow water, indolence, and excessive heat; but we have the shut-up valleys, the drunkenness, the bad nourishment, and the intermarriage of relatives, just as in the Swiss and German mountains. And who has travelled much in the Highlands of Scotland without observing the immense number of deformed idiots with which he meets? And what are these deformed idiots? To all intents and purposes they are Crêtins, which, according to the definition given above, are beings possessed of deformed bodies and fatuous minds, incapable of performing any mental, and more than a very limited proportion of physical offices, if any. We find in Scotland beings entirely destitute of ideas, perception, and thought; crooked, lame, bent often double, frequently blind, deaf, and dumb. And what are these but Crêtins? They bear no difference to many of the Crêtins of Valais or Styria, and from the majority of the Crêtins of most countries are distinguished merely by the want of Goître.”—Pp. 46, 47.

Intermarriage of relations, which is so fruitful a source of disease and idiocy, must not be overlooked in connexion with Crêtinism. The island of Jersey, the French settlers in Canada, the fishing inhabitants of Newhaven near Edinburgh, and the Island of Niederwörth near Coblenz, all afford illustrations, but inquiries have not as yet been made of a sufficiently exact nature to lead to definite conclusions on this point.

Having detailed the leading phenomena and causes of Crêtinism, we might here lay down the pen; but, although the *cure* of Crêtinism may be regarded as concerning the profession

only, it seems desirable even in this place, to allude to it briefly, as we shall thereby be afforded the opportunity of indicating what efforts are being made to relieve the Crêtiens from their sad condition, which is the most pleasing page of Crêtin literature. It appears to be a well recognized principle of action that, as the disease is a physical malady, we must begin by improving the bodily health, which may be accomplished by removing the patient to healthy climatal conditions, affording proper food and domestic comfort, and by the use of proper medicines—iodide of iron, cod-liver oil,—as well as exercise and bathing. When the physical constitution is restored to a more or less healthy tone, then, but not till then, can we hope to influence the mind. Return to a healthy condition is often extremely slow, but usually the attention is rewarded by a well marked improvement; order and cleanliness are at least taught, and a certain degree of mechanical education received.

“There is,” says Kitto, “no condition of life utterly hopeless; and wherever there is mind, there is no imprisonment from which it may not be freed.” The whole history of Dr. Guggenbühl’s efforts to restore Crêtiens to society, forms a commentary upon this passage. Dr. Guggenbühl, a protestant of Zurich, while travelling among the high Alps in 1836, was first struck with the appearance of those unfortunate beings, who seem indeed to “sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.” He longed to do something for their relief, and nobly dedicated “the powers of his mind, the strength of his body, the energy of his heart, and the resources of his worldly fortune” to work out his mission. He carefully studied the disease in its various phases; read the treatises of Saussure, Fodéré, Ackermann, Wenzel, and Iphofen, which had brought together much knowledge, but no relief to a Crêtin; and thus prepared, he, by aid from the government of Canton Berne, bought the hill called the Abendberg, in that canton, near the summit of which his hospice was erected, 4,000 feet above the sea, and thus beyond the region of Crêtinism. Ample accommodation is there afforded for open air exercises and in-door treatment. All the phenomena of nature, “the rising and setting of the sun and moon, tempests, thunder, storms, rainbows, and the like, are seen in perfection, and Dr. Guggenbühl has found them of infinite value in awaking the sleeping soul.” His efforts have been strikingly successful, for although this malady had been deemed incurable, a third of his patients have left the institution perfectly cured. Space will not permit us to enter upon a full detail of his method of treatment, nor to refer to any of the interesting cases which must be sought in the works whose titles are placed at the head of this article. Such details are highly suggestive of the good that may be

accomplished by zeal and perseverance in reclaiming the fatuous ; and they show well the intimacy that exists in the relations in disease of body and mind,—how a diseased physical constitution overclouds the mental faculties. Referring to the progress made by inmates of the Abendberg, Dr. Guggenbühl observes:—

“ Let not our readers be astonished at the progress of these Crêtins when once the disease has been mastered or arrested. Many men whose names now shine in the pages of science, were once as buried in matter as the children whose progress we have recorded, and were snatched from that fearful state by the tender care of those who surrounded them.

“ The learned Grüner was considered as an idiot till the age of fourteen ; and the poet Zschokke says, in speaking of himself, that at the school of Magdeburg, he was looked upon as incapable of receiving any instruction, when, all on a sudden, at the age of thirteen, his mind opened of itself.

“ The celebrated painter of cats, Mind, was likewise a Crêtin in his infancy, though now remarkable for most extraordinary gifts.”—*The Abendberg*, p. 60.

In placing this subject before our readers, it is scarcely necessary that we should enter upon a discussion of its bibliography. Dr. Blackie's work, which is more immediately the subject of our attention, embraces all the results that have been arrived at through his own researches, as well as those of other medical men. It must be regarded as a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of a disease long overlooked in this country, and our medical men will no doubt receive it as such ; but it ought likewise to be carefully studied by every man whose mind prompts him to an interest in questions of education, sanitary reform, or moral elevation, or who feels that the Crêtin has, like himself, a soul to be saved. It is especially opportune at the present time, when successful efforts are being made in many parts of the country to institute schools for idiot children, and otherwise to improve the condition of the fatuous. Dr. Blackie has evidently been more anxious to impress his brethren of the profession with the importance of the subject, and to use his influence in drawing forth a helping hand towards the suffering Crêtins, than to write an elegant book ; otherwise, it might be hinted that there is an occasional ruggedness of style which we should not expect from the brother of the Edinburgh Professor of Greek and translator of *Æschylus*.

ART. VI.—*Hours of Thought*. By William M'Combie. Third Edition. London: Ward & Co. 1856.

EVERY book must either have its distinct aim and purport, or else be ranked with the successful endeavours to spoil good paper, to degrade the noble instrumentality of the press, and to bore humanity. If, however, we were to judge of the volume under review by any of the too general standards of quantity, decoration, or quackery, we should at once lay it aside. But thinking is rare; honest thinking more rare; honest and serious thinking most rare. It is because we recognize the last specially with reference to the pulpit in its relation to the age—the philosophy of religious teaching—among the essays in Mr. M'Combie's volume, that we feel that it deserves a more detailed examination. We would bespeak for ourselves the indulgence of the reader, if, from reasons which he will readily gather, we introduce it in our own peculiar manner to his notice—sometimes necessarily in a tone not customary to us.

Probably there has never been a period in our history when the great problems connected with man as an individual, and with men in their social connexion, have forced themselves more upon the notice of the serious in the community than at present. Unfortunately these questions too often receive the “go-by,” or are treated in a manner unbecoming their importance or inadequate to their solution. Each party seems almost to contribute a “quotum” to the general misunderstanding, and we are in danger amidst the mass of different languages, of realizing the existence of a social Babel with its attendant sin, disaster, and dispersion. Yet the bonds which connect man to man are in danger of being severed by an unscrupulous selfishness; the essential reasons of the difference of classes are well nigh forgotten in the heartless and regardless pride of self-satisfied insolence, which attempts to substitute isolation—the remains of feudal tyranny without feudal merit or bravery—in room of necessary difference, but mutual help, and in the indignant reaction of those who feel that these claims are grounded neither in reason nor in right. In the scramble upwards on the social ladder—where man has no brother—the occupant of one step has his stoop for him on the higher, and his kick for him on the lower step. Regardless of his fellows and the common weal, each shouts and scrambles, even though amid the general deception, shouting, and scrambling, the social ladder should well nigh be overturned. Along with this noise and overtopping it, is heard the authoritative voice of those who care for the limbs, the thoughts, or the hearts of all the scramblers—and who, like

them, also scramble, shout, and push each other and the community generally. In parliament we have the speechifying element all engrossing ; in business and in the state, influence, party, and expediency—the Lares and Penates, the household gods, the great Diana of the Ephesians. Principle and action are as nothing in the common scramble. Each party and station has its peculiar priests, its political economists, instructors, and moralists, all too often ready to pamper its prejudices, and unable or unwilling to understand the wants of others, or to introduce Divine harmony into these at present discordant elements. In the midst of all this, our cities are being overcrowded, the population outgrows labour, and labour outgrows remuneration, and wants outgrow both labour and remuneration. Our lanes and alleys multiply ; our courts and houses darken ; disease, sorrow, and vice stalk amongst our teeming masses, while the outer circles keep up the revelry and dance, and drown in their frantic mirth the shrieks and cries of widows and children, of bending youth and breaking manhood. Literature, also, has too much grown into caste-literature ; each writes for his class and remains ignorant of the whole, and each pampers and deludes the class which he addresses. And even religion is in danger of becoming separated into and for classes, till at last each class must stand aloof, frowning, lonely, and tottering under the gathering clouds and the threatening storm of a coming judgment.

Let not the reader, who has hitherto borne with us, think that we have either overstated the case or overstepped the bounds assigned to the literary critic. Ours it is—if we have rightly apprehended our task—with unsparing hand to expose all that is one-sided, defective, and dangerous, as every varying feature of mind and life expresses itself in literature. Ours, also, it is to encourage in that domain all that is noble and good, to help it onwards, and, as far as our mental vision reaches, to point it in the right direction of thought and of action. Not merely to pronounce on literary elegances or the opposite ; not merely to chronicle the investigations of science and of history, but to exhibit the wants, the dangers, the hopes, and the characteristics of the age as these are portrayed in its literature ; to discourage what is detrimental ; to foster what is good, and yet to follow the adventurous from mountain to crag with our “Excelsior ;” such we conceive to be our vocation as Christian and literary critics. Let the reader forgive this digression ; there are cavillers, and in this instance at least, we will “not answer the fool according to his folly.”

But what is the CHURCH doing ? Is it not her noble calling to pervade, to regenerate, and so to conquer the world ? The

realities of the gospel have lost none of their vitality and power, nor has the truth which generated Europe, and again at the time of the Reformation regenerated its institutions and society, declined in value or become a *brutum fulmen*. And yet, withal, hypocrisy seems to grow unchecked; vice, irreligion, and wretchedness are frightfully on the increase, and the gap between the church and the world threatens to become one of mutual isolation. The causes of all this must, we fear, be sought in the decline of vital and healthy Christianity, and the substitution in its stead of a counterfeit, selfish, and maudlin sentimentalism. Bitter though these words may appear, we write them the more confidently, knowing that even at present it is not by any means so universally, and that it cannot and shall not become so—the night has its morning; therefore, once again we say it, and we see it—"Excelsior!"

Irrespective of the unscen though powerful influences of private character and example, the church has two, and only two, direct means of public influence—the press and the pulpit, the written and the spoken word. In both these departments it is her duty and privilege, by the diffusion of the truth and the extension of the Master's kingdom, to renovate society, and, instead of misery and sin, to introduce happiness and holiness. She alone, we firmly believe it, possesses the universal and unailing remedy for all the ills of man, and conscious both of this and of her mission in connexion with it, hers it is to "gird the towel" around her for the labour of love. A church or churches of and for parties, or uncatholic (in the proper sense of the term) in her aims, is not the rightful descendant of the apostolic community founded in the blood and by the Spirit of the Saviour. Her appearance then becomes a grimace and a caricature; her sword either rusts in the scabbard, is reddened in an internecine war, or is exchanged for a wooden toy. She must listen to, apprehend, comprehend, and sympathize with the wants of the age, and adapt her beneficent appliances to them, if she is to be faithful to her trust.

But if the pulpit and the press are the two special engines of the church, it is a serious consideration that in both these departments she does not display the activity or power which might have been expected at her hands. To some of the leading defects in our popular religious literature we have lately adverted (*vide Ecclætic*, July, 1856). We might have said a good deal more, but as in certain respects the defects of the press and the pulpit are almost identical, we prefer in this paper, to confine ourselves to the latter, the more so as by far the greater and more interesting part of the book, of which as yet we have mentioned little more than the title, bears upon the subject.

And here, at the very outset, we may be allowed to state that these Essays contain abundant evidence that Mr. M'Combie is a thinker, and a Christian thinker; and if we cannot agree to the correctness of all his objections, or the aptness of all his proposed remedial measures, we are at one with him on many points, and deeply grateful for the manly honesty, Christian sincerity, and thoughtfulness with which he recalls his fellow-believers to the consideration of some of the most important subjects. We do not make ourselves responsible for these Essays, nor do we wholly endorse them—indeed, in some points we decidedly disagree—but we hail their general scope and treatment as a much-needed contribution to the great question of the times. The two essays on “Some Defects in Evangelical Preaching,” and on “The Pulpit in Relation to the Age,” ought to be carefully read by thinking men among the clergy and laity.

Preaching, in the common acceptation, appears to us a distinctively Christian institution. The regular exposition and application of Divine truth did not form part of public worship during the preparatory stage of Judaism; far less can we look for it in heathenism. If the priesthood has not only ceased, but in its stead a divinely authorized class of preachers or religious teachers has been set apart, its manifest purpose seems to be in every age to present the unvarying, eternal truth of God, yet in a manner suited to its respective wants. Truth is necessarily *one* and not many, and that truth which is “able to make wise unto salvation” is of course unchanged and unchangeable; but as the phases of mental and social life vary, so the adaptation—the form and garb—of the truth must also change. It is indisputable that, in all ordinary cases, the sermons which stirred to the heart the men of former ages are comparatively inefficacious in our days, because they are no longer adapted to the phases of our mental and social life. The “*rococo*” in preaching may attract some to a theological curiosity-shop, but will not influence society or set the wheels of Christian action in motion. The apostles recognized in their practice the rule of becoming to Jews and Greeks as Jews and Greeks, nor may we safely neglect it. Effete formulas and heirloom abstractions may lull the conscience to sleep, and cause the “sacred half-hour” to pass smoothly, but they neither appeal to the head nor to the heart. We want to understand and to feel the word, and if the preacher cannot come down to our wants and ideas—if “coming down” and not “comprehending” be the proper term—he cannot expect us to come up to his, or to influence us. We repeat it, that as the continuation of a regular clerical order in itself indicates that of all religions Christianity alone aims at enlisting a “willing people,” and that in its aim and character

it alone is a *universal* religion, suited to all men and to all times, so it also imposes on the clergy the obligation of adapting their teaching to the wants and ideas of the men of their times.

We know that in all this we may be misunderstood, and if anybody is specially anxious to do so, by all means let him do it: "Every creature after its kind." Be it well understood, we do not advocate any lowering of the Christian standard, either in substance or in form; we only wish that its *aim* be verified, so that the great object of preaching may not be lost in an accumulation of unmeaning and unimpressive verbiage. With all our complaints of the age, it is in many respects an eminently thoughtful one. Compare society and the general disposition on the subject of religion amongst us with the state of matters in former ages, and the conclusion will, in our opinion, be certainly favourable. Still, a wide-spread scepticism, not so much an opposition to, as a want of living faith, has seized our cotemporaries. Evangelical truth is still openly derided; religious men are still drawn in caricature; many have renounced church-going habits wholly, or for a time; many more continue them as a mere form; along with a loud profession of orthodoxy, there is, in some cases, open vice and immorality; in more an inability to realize the connexion between faith and life; in most an utter callousness as to the mission of the church in society. All this, we know, may ultimately be traced to the innate depravity of the heart; but we cannot absolve the pulpit from a share in the blame. In the Essay on "Some Defects in Evangelical Preaching," Mr. M'Combie mentions the following, as mistakes or omissions: "the want of anything like an adequate display of the essential greatness of God;" "that the moral malady of our nature is neither so often nor so prominently brought into view as its importance demands;" that "but a very limited elucidation and enforcement of Christian morality," is given; "a striking deficiency of vigorous and accurate thought," and in its room, "a declamatory style;" "the frequent recurrence of common-place words and phrases;" and "the promiscuous and indefinite use of the bold metaphors and imagery of Scripture." Perhaps the reader will deem this a sufficiently long catalogue of grievances, and yet we bid him prepare for something additional from ourselves. But before doing so, we have to add that a second Essay on the "Pulpit in Relation to the Age," apparently written about twenty years after that on the "Defects in Evangelical Preaching" is even more thorough, and indicates ripened experience and deepened reflection. It embraces almost every topic connected with the pulpit, and treats them—some to our thorough satisfaction; some, we confess it, to our dissatisfaction, but all, in an eminently thoughtful and serious manner.

After giving the leading characteristics, and indicating the leading wants of the age, the ideal of a preacher and of preaching is drawn; and, finally, the various difficulties to be overcome—conventional, vital, doctrinal, traditional, pecuniary, professional, and popular, are described. Without at present inquiring into the propriety of our author's arrangement, we shall more profitably engage our readers if we successively touch upon the points in which Mr. M'Combie directly or indirectly calls attention to what is right and to what is wrong in our popular religious teaching.

As every independent thinker has his own peculiar way of viewing subjects, so every thinking preacher will of course have his peculiar method of apprehending and presenting truth. For such compositions it is impossible to frame very special rules; these are bonds—mind bursts them, pseudo-mind drags them. Rules can here be only negative, indicating what should be avoided, and even such are of dubious utility, i.e., where *they* are necessary, a good deal more is necessary. *Given, a man who has experienced the truth, has mental individuality, cultivation and acquaintanceship with the wants of his age, and you have the elements of a good preacher.* A garment sits much better we know on a tailor's block than on a living person—*chacun à son gout*, but we prefer the living figure notwithstanding the rumples in the coat. An entity in black, with a stiffened white collar (only to indicate the address of the owner), who drawls the ecclesiastical tune during the magic "hours canonical" to listless, lifeless beings, and then descends and disappears among the mass, a mental inanity and a moral nullity, is verily not a "successor of the apostles." We doubt whether he is anything except a place-holder, and a place-obstructor. He is there—*there*, where another should be. To such, all his people say, Amen. Yet he is an apparition, not the reality of a minister. God forbid that this human thing should represent Christ's ministry. Yet while its prevalence is matter of painful notoriety, it exerts at the same time noxious effects on the class as a whole. The consequence is a sort of professional stiffness and inflexibility; alas! not with reference to the sins, but the wants of the age. Cotemporary minds cannot recognize in them aught but exhumed mummies, to whom at best, an historical interest attaches; and rashly concluding that the principle of life has entirely fled, turn away from what in reality are, and should be shown to be, the living springs of truth, of moral life, and of spiritual happiness.

We cannot help repeating it: *the great defect in evangelical preaching is its want of appreciation of the circumstances and necessities of the age.* This holds true of the dealings of the

clergy both towards those who attend upon, and towards those who have estranged themselves from, their ministrations. The two great sins and dangers of our age are selfish isolation and want of reality in and towards men. The function of the pulpit should, therefore, be the introduction of inward and spiritual truthfulness, and of love. The modern irreligious satirist has discovered the weak part of religious society when he makes the hypocrisy and selfishness, the callousness towards those who are in spiritual, mental, and physical wretchedness, and the gorgeous humbug which has intruded even into the sacred domains of Christianity, the theme of his ridicule. Alas! that we cannot indignantly repel the reproach, and, like the apostles, call upon our enemies themselves to be our judges. We have to content ourselves, while admitting some things, with objecting that his descriptions are one-sided; that they entirely ignore what Christianity really is and has done, and that they keep in the background those who are its genuine representatives among us. Yet "truth in the inward parts," "a new heart and a right spirit" have been since the time of David, and are still, the characteristics of spiritual religion, and both the express declarations, the general bearing and examples of the New Testament and of its writers, amply show that, if any man pretends to love God whom he has not seen, without loving his brother whom he has seen, "he is a liar and the truth is not in him."

Without entering into any elaborate argument, we may take it for granted that genuine Christianity will, by renewing the the heart, will, and mind, gradually pervade all the faculties, and so influence the outer man as that the distinctive marks of discipleship will become manifest to all. At the same time, it must be allowed that education and outward circumstances may have a considerable influence in retarding this development, and that especially in those respects where settled habits of thinking or of acting prevent the entertainment of certain questions. To mention familiar instances, we know that in spite of clear Bible testimony, Christian men in the Middle Ages conformed to many practices which we would unhesitatingly denounce as opposed to the Word of God. So also, as Mr. McCombie rightly reminds us in touching on this subject, the incompatibility of slavery with Christianity was, till recently, not understood in this country, nor is it, we may add, at present understood in many parts of America. The question of liberty of conscience may be mentioned as another instance in point. Now, just as these subjects had formerly been misunderstood, and education, the common modes of thinking, and the force of habit had contributed to continue this ignorance, so many great individual and social duties seem to be "hid" from us; but here,

alas! our analogy stops, for while in former times Christianity was identified with progress in these respects, the church in our days is in danger of lagging behind.

It is inexpressibly sad that, when the day of "red-tape" is happily setting in almost all departments, the dread enemy should seem to entrench himself in the church as his last stronghold, as if his tenure there were most precious and longest secured. The "traditional" and the "conventional" obstacles are as great and even greater than Mr. M'Combie has described them to be. Ancient expressions, which once had their meaning, and still have it *when understood*, but which to most ears have become unmeaning from empty repetition, fill up the staple of most discourses which have their "heads" (in the figurative, not real sense) but want the heart; which deal in trite commonplaces, but neither touch on the sins nor the wants of the audience; which fill the customary half-hour or hour, but with all their torrent of words and show of declamation, too often neither move the heart nor transform the life. Oh, the amount of words all the year round in Great Britain and Ireland! and the paucity of deeds! The Rev. Mr. Longface gives every Sunday an exact counterpart of what had been said a hundred years ago—the divisions, the theological niceties, the very drawling—it is all the same, with this difference only, that formerly it had been well said and well understood, while now it is neither well said nor understood at all. Antinomianism, Arianism, Arminianism, and whatever other "isms" they be who answer the theological conjuror's most potent spells, are so many departed ghosts, who may at spectral hours haunt lonely dwellings and streets, but who have no longer flesh and blood; or, if indeed they still live to war, they have changed their appearance and arms. They now use the *minié* and cannon, and laugh your cross-bows and lances to scorn. Could we forget what *has been* and learn *what is*; could we look into our lanes, or workshops and warehouses, and know man, not as he was, but as he is; could we sympathize with the groans of spiritual darkness, ignorance, vice, and wretchedness; could we awake to our labour of love; could we read even our own spiritual history—if it be either "spiritual" or "history," not an accumulation of facts—how different would it be! Who has ever met with the embodiment of these "isms," in nature, unless it be in the form of theological oddities or religious prize-fighters? We are all teeming with energy and life. We have no abstractions about us. In the battle of life there is no time for empty disputations. Mere doctrinalism addressed to these men, whose history during the past week and wants for the future are so very different from

that discussion, cannot do any good, nor have any practical effect. It is unsuitable and unreal.

Another unsuitableness and unreality is the theological thunder-storm which bursts around the trembling and stunned hearers of yonder Boanerges. It is a torrent of words which carries everything before it, and sweeps it away. Preparation he has none; preparation he needs none—for there is nothing in him to prepare. The most solemn mysteries of our religion, the most awful prospects of a hardened race, are by turns hurled past us, like uprooted giants of the forest and ruined houses, with a complaisance and self-satisfaction which show that, whoever feels or thinks, it is certainly not that rattling, foaming, raving thing in “Moses’ seat.” The performance finished, there is a collapse in preacher and audience for the week. Men of this stamp deal largely in the terrific, and where there is no fire to call down, they have nothing further to do. Love and graces, experience, life and practice, are not parts of the creed.

A still different inanity is the class of Messrs. Flowerpots—a large and increasing race of Christian unrealities. With the spiritual thermometer below the freezing-point, and the mental vision beyond the cure of men, there is sufficient and more than sufficient of the pretentious. Some step out like Italian dancing-masters; others rouge and dress their sermons like a faded beauty; others give you such a tissue of stylistic nonsense and tasteless verbosity to cover their mental darkness, as positively keeps you in the alternative of wonderment and fear. Substantives innocent of adjectives, wondering what happy accident has suddenly brought them together; figures which you may figure; a sentence with a tail and nobody to carry it, dragging in the mud; “rosy-footed morning” and “pink-eyed evening” hobnobbing to each other; “gurgling streams” and “meandering cherubim of glorious visions brighter than can be transplanted” together with sleeping or gaping hearers,—in short, Don Quixote in the pulpit, and Sancho Panza in the pews—a very useful combination. We have heard of a rare compound of “Boanerges” and “Flowerpots,” in the north of Scotland, who utterly unable, from sheer exhaustion, to proceed, could at last only gasp out single words to electrify his audience. “Eh, wasn’t he grand at last,” observed one of his hearers to the other, “on the word, Mesopotawmia!” There is a good deal of this “Mesopotamia”-grandeur, where words are smothered in figures or figures in words, and both mental and moral nakedness concealed amidst “high swelling words of vanity.” Still, as this passes amongst the half-educated for elegance, and the uneducated for eloquence,

and as preacher and hearers share in the unreality, "Flower-pots" are decidedly the thing for the ecclesiastical "season."

Christianity and its mysteries—what a theme! the wants of our fellow men, living, suffering, waiting, working, weeping, perishing—what realities! the mission of the Church—what a calling! And are these the performances, is this the food of souls, the light of the world, the salt of the earth—this mass of canting, of inanity, and of unreality? What we need is *truth, life, love*; one sentence of it is worth a volume of traditionalism, of terrification, and of trash. And yet how rare is it! A good and useful preacher is one who, with mental cultivation, combines the prime qualities of spiritual experience and spiritual sympathy—who, instead of a system of doctrines, gives you what he has experienced, and what your heart and your life requires both for time and for eternity. He speaks to the hearts of his hearers. Out of the rich treasury of Christian truth he brings the "pearl of great price;" he wins your admiration for it; he gains your consent to purchase and to wear it. He is sound in doctrine and values orthodox truth, but he knows that formularies are without value unless they are understood and felt by himself and his audience, and he prefers to adapt his teaching to your and your fellow-men's wants, rather than to tradition. He drinks at the spring of scriptural truth; he sympathizes with all that is holy, good and noble; and having led his hearers to the cross, he points them to fields of becoming usefulness in the church and the world. However unaffected, he is powerful; however simple his strain, such melody is divine.

We know that the sound of popularity is sweet, and its thought bewitching, while its real value as an indication of merit is often absolutely *nil*. Who can accurately tell what are the exact elements which, in their combination, attract crowds of the gentler sex of all ages, with perfumed cambric handkerchiefs, youths with hair unerringly parted, and benevolently looking stoutish gentlemen; or chronicle the causes of the sudden rush after the popular preacher into the vestry? It is certainly not always *thought*, for we ourselves have sat in a chapel beside a lady who apparently had at least the *pencil* "of a ready writer," and was busy during "an exposition" covering untold sheets of note-paper with lance-shaped notes. The "exposition" was certainly not redundant in *thought*, and we have to confess that our attention was sadly divided between the speaker and the note-taker, for to us it seemed a much greater effort of mind to take continuous notes than to utter the sentiments noted down. Still it may safely be affirmed that one main element of popularity is *distinctiveness*. Anything different from the dreary waste of theological sand-hills, *must* attract.

But there are two kinds of distinctiveness in preaching; that of the man who preaches truth adapted to the times, and that of the spiritual quack. However defective in some respects, the man who adapts his teaching to living men will, if his teaching be truth, no doubt attract a devout people, i. e., where there are the materials for it. In the case of the popular preacher to whom we have above referred, we certainly had occasionally most suitable and practical statements. On the other hand, there is a large number of sight-seers who must have something to move their sensibilities in religiosities as well as in other respects. For them the spiritual quack is just the desideratum. One advertises vestments, candles, and mummeries of the body; another calculates to a day when everything is to happen, and writes a newspaper report of the particularities of a future age; a third is a controversial sledge-hammer, or a kind of theological stinging-nettle; a fourth dissolves in sentimentality and sweetness; a fifth parades cannibals, yellow-nosed or brown faced oddities, &c. But why add to the catalogue of painful notorieties? It has not been our design to collect a theological "chamber of horrors;" we have considered it our self-imposed duty, honestly, and according to the best of our knowledge, to describe the defective and the right in our popular religious teaching. We now sum up with the remark, that the great want and requirement of our age is an earnest, thoughtful, truthful, and suitable ministry, and that wherever it is found, it will, without doubt, prove not only eminently beneficial, but ultimately also highly popular.

After all that we have said, we must now leave both the subject on which we have written, and the book which has been the occasion of it, to the thoughtful reader. It will have been inferred, that the two Essays on Preaching constitute the most important and considerable part of the volume. Of the other papers we call special attention to that on "Intellectual Greatness," as not only very able and suggestive, but as interesting in a psychological point of view. To our mind it reads very like a mental autobiography, a kind of soliloquy, in which Mr. M'Combie details his mental awakening, struggles, longings, and victory. Although he is apparently better fitted for the disquisition of mental and social questions, than for that of moral, or for descriptive and pathetic touches, we have occasionally come on what almost amounts to eloquence, from its life-like reality and its manifest derivation from experience. We subjoin only one extract:—

"Between a man, who examines and judges for himself, and one who does not, there are no points of comparison; the one may adopt

false principles, but the other cannot be said to have any principles at all; only a collection of prejudices and predilections in their place. The mind of the one may advance in the midst of dangers, the mind of the other does not advance at all, but gathers in it the filth of stagnation. An intellect of lofty powers and refined susceptibility is always a noble object, whether it break out from among the peerage or the people; yet it has ever been regarded as a spectacle peculiarly interesting, to behold a powerful mind bursting by its native energies the stiff incrustations of rudeness and ignorance, and pushing its way upwards to honourable and beneficial eminence; privations, discouragements, and repulses, only enhancing its determination and ardour. Thus the sprout of the acorn, though the earth be trodden down above it, and its progress be obstructed by rough and gelid stones, still pushes onward with an irrepressible effort to rise, till it finds an opening, where it springs upward and emerges above the surface, green.. Then rising and expanding under the sunshine and dews of heaven, the tempests which beat upon it only make it strike its roots deeper into the ground, till at length it stands forth in lofty beauty and majestic strength, laughing at the storm."

There is nothing new in all this, but does it not read very like truth—a true chapter out of a true history? Mr. M'Combie was, we believe, till very lately, a farmer, in one of the most out-of-the-way districts of Aberdeenshire; and besides appreciating the gems of suggestive thoughts and valuable observations, which are richly scattered over the pages of this book, we have felt singularly interested in following the "history of a mind" in these pages. We have purposely abstained from pointing out the particular questions on which we disagree with the author. It is the product of individual thinking, and strongly bears the characteristics of individuality. To avoid rash imputations, we have simply entered, in general terms, our caveat and dissent. We can only ask the reader to examine the book for himself, and to judge; sure we are he will not regret having accepted our warm recommendation as an invitation to make trial of its contents.

ART. VII.—*Oxford Essays*. Contributed by Members of the University, 1856. London: Parker, West Strand.

WE have already noticed with much satisfaction, the project of both the elder British universities to extend their usefulness by the annual publication of a volume of critical or literary essays. In our Review of the first volume of the *Cambridge Essays*, we

congratulated its conductors on the catholic and popular style of the subjects they selected, and of the method in which they treated them. A perusal of the commencing volume of the Oxford Essays led us to a different conclusion. In our criticism upon it, we observed: "The exception we should take against it is, that it is too learned and too scientific. It seems to have been written for the perusal of the two universities, and not for the great body of educated readers throughout the realm. It is redolent of Oxford."

We are bound to pronounce a similar opinion upon the volume now before us. It addresses the few, and not the many: appearing as the series does but once in twelve months, it would seem to be the obvious dictate of discretion to treat on subjects of general and permanent interest, and not to descant upon those which interest but a small section of society, and that small section, perchance, only for a time. Those organs of public intelligence and instruction, which appear at shorter intervals, wisely, and indeed, necessarily fix upon such subjects; but an annual, in order to be valued, should be distinguished from these more ephemeral flowers, by a more enduring efflorescence, and one more satisfying to the prevailing tastes of society. The subjects for the Oxford Essays for 1856, are certainly sufficiently varied. The first article extends to no fewer than eighty-seven pages; it is entitled "Comparative Mythology," and is certainly a marvel of minute and curious learning. It is from the pen of Professor Müller. He commences with a passage from Plato, in which Socrates is represented as showing how a natural accident which occurred to a Grecian maiden, was mythologized by the Greek imagination, and thenceforth became the hereditary material of the poet and the artist. The transition from this passage to his main subject is easy. Fancy is the infancy, of which logic is the manhood; and poetry has ever been the parent of prose. The earliest literature has been poetic, and it would seem as if the aggregate of mankind are more than typical of the successive stages of individual life. Thus history, philosophically considered, becomes a grand biography in which the dreams of boyhood solidify into the action of the man, and the autumn of nations is emblematic of the matured and fruitful wisdom of age. This transcendental idea seems to suggest a grand unity of plan, and to remind the Christian thinker, that the great Being who is now making by a providential but uninspiring operation, the civilized world a theatre of wonders, was in the infancy of the species, the "Ancient of Days."

The writer of this Essay most justly repudiates the notion that the human mind originated in barbarism. That the law of development is essentially implanted in it, may be fairly admitted,

and to what great issues it may arrive, it is perhaps impossible to conjecture; but that it originated in an infantile feebleness, it seems impossible to believe. Indeed, in some respects, the glories of antiquity put to the blush even the marvels of modern science; and the wisdom of the Egyptians which Moses studied, still taxes the ingenuity of the learned and the curious.

“Many things,” says our author, “are still unintelligible to us, and the hieroglyphic language of antiquity records but half of the mind’s unconscious intentions; yet more and more the image of man, in whatever clime we meet him, rises before us, noble and pure from the very beginning; even his errors we learn to understand, even his dreams we begin to interpret. As far as we can trace back the footsteps of man, even on the lowest strata of history, we see that the divine gift of a sound and sober intellect belonged to him from the very first, and the idea of a humanity emerging slowly from the depths of an animal brutality can never be maintained again. The earliest work of art wrought by the human mind, more ancient than any literary document, and prior even to the first whisperings of tradition—the *human language*, forms an uninterrupted chain from the first dawn of history down to our own times. We still speak the language of the first ancestors of our own race, and this language with its wonderful structure, bears witness against such unhallowed imputations.”—Page 5.

The assertion that we still speak the language of the first ancestors of our race, may at first seem paradoxical, but an inspection of the numerous very curious comparative tables by which the writer illustrates his theories, will confirm its truth. Thus we have the words *father, mother, brother, sister, and daughter*, given in parallel columns in Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Slavonic, and Irish. Between all of these, a very close analogy plainly subsists. In Sanskrit, for example, we find the synonymes of the English words first given to be *Patár, Mâtár, Bhrâtar, Svâsar, Duhitar*.

To this fundamental analogy between the parent languages of the earth, the writer subjoins another consideration to account for the origin of Mythology. This is,

“that the words indicating the objects and phenomena of nature had in these ancient languages, a termination expressive of gender, and this naturally produced in the mind the corresponding idea of sex, so that these names received not only an individual, but a sexual character. There was no substantive which was not either masculine or feminine, neuters being of later growth and distinguishable chiefly in the nominative. What must have been the result of this? As long as people thought in language, it was simply impossible to speak of morning or evening, of spring and winter, without giving to these conceptions something of an individual, active, sexual, and at

last, a personal character. They were either nothings as they are nothings to our withered thought, or they were something; and then they could not be conceived as mere powers, but as beings powerful. Even in our time, though we have the conception of nature as a power, what do we mean by power except something powerful? Now, in early language, nature was *Natura*, a mere adjective made substantive; she was the mother always 'going to bring forth.' Was not this a more definite idea than that which we connect with nature; and let us look to our poets who still think and feel in language. Can they speak of nature and similar things as neutral powers, without doing violence to their feelings? Let us open Wordsworth, and we shall hardly find him use an abstract term without life and blood in it."

After citing a number of characteristic instances of personification which he might have multiplied indefinitely from the writings of this poet, he concludes the exposition of his theory in the following passage:—

"Why then, if we ourselves in speaking of the sun or the storms, of sleep and death, of earth and dawn, connect either no distinct idea at all with these names, or allow them to cast over our mind the fleeting shadows of the poetry of old—why, if we when speaking with the warmth which is natural to the human heart, call upon the winds and the sun, the ocean and the sky, as if they would still hear us?—why if plastic thought cannot represent any one of these beings or powers, without giving them, if not a human form, at least human life and human feeling—why should we wonder at the ancients, with their language, throbbing with life and revelling in colour, if instead of the grey outlines of our modern thought, they threw out those living forms of nature endowed with human powers, nay, with powers more than human, inasmuch as the light of the sun was brighter than the light of a human eye, and the waving of the storms louder than the shouts of the human voice? We may be able to account for the origin of rain and dew,—of storm and thunder; yet to the great majority of mankind, all these things unless they are mere names, are still what they were to Homer, only perhaps less beautiful, less poetical, less real, and living."—P. 37.

This theory the writer proceeds to illustrate at length, by an analysis of a number of Oriental myths and dramas. The amount of learning which this analysis displays is somewhat astonishing, while the poetical translations by which it is illustrated, are characterized by a gracefulness which, like architectural decoration, gives a beautiful relief to the massiveness of his erudition.

The second article in this volume is entitled "The Growth of Laws and Usages of War." The subject appears to have been suggested by Mr. Buxton's admirable paper on what may be called the ethics of warfare, which we noticed in our Review of the Cambridge Essays. The purpose of the author is not as he

says to analyze or enumerate the usages of war, but to obtain something like a general view of their progressive growth. In working out this design, he commences with the usages which prevailed before the humanizing influences of Christianity had made themselves felt by nations.

“The conception of war,” he says, “as an absolute interruption of all relations between the belligerents, snapping all ties, annihilating all restraints, and leaving men free to wreak their rage upon each other, has been implicitly assumed and acted on during the greater part of the world’s history.”

The mention of the social effects produced by the Christian religion, leads us to notice a curious passage which we find at page 94 :—

“The *direct* influence of Christianity in imposing lasting restraints on the license of war, does not appear to have been very considerable. And to say that its indirect effects have been less than they ought to have been, is only to repeat the confession which every Christian must make respecting himself and the society to which he belongs. Religion has not made the mass of men merciful, as she has not made them self-denying, truthful, or pure. Perhaps her power has been even less sensible here than elsewhere, for religion has never known exactly how to deal with war, and the difficulty has rather increased than diminished in our own times, when a kind of *mauvaise honte* seems to have grown upon her, making her confine herself to the interior life of men—to the church and closet, and indisposing her to follow them into the throng and bustle of the world, and claim as she ought, her visible dominion over every lawful pursuit in which they may engage.”

The solution of what appears to our author as an anomaly, would appear to be that the influence of religion does not act upon masses as such, but only upon individuals, and that those upon whom it operates have ever been the last to engage in deeds of violence and blood. The triumphs of a religious symbol have indeed been seen on a battle-field; the triumphs of religion never. The same principle applies with equal force to the writer’s comparison between the partial effects of Christianity on individuals and communities; the truth appearing to be, that its effect upon the masses who do not individually embrace it, is not strictly its own, but that of the civilization to which it leads, and by which its friends and its enemies are alike, whether consciously or unconsciously, influenced, while in its individual possessors, it must be directly admitted, that it does implant and nourish the virtues to which the writer refers; and that their existence and growth constitute the most satisfactory tests of its presence. It is hard, however, for any one to escape this

confusion of idea, who is accustomed to regard religion only as an element in a political organization—a sentiment which is apt to be contagious in the atmosphere of our elder universities. The last allusion in the above extract suggests the serious question—How many wars, if any, have been undertaken by professedly Christian countries, in which the spirit of religion can be imagined as attending their armies as if engaged in a “lawful pursuit?”

After exhibiting the usages of war as developed in the histories of Greece and Rome, the writer comes to the times in which the Dominican Francesco Victoria, and subsequently Grotius, and the great jurists who succeeded him, superceded the old maxim, “*Jus belli infinitum*,” by a limiting and humaner principle.

“The ties,” he says, “which unite the members of the human family—the ties of universal brotherhood and of civil society are not totally dissolved by war; the obligations which make up a man’s duty to his neighbour, continue in force except so far as they are incompatible with the effectual use of the only means whereby an aggrieved nation can obtain redress.”

A similar principle is laid down with much greater clearness, and expounded with far more of logical method, by Mr. Buxton, in the able paper in the Cambridge Papers, to which we have already referred. Hence, for the most part, the pillage and destruction of private property, has at least on land been to a great extent discarded in the practice of modern warfare. The distinction drawn in this respect between warlike operations by land and sea, the writer very clearly exposes.

“Is it,” he says, “always easy to comprehend why the same boat’s crew must respect on land the self-same goods which are lawful prize at sea? or why it is an honourable exploit to seize, in some petty Baltic sea-port, a merchant schooner loading at a wharf—a cargo of salt, the winter’s supply of a village, or a boat-load of fish, the venture of a poor family, creeping along shore to its accustomed market, and a misdemeanor to go ten steps further, enter the owner’s house, and take his furniture and money? If, however, the advantages of the practice are ambiguous, and the distinction on which it proceeds somewhat obscure, the principle which it violates is settled and plain. Every one understands the line drawn between striking at the state blows which incidentally and unavoidably injure the persons or property of individuals, and striking at individuals point blank as a means of pressure on the state. The calamity falls, in the latter case, with capricious severity on unoffending people, peaceably and industriously employed; it ruins a few and leaves the rest untouched, and the greatest sufferers are often those whom we should most wish to spare; whilst the effect upon the governing power (which is really

aimed at) is indirect, uncertain, and produced at a disproportionate cost of loss and suffering to one or both parties."

This policy has been most rigidly pursued during the late war; we have, as the writer before us justly observes, waived the right of seizing hostile goods under neutral flags. We have commissioned no privateers. Russian vessels lying in our ports have been allowed a reasonable time to clear out, and the Queen's subjects have been, in effect, permitted to trade, by the help of neutrals, with the Queen's enemies; the only exception being the usual prohibition to export articles reckoned as contraband of war. Thus the allied fleets, when they burnt the magazines of Sveaborg, spared Helsingfors, as Admirals Dundas and Hamelin had avoided injuring the commercial port and town of Odessa. The firing of a few deserted farms and rick-yards, inconveniently near to the fortified posts, at Kinburn and Eupatoria, constitutes the only exception during the war, now happily terminated.

Mr. Bernard, the author of this carefully-written Essay, sums up the ethics of the question in the following passage :

"It is common to talk as if war were so harsh and bloody a business that it must be carried on harshly and bloodily, and as if those principles of conduct which are binding on us in the ordinary transactions of life had no application here. If that were so, war would be unlawful for the Christian, whose rule of life is inflexible, and who has been expressly told, that not even his enemies are exempt from that universal law of love which is the measure of his duty to God and man. It would be unlawful for him, and he would be bound to abstain from it at any cost of mortification, loss, or pain. But it is not so, and we ought to protest against the error with our whole soul and strength. War is, indeed, rough, stern work; he who engages in it must be prepared to do and witness, as well as suffer, things shocking to the gentler feelings of man's nature; and it is possible for the conscience to be over-sensitive in this matter, as it may in any other which calls for the exercise of masculine firmness and resolution. But it confers no license, as it involves no crime. The standard of right and wrong, which we are bound to apply to it, is the Christian standard, and no other. And many thousands of good and brave men have walked throughout their lives in that burning furnace of trial, unsullied and unhurt, on whom the smell of fire has not passed, and the flame has had no power, except to strengthen and refine their sense of duty and their trust in God. Rejecting and rebelling against every restriction which would really shackle the power to strike hard and strike home, it admits of being made more tolerable by humanity, by courtesy, and by the strict maintenance of established rules."

Such sentiments as these throw us again back on the reflec-

tion, how few wars that have ever been waged, have not originated in principles and motives so utterly hostile to morality, as to render the introduction of Christian principles in their conduct well-nigh inconceivable. And if we might anticipate the prevalence of these more benign sentiments in the minds of monarchs and statesmen, we should be sanguine enough to believe, that they would not only mitigate the horrors of future warfare, but would absolutely prevent its recurrence, and inaugurate that final dispensation of peace, for which the nations seem to be already groaning and travailing in pain.

The next article is entitled an Essay "ON THE RAPHAEL DRAWINGS IN THE UNIVERSITY GALLERY, OXFORD." The title is remarkably infelicitous, inasmuch as it circumscribes and localizes the apparent interest of the paper—still more narrowly than does the general title of the work. The limitation, moreover, is entirely unnecessary, as the article so far from being confined to the drawings referred to in its title, embraces a history of the life of Raphael, with criticisms on his works, and even on his critics. It extends to fifty-six pages, and though written with considerable literary skill, will, we apprehend, find readers only among the class to which its author apparently belongs.

We pass over a very long and instructive article on the "Land System of Ireland," to notice the most practically valuable paper in the volume, namely, that on "National Education," by the Rev. Frederick Temple, M.A. In commenting upon it, we cheerfully admit the praiseworthy zeal shown by a fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, in the cause of useful and universal education. Such a pronouncement from that ancient and exclusive University may be fairly regarded as a sign of the times. If those boasted depositories of national learning, which have heretofore monopolized its rewards, will make themselves the fulcrum on which the great lever of popular opinion may look for the effecting of this noble object, they will, even at this late hour, render the most valuable service in effecting their original design. We can but briefly scan the main topics of this very able paper. The writer thus states the position of parties on this subject: "On one side stand the High Churchmen, or denominational party, who may be supposed to be represented in Parliament by Mr. Henley; on the other side are the Voluntaries, who have not many, if any representatives in the House of Commons, but who are headed by Mr. Edward Baines. Both these extremes agree in refusing to acknowledge any paramount civil character in education; both advocate a peculiar kind of religious liberty. But the High Churchmen would accept State assistance if they could obtain it without such an

amount of State control as would rob their schools of the ecclesiastical character; in fact, they seem tolerably well contented with the conditions on which the Government at present assists them. The Voluntaries, on the contrary, refuse State assistance altogether, on the ground that it is unjust to make one man pay for the inculcation of another man's opinions." The writer justly states the question at issue as the following: "Who is to pay for the schools?" "Who is to govern the schools?" "And what is to be taught in the schools?" Now, the last of these three questions governs the preceding ones; for, if a given religious creed is to be inculcated, the public opinion of the country will very soon decide who is to govern and who is to pay. Such discussions, however, ignore the Voluntary system altogether. Under it, those who pay are, of course, voluntary subscribers, and those who govern, are a committee appointed by them, through whom an efficient control is exercised over what is taught. One admission is, if we rightly understand the author, of great importance. He says, "The Church, and not the school, must cultivate the habit of worship. The home, and not the school, is capable of giving the deepest and truest religious teaching." By the "Church" here, we assume that he means the churches generally, and not the Church of England in particular; and on this supposition the case in favour of a purely secular system of education would be much strengthened. Yet even here, it must be borne in mind, that a master without professedly teaching a creed, may infuse into a school an immense amount of religious error; and that if he is amenable solely to rate-payers, he would be safe from interference, unless he should be guilty of the fault of zeal. To use the words of Mr. Temple, "Rate-payers, as such, are not religious."

The author very speedily drops the Voluntary system, and Mr. Edward Baines, who would seem to be the only advocate of it with whose name he is acquainted, and proceeds to class the other educational schemes under the three heads, of the Denominational, the Comprehensive, and the Combined. Of these we will present, as nearly as possible, his own definitions. "The Denominational method is to have separate schools for the separate religious denominations, and to supply them with a sufficient amount of State aid to enable them to cover the country." To this his chief objection is, that it not only secures the teaching of religious doctrine, but has a perpetual tendency towards making preparation for future religious controversy. Whatever weight such an argument may have at Oxford, we think that it will have but little influence upon public opinion; for, in the first place, the effect of such religious teaching

would be much greater, whether for good or evil, if supplied at home, where, by the writer's previous admission, it would be more appropriate and efficacious. Again, we cannot sympathize with the writer's dread of theological controversy. When conducted in a proper spirit, and unbiassed by secular aims, it has ever been found most helpful to the cause of evangelical truth; and time and space would fail us to instance those theological controversies by which by which those principles have been established, which are and ever will be the pillar and the ground of faith.

From the author's definition of the Comprehensive plan, we cull the following statements, of the accuracy of which the reader shall judge for himself. The author represents that the Comprehensive plan proposes to establish schools in which "so much religion shall be taught as all are willing to agree in:" an arrangement which necessarily excludes Jews and Catholics.

"It is peculiarly difficult," he says, "to unite in one board the clergy of the Church with the preachers or ministers of dissenting communities. The Dissenters, for many reasons, are more hostile to the Church than to one another. They have separated from the Church, not from one another. They are like each other, and unlike the Church in their civil position and endowments. The result is, that if ever the clergy of the Church act with Dissenters as such, all alike are much more on the footing of fellow-citizens engaged in a civil, than of fellow-Christians engaged in a religious duty. If the Comprehensive plan were made universal, it would probably be religious in that sense, and in that sense only, in which schools would be religious that were governed by the rate-payers. As it is the Comprehensive plan has but a very partial success. Its great representative is the British and Foreign School Society. Its most strenuous defenders are the Baptists, though they object to all State assistance in extending it. The Independents are willing to support it, but are equally ready to support the Denominational."

Such are the author's views respecting the state of educational parties. The purely Secular system, he regards as having been given up by common consent. With the political history of this great question, he is evidently well acquainted; but he seems to us very ill informed as to the principles and feelings of the two great bodies of Evangelical Dissenters. His great panacea appears to be a rate; and yet he indicates from time to time a sense of the great difficulties which beset his scheme. He admits that a school depends for its success more on the local management than on the master, and that there are more instances of good schools, with first-rate management and second-rate masters, than with first-rate masters and second-rate management. This opinion, in which we fully coincide,

seems to tell strongly against the rating scheme. A common adage instructs us that what it is everybody's business to do is never done, and it seems impossible to deny that schools supported by voluntary contributions and managed by a committee appointed by the contributors, would be more vigilantly administered than those to which rate-payers, having contributed their coerced quota, have done with the matter, and leave it the hands of comparatively irresponsible officials. Another error pervades the following passage :—

“ Many of the Voluntary party, however, profess to look upon the efforts of the religious communities as merely provisional. The Baptists, in particular, maintain that the duty of education cannot permanently devolve on any but the parents, and anticipate a time when, partly perhaps by a rise in wages, but chiefly by greater self-denial, the parents will be able to do the whole work. They look upon a permanent provision for education as converting the labouring class *pro tanto* into paupers, and argue that it would break down the strength of domestic ties.”

The writer is quite mistaken in supposing that Dissenters attribute any of the degradation of pauperism to gratuitous education. The history of their Sunday schools sufficiently refutes any such notion. These they have prosecuted to so vast an extent that they have coerced the Church of England into what was at first a reluctant rivalry, and so far from pauperizing the population whom they have benefited, they have drawn their millions of scholars, not in the majority of instances from the lowest class of the community ; but they have taken under their charge the families of respectable artizans with no admission of pauperism, nor of proud nor degrading patronage on the other. Indeed, we could mention the names of gentlemen now sitting in the House of Commons as representatives of large constituencies, who derived the elements of their education from Sunday schools, and who have subsequently repaid their honourable obligations as Sunday-school teachers.

In a word, Mr. Temple does not appreciate the all-conquering force of a true and modest religious zeal. His stand-point is Oxford ; his land-mark is the Cathedral. With all his laudable earnestness and research he has yet to learn, that there is a power with which the public mind may be impregnated under an influence to which he but scantily refers, that can revolutionize society under ground, that can sap the organizations of antiquity, and create all things new ; which can elevate the lowliest, and overturn thrones ; which is still progressing in humble majesty, and which is destined to subdue all things to itself. “ Penal statutes to repress it,” says Robert Robinson, “ resemble penal

statutes to cleanse the world of violets. Fashion may banish them from the burgomaster's garden, but the heavens will conspire to nourish them in the shade of a nettle or at the foot of an oak."

Brief Notices.

Contemporary Memoirs of Russia, from 1727—1744 By General Manstein, an Officer of distinction in the Russian Service. First Edited in English by David Hume, and now Re-edited by "A Hertfordshire Incumbent." London: Longmans. 1856.

RECENT momentous events having awakened a very high degree of interest in all that relates to the constitution, character, and policy of Imperial Russia, it is to be hoped that these contemporary Memoirs will meet with a far more hearty welcome than was accorded to their original publication in England. Nearly a century ago, this work was introduced to the British public by the celebrated historian, David Hume, to whom it had been entrusted by the Earl Marshal of Scotland, the elder brother of that General Keith who played so prominent a part in the historical events embraced by the Memoirs. Notwithstanding, however, the high sanction of Hume's name,—notwithstanding also the very general curiosity felt in England on the subject of the strange political changes in Russia, and the romantic texture of the narrative itself, it was very coldly received and speedily forgotten. This failure is ascribed by the present editor to the badness of the translation from the original French; and in the present edition, all available means have been employed for the purpose of redeeming the version from its fatal errors. The competency of the present editor for his task, or indeed for any literary and critical labours in connexion with Russia, will commend itself to the public, who are not likely to forget very speedily, the discriminating, well-informed, and most valuable communications of "A Hertfordshire Incumbent" to the pages of the *Times* during the whole course of the late war. This gentleman (the Rev. J. W. Blakesley, vicar of Ware) as a distinguished member of the Geographical Society, as a traveller, as a classical and historical scholar, and as by no means the least successful editor of "Herodotus," is well qualified for the delicate duty of purging from error one of the most interesting, one of the few genuine, and one of the most authentic fragments of Muscovite history. The great value of this contribution to our scanty store of Russian history, lies in the position of the author. He was long in a position to know the whole attainable truth of the events which he records and explains; and when he actually wrote the Memoirs, he had retired out of the reach of Russian influence, smarting some little, under unmerited disgrace; and, therefore, to be

trusted most cordially in the general tendency of his narrative, so far as that is favourable to the country of his birth, prosperity, and disgrace. He took a conspicuous and often the chief part in the events he has described ; and when only indirectly concerned in the political and military affairs of his time, he was the friend and intimate companion of the most successful civilians and soldiers. In addition to the writer's obvious advantages as a participator in some of the most important political and military exploits, we would mention the charming simplicity with which he leaves carefully told parts to the unbiassed judgment of the reader, or, if he ventures on theory and disquisition, his modest caution. The present editor speaks of the *Memoirs* as "possessing an interest equal to that of a work of fiction." And certainly, there is no exaggeration in this description. The canvas is small, but the figures are of life size, with the stronger lineaments of human nature wonderfully developed, and the terrible tragedy of ungoverned passions many times repeated, yet ever with a mournful distinctness. In speaking of these delineations of real life, as possessing the exciting interest of fiction, we must not imagine them to be like the political novel of England, in which a philosophical preconception serves as the moral, and actual occurrences in political life are selected and adopted as the progress of the moral demands, and in which the proper interest of a novel must be forced, obtruded, engrafted by means of an under-plot, or a thread of collateral incidents. In the story of individuals and families, of parties, principles, and dynasties, of diplomacy, policy, warfare, which General Manstein has given to us, we cannot distinguish between what is domestic and what is political,—between the intellectual and social life of Russia. Politics is life in the Great Empire ; there is no such thing as separating between the public affairs and the private ambition, the greed for personal profit and the desire for national aggrandizement, the assertion of a nation's rights or dignity and the resentments of individual envy and vexation. It is indifferently true, that marriages are political, and politics matrimonial. A man seeks a wife who can further his secret schemes ; a woman mounts a throne that she may indulge a private amour. The north is still, as in all past ages, the seat of the wildest legends of romance ; but the legends are grave histories, and the romance is solid, common-place fact. There is enough vicissitude in any one of these years of which the record was kept by Manstein, and in every one of the noble families and royal households alluded to by him, to set up a first-rate writer of fiction with materials, and enough, one might suppose, to repress for ever in Russian hearts, all aspiration for places of emolument and honour. To the general reader, then, we shall be doing a friendly service in commending this book. A year or two ago, it might have been necessary to speak apologetically for the lengthened accounts of military operations in this work ; but the general reading classes of English society have of late been so far initiated into that kind of literature, that they will be able to follow with ease the soldier-like descriptions of Manstein, and will hardly feel less interest than professional men in tracking the earlier steps of Russia in the career of

conquest to which Western Europe has just now put a stop. And this will be especially the case with the vivid representations of the campaigns in which Munich and Lacy pushed the Russian arms to the shores of Azoff, through the formidable lines of Perekop, into the very heart of the Crimea, or advanced to the Bug, and took Kinburn, and reduced Ockzakow. And it is not unlikely that the majority of those who read the narrative of the arduous struggles, the sufferings and loss through which Russia pressed on a hundred and twenty years ago to the still-coveted lands of the sun, may begin to reckon up the terrible trials which awaited the brave warriors of the Western world, had they been compelled to tread the same track in the frightful regions of the steppes, in order to drive back the tide of barbaric invasion. This again may lead them to wonder, and be thankful, that the strong hand has been maimed, so as to need no longer the utmost rigour of retribution. Or, turning to the other ends of the empire, and revisiting the scene of our long warlike vigil in the Baltic, and the shores of the main-land, and now stored isles of Aland,—Who can fail to be attracted by an able account of the successive steps, which secured Finland as a possession for Russia, and shook Sweden from her once towering height among the nations. The siege of Helsingfors by Russia; its disgraceful capitulation; the destruction of Wilmanstrand; the two fleets off Hango Head;—are not these interesting historic parallels? And what could read more like a fresh witticism of the *Times*' correspondent than the following: "The Russian fleet had not gone out of port during the preceding campaign; this year it was resolved that it should act. The admiralty actually accomplished the fitting-out of twelve ships of the line, and some frigates. The Vice-admiral Mischakow had the command of them. He did nothing great in fact, he did nothing: for he dared not attack the Swedish fleet, though much weaker than his own (and though he had repeated orders from the court to attack it"). With regard to the practical lessons likely to be impressed on the English mind by this narrative, we cannot thoroughly agree with the accomplished editor. We do indeed cordially join with him in repudiating and in calling upon even the most conservative politicians of Europe, to repudiate such assistance against ultra-liberalism as Russia has offered, and is likely to offer. We also join him in the thanksgiving that it has pleased Providence to interpose a check to the fell barbarism of the North. But we cannot agree in the indiscriminating condemnation of Russian policy. In the east and south, in the invasion of Crim Tartary, in its whole dealings with the Turks, we see only matter for deep condemnation of Russia. But both from this account, and from other narratives less partial to Russia, we gather that Russia was not to blame in the war which so effectually humbled the arrogance of Sweden; and that the appropriation of conquered Finland was by no means a questionable act as such matters are ordinarily judged; and during the period embraced in these *Memoirs*, we will venture to assert, that Russia was at least as clean-handed in her policy as either Poland, Austria, France, or Sweden. Indeed, so far as her connexions with the three first-named powers

are concerned, it seems that she was regarded as a mere convenience, a cat's-paw, to be called for when wanted, and shut up when done with. And all things considered, we are not so greatly astonished, that the proud Muscovite should have been goaded at last into systematic rage, and provoked into a policy which has at least made her a name alike useful in "pointing a moral," and making dastardly nations grow "pale." We conclude, by reminding our readers, that the military portions of this work read (style apart) not at all unlike the brilliant descriptions of Crimean and Finnish expeditions, with which so many Xenophons have contributed to make the public of England familiar.

Prelatico-Presbyterianism; or, Curious Chapters in the recent History of the Irish Presbyterian Church. By the Rev. Richard Dill, A.M. Dublin: M'Glashan and Co. 1856.

WE shall not undertake to say whether the goodly volume before us is itself one of the "curious chapters in the recent history of the Irish Presbyterian Church" or not. As, however, ordinary readers may be unable from the title to gather the purport of this work, we shall state it as briefly as we can. It is chiefly made up of letters, speeches, reports, &c., and contains the record of a controversy between Mr. Dill and his friends on the one hand, and a majority of the supreme ecclesiastical council of the Irish Presbyterian Church on the other. Some years ago, it appears, the leading ecclesiastics of that church, dissatisfied with the character of the teaching, or the theological views of some of the professors in the "Belfast Academy," where the aspirants to the Presbyterian ministry had hitherto been trained during their undergraduate's course, proposed to institute a Presbyterian college, under the exclusive superintendence of the general assembly. At the time, this movement was warmly seconded. Soon afterwards the Government founded what are well known as "the Queen's Colleges," in which an unsectarian education was offered to all parties, and where no religious test was exacted from the professors. The majority of the Irish Presbyterian Assembly accepted this Government provision; the more readily, perhaps, that they who were in reception of the "Regium Donum"—a kind of state-pay to religion without difference of creeds—could not very consistently object to state-education without difference of creeds. However, in our opinion, they acted wisely and well. No private institution could or should ever attempt to rival the public academies; nor can we see much danger in a person who has not signed the Westminster Confession, teaching Latin, Greek, or mathematics. Besides the church—we mean Christians in general—should not isolate itself, but aim at diffusing healthy principles and leavening every institution. At any rate, we may say for the Queen's College at Belfast, that an institution which numbers amongst its professors men like Doctors M'Cosh, M'Douall, and Dickie, may surely be trusted with the education of undergraduates. However, in this vexed question,

we only express our own opinion, and have no desire of pronouncing an authoritative verdict either one way or another. Suffice it to say that Mr. Dill maintains that the Assembly was wrong in departing from its original resolution of establishing a college of its own. He also accuses certain of the leading clergymen of his church of passing resolutions at the close of the Assembly's meetings when most of the members had departed; of misinterpreting the church's intentions; and of carrying out their own views surreptitiously, and sometimes not very honestly. Ultimately a compromise seems to have been effected, by which the Irish Assembly accepted "the Queen's Colleges," and in return obtained from the Government additional endowments for their theological institute. Meantime, a very liberal member of Mr. Dill's church (a Mrs. Magee) had left £20,000 for the establishment of an independent Presbyterian college. And now begins "the tug of war" and the real story of the book. The majority in the Irish Assembly, according to Mr. Dill, cajoled, threatened, calumniated, and sued him and the other executors of Mrs. Magee for the £20,000, which, according to our author, they wished to employ, not for an undergraduate's college, but for building a theological institute. The reply of his opponents is, that Mr. Dill and the other executors attached such conditions to the proposed constitution of the college, as made it impossible for the General Assembly to close with their offer. The reader who is curious to know all about the history of this controversy—and unless he is directly or indirectly connected with the Irish Presbyterian Church, we opine he *will* be a *curious* reader in very deed—may consult Mr. Dill's volume, and decide for himself as to which of the parties was in the wrong. We have the less inclination to interfere with his "right of private judgment," as we remember the "*audiat ut altera pars*," and know that in such controversies there is generally on both sides a good deal of misrepresentation and misinterpretation. Disputes of this kind in a church, are neither very seemly, nor very useful or edifying. However, Mr. Dill holds it to have been a duty both to Presbyterianism and to his own character, to publish his version of the story. These "curious chapters" are the result. According to him, there is a danger of the prelatic element even in Presbyterian churches, and he denounces what he terms "the Belfast party," as dangerous to Irish Presbyterian independence and purity. If such is really the case, the Irish Presbyterian Church has, we fancy, the remedy in its own hands. As far as his personal wrongs are concerned, Mr. Dill mentions the publication of certain imputations against himself as a ground for the publication of this volume. We notice in the papers, that at its late meeting the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church has passed a resolution, fully and publicly disclaiming any such imputations against Mr. Dill, and declaring its confidence and respect for him.

We are far from wishing to defend all the actings of the Irish Presbyterian assembly. As far as college matters are concerned, we only know them from Mr. Dill's book. But without pronouncing on the question as between Mr. Dill and the "Belfast party,"

BRIEF NOTICES

considering the sacredness of the character of a church, and the importance of a right use of the press, we could almost have wished that this controversy had been buried, or at least confined to Ireland. Mr. Dill might have found other means for promoting his own views, and, so far as we can gather, his personal character was not in any very serious danger.

Having said thus much—perhaps too much—we are bound to add, that the volume is written with comparative moderation and good spirit, and that its literary execution is good—indeed, much better than could have been expected in what, after all, is but a large controversial pamphlet.

Scottish Episcopal Romanism; or, Popery without a Pope: a Reply to Bishop Wordsworth's recent Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Christian Unity. By the Rev. R. Hibbs, M.A. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie, 1856.

THIS pamphlet consists of two lectures delivered in Edinburgh by Mr. Hibbs in reply to Bishop Wordsworth's Orations, intended to prove the sinfulness of a schism from the Scotch Episcopal Church. Most of our readers are no doubt aware, that the Scotch Episcopal Church as distinguished from the English, avowedly holds and professes almost all Roman doctrines, in reference to the Eucharist, to baptism, the priesthood, &c. The exploits of that communion in the way of excommunicating, and their achievements in preparing converts for Popery, are sufficiently notorious. One of their bishops has lately come forward in Edinburgh to demonstrate the exclusive claims of Scotch Episcopacy to universal reception. Mr. Hibbs replies to him in the Lectures before us, and supplies in the appendix some useful information regarding the theological views of his antagonists. The reader will agree that it would scarcely have been possible to find a more weak or silly cause than that advocated by Bishop Wordsworth. We allow, indeed, that in some respects the matter is very serious, although not in the light in which the Scotch bishop places it. Mr. Hibbs answers him smartly, if not always well. The argument is too often rambling and without point; the ideas and quotations are not very fresh, and the Lectures needlessly loaded with Latin quotations. In his attempt to avoid "dulness" and the "garb of cant" (Pref. p. x.), he has, in our opinion, somewhat gone to the opposite extreme. However absurd the religious opinions of our fellow-men, both respect for their convictions and for the subject itself, seems to demand grave and solid treatment. Nor does it by any means follow that such treatment must needs be "dull" or "canting." The reader who would know somewhat of Scotch Episcopacy, will find some useful information in Mr. Hibbs's pamphlet.

Illustrations to the Holy Scriptures, consisting of eighteen Maps and Plans. London: Bagster and Sons.

ALL we need say of this Scripture Atlas is, that it is beautifully

executed and worthy of the respectable publishers to whom all the lovers of biblical literature are so greatly indebted. It is adopted to bind up with the English version of Bagster's Polyglot Bible, and other editions of the same size.

The Practical Power of Faith, illustrated in a Series of Popular Discourses on part of the Eleventh Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.. By T. Binney. Third Edition.

MR. Binney excels most religious writers of the present day in exhibiting Christian truths in their practical bearing on every day life. These admirable discourses do not need, but richly deserve, all the outward attractiveness of the modern-antique style of printing and binding, by which this edition is distinguished from its predecessors.

The Union Magazine, for Sunday School Teachers. Vol. XII. 1855. *The Bible Class Magazine.* Vol. VIII. 1855. *Notes on the Scripture Lessons for 1855. Hints and Helps for Teachers in using the New Third Class Book.* *The Child's Own Magazine, for 1855.*

THE character of these publications is so well known as to render a description of them superfluous. We recommend especially the *Notes on the Scripture Lessons* and the *Hints and Helps*; only let them be used as aids, and not as substitutes for mental effort on the part of the teachers.

Review of the Month.

ON JULY 29TH ENDED THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION OF 1856. The Royal Speech, as usual, touched upon all that was encouraging in the history of the Session; omitting all notice of failures and abortions. The most important measures that have passed have been the General Police Bill, the Joint-Stock Company's Bill, Sir Charles Wood's Measure for placing the Coast Guard under the Board of Admiralty, the Acts for Assimilating the Mercantile Laws of England and Scotland, the County Courts' Amendment Act, and the Bill for Reforming the University of Cambridge. The most conspicuous abortions of the Session were the Local Dues on Shipping Bill, the Bill for Reforming the Corporation of the City of London, the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, the Lord Chancellor's Church Discipline Act, and the Bill to do away with the Jurisdiction of the Encumbered Estates' Court as a separate tribunal. With reference to the despatch of public business, the past session is universally regarded as very unsatisfactory.

THE TERMINATION OF THE LATE WAR IS, UNHAPPILY, NOT ATTENDED WITH THE PROSPECT OF A PACIFIC CONDITION OF THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. The King of Naples, in reply to the recent notes of England and France, has issued a missive which, though it only comes before us through the pages of the *Cologne Gazette*, has been universally accepted as authentic by the British press. It is written in a far bolder style than is consistent with the caution of modern diplomacy. Meanwhile the state of Italy becomes every day more alarming, as will be seen from the following passages which we select from the political correspondence of the daily press: "The accounts from Naples exhibit a state of things in that capital which would hardly leave us much room for surprise if any day's telegraph brought us news of a revolutionary movement. Discontent grows bolder and has spread to the army, and the vigilance of the police no longer prevents, in the open streets, conversations and criticisms hostile to the Government. Although the steps taken by the Western Powers have as yet produced no result in the quarter to which they were directed; although the remonstrances of France and England have been unheeded, and those of Austria (if really made and not counterbalanced by a private understanding) have not yet had time to bear fruit, the fact of English and French expostulations, and of the attention and sympathy which their condition excites in Europe, is well known to the Neapolitans, and, doubtless, contributes to rouse them to the assertion and defence of their rights as men, and to resistance of the tyranny under which they suffer. There are clandestine presses at Naples, where information interesting to the popular cause is printed, and whence also issue proclamations, which are widely circulated, and which inculcate calmness, order, respect of property, and do their utmost to let it be seen that it is not anarchy, but justice and humanity oppressed beyond endurance, that array themselves against the Government. We are told by a correspondence from Italy that many military men are heard to speak disrespectfully of the Government, and that the native troops are indignant at seeing all the forts in the hands of the Swiss. The feeling here among persons well informed and well able to appreciate the situation is, that we shall quickly hear of an outbreak." Amidst all these threatening indications, the atrocities committed by the Austrians in Italy, seem to indicate that infatuation which precedes destruction. The latest instance of this is the assassination in cold blood of Brunetti (better known as Ciceruacchio) and his two sons, with several other victims. This horrible affair is thus related by General Garibaldi, in a letter to a Genoese journal:—

"Mr. Editor,—Since my retreat from Rome until this day I flattered myself that I might find Ciceruacchio and his sons in some concealment in the Apennines; but to-day the sad certainty reaches me that the virtuous townsman of Rome was shot at Contarina, near the mouth of the Po, by Austrian soldiers, *commanded by an officer of the Imperial family*. The persons shot were seven—Ciceruacchio, two sons (one of 19, the other of 13 years), the young chaplain

Romarino Stefano, Parodi Lorenzo, Captain in the Italian Legion of Montevideo, and two other individuals whose names I don't know. I claim your favour to ask, in the name of society, through the public press, an account of these individuals from the authors of this misdeed, which certainly is necessary in the interests of the families of the deceased, remembering at the same time that not one of the Austrian prisoners of Luino or of the Romagna was ever shot. Observe also that Ciceruacchio, his young son, and Romarino, although they accompanied me in the retreat, never carried arms.

"With respect, yours,

Genoa, Aug. 6th.

"G. GARIBALDI."

Surely the point has been reached at which the endurance even of an enslaved people must give way. The Italians groaning under the combined weight of sacerdotal tyranny and political despotism, must, ere long, rise and assert the rights of outraged humanity; and if the Western Powers are true to their professed principles, we imagine that the struggle for Italian independence will be "short, sharp, and decisive."

THE CHARGES AGAINST ARCHDEACON DENISON OF PREACHING AND PUBLISHING DOCTRINES RESPECTING THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER AT VARIANCE WITH THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES, HAVE BEEN DISPOSED OF BY THE JUDICIAL DECISION OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. This decision was delivered in the Guildhall of Bath, on the 12th, and was read in the presence of the Archbishop and a large number of officials, by Dr. Lushington. The Archbishop commences by carefully showing that in instituting these proceedings, he was acting under an unavoidable legal compulsion. This necessity, however, he justifies by considerations so notoriously at variance with facts, that His Grace's statements must have occasioned astonishment, if they did not even excite the ridicule of every hearer. We refer more especially to the final clause of the following passage: "What would happen if the archbishop or the bishop had a purely discretionary power to order proceedings to be begun or not, according to his own judgment, or according, I may say, to his own fancy? Why, that in every case it would rest entirely upon the authority of a single bishop either to permit a prosecution to be instituted on account of unsound doctrine, or on account of immoral conduct, or, if he chose, wholly to prevent any inquiry from taking place, and any charge, however grave, from being considered, the consequence of which would be that *the uniformity which now, happily, prevails among the clergy of this country might be destroyed and put an end to.*" It is conceivable that the Archbishop of Canterbury was unaware that a large proportion of the clergy, including several prelates of the Church, would heartily endorse the notions of Archdeacon Denison, against which His Grace was pronouncing, together with the whole tribe of anti-Protestant dogmas, with which this particular heresy is invariably associated. That Dr. Sumner should thus ignore the extended prevalence of semi-papal error in the Established Church, however such a course of conduct may be attributed to the constraints of his position, will occasion

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

much surprise and sorrow, both within and without the pale of the Establishment. The Honourable and Reverend Baptist Noel designates the appointment of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, a happy accident. We fancy that many, while admiring the candour of Mr. Noel, will be reminded of the ancient adage, "*respice finem.*" The Archbishop, as a matter of form, allows Archdeacon Denison time to revoke his error until the 1st of October next. His sentence will be pronounced on the 21st of October next, which, it is expected, will be one of deprivation.

MUCH OF PUBLIC ATTENTION HAS BEEN RECENTLY DEVOTED TO THE MOVEMENT FOR THE REFORMATION OF JUVENILE CRIMINALS. It will be recollected that we brought this subject before our readers in the March number of the *ECLECTIC*. During the past month, however, some meetings have been held, and some facts promulgated, which have deeply stirred the public mind. The first of these was held, on the 6th, at Winchester, under the presidency of the bishop of the diocese. This meeting had reference solely to the Hampshire Reformatory School; but much valuable information was elicited both from the chairman, and from the Speaker of the House of Commons, who is chairman of the Committee, and who, in moving the adoption of the report, stated as an acknowledged fact, that seventy-five per cent of our juvenile criminals return to prison after being liberated on the expiration of their first sentence. But the most important of these meetings have been those of the National Reformatory Union, held at Bristol, on the 20th and following days. Lord Stanley discharged the duties of President with remarkable ability and vigour. The business was conducted on the plan originated by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and papers were read from the pens of the most eminent advocates of penal law reform, including Lord Brougham. But the main interest of these meetings centred in the addresses of the noble chairman, whose inaugural address, especially, exhibited the full extent of the great and momentous evil to be dealt with, and the mode in which the Reformatory Union proposes to meet it. We direct our readers' earnest attention to his lordship's pregnant and masterly address,—full of facts and figures, ably establishing the positions he laid down.

The publications of the month, as is usual at this season of the year, are characterized by the *Publishers' Circular*, as comparatively scanty and devoid of interest, with but one or two exceptions: amongst these are M. de Tocqueville's work on the "Origin of the French Revolution;" Mr. Alford's Third Volume of his "Greek Testament;" "The Defence of the Archdeacon Taunton," complete; a Translation of Professor Perthes's "Memoirs of Frederick Perthes, the German bookseller," comprising the period from 1789 to 1843, and giving an insight into the interior of German life, 2 vols.; "An Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament," by the Rev. A. Barry; the Rev. F. Metcalf's "Excursions in Norway," 2 vols.; Dr. Conolly's new work on the "Treatment of the Insane; General Lake's "Siege of Kars;" "The Camp and the Cutter; or a Cruise

to the Crimea during the War;" and the "Harbours of England," from drawings by Turner, with illustrative text by Mr. Ruskin.

Books Received.

- Anti-Slavery Advocate for August. W. Tweedie.
 A Plain Man's Examination of Popery. Pp. 72. Houlston & Stoneman.
 Barry (Alfred, M.A.). Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part I., pp. 272. J. W. Parker & Son.
 Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository for July. Trübner & Co.
 Bomberger (Rev. J. H. A., D.D.). Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia. Part II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
 Conolly (Dr. John). Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraints. Pp. 380. Smith, Elder, & Co.
 Costello (Miss L. S.). Lay of the Stork. Pp. 131. W. & F. G. Cash.
 De Laspée (H.). Calisthenics, or the Elements of Bodily Culture on Pestalozzian Principles. Pp. 170. Darton & Co.
 Fisherman (The). Pp. 36. Wertheim & Macintosh.
 Freeman (Rev. John, M.A.). The Church of England Schoolmaster. Pp. 23. Longmans & Co.
 Galt (Edwin). The Camp and the Cutter. Pp. 240. T. Hodgson.
 Gilfillan (Rev. Geo., A.M.). Poetical Works of Alexander Pope. Vol. II., pp. 326. Edinburgh: Jas. Nichol.
 Hamlet: an attempt to ascertain whether the Queen were an accessory, before the fact in the murder of her first husband. Pp. 48. J. R. Smith, 36, Soho Sq.
 Hanna (Rev. W., LL.D.). Select Works of Dr. Chalmers. Vol. IX.—Political Economy. Pp. 626. Edinburgh: Thos. Constable & Co.
 Hood (E. P.). The Earnest Minister: a Record of the Life of the Rev. Benjamin Parsons. Pp. 511. Jno. Snow.
 Journal of Health and Phrenological Magazine. No. 65. W. Horsell, 492, New Oxford Street.
 Library of Biblical Literature. Vol. IV. W. Freeman, Fleet Street.
 London Monthly Review and Record of the Prophetic Society. No. 1. Partridge & Co.
 London University Magazine for August. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
 Malan (Rev. S. C., M.A.). A Vindication of the Authorized Version of the English Bible. Part II., pp. 348. Bell & Daldy.
 Orange (John). Timothy: Letters to the Young on the Doctrines of Grace. Pp. 111. Ward & Co.
 Plain Instructions for the Management of the Aquarium. Pp. 72. Dean & Son.
 Porter (S. T.). Lectures on the Ecclesiastical System of the Independents. Pp. 303. Glasgow: Jas. Maclellan.
 Robinson (Wm.). The First Chapter of the Bible and the Last Chapter of Astronomical Science viewed in conjunction. Pp. 28. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.
 Ryland (J.E., M.A.). Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. 2 vols. pp. 756. New York: R. Carter & Brothers.
 S. S. S. The Hive and its Commonwealth. Pp. 69. Hamilton & Co.
 Sharpe (Samuel). Critical Notes on the Authorized English Version of the New Testament. Pp. 150. T. Hodgson.
 Whitehead (Henry, M.A.). The Church and the People: Twelve Sermons. Pp. 160. Wm. Skeffington, Piccadilly.
 Williams (Chas. W., C.E.). Prize Essay on the Prevention of the Smoke Nuisance. Pp. 48. Jno. Weale.
 Wilson (Professor). Essays: Critical and Imaginative. Vol I., pp. 408. Blackwood & Sons.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1856.

ART. I.—*Dred: a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London: Low, Son, and Co. 1856.

It is Mrs. Stowe's misfortune to have written a very wonderful book. The success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a thing unparalleled in the history of literature. Everybody remembers the huge piles of books in red covers, under which every railway stall in the kingdom was groaning for months in the summer of 1852. Never was such a sudden and universal triumph. At the same moment, duchesses and factory-girls, statesmen and ploughboys, were reading with an interest equally intense the same fascinating pages. We know a village in England in which some of the farmers heard nothing of the French Revolution of 1848, till three weeks after Louis Philippe had fled from Paris; but we venture to say, that even at that fag-end of creation, there is scarcely a cottage whose inmates have not wept over the death of Eva, and laughed till their sides ached at the absurdities of Topsy. One house in London issued, for weeks, 10,000 copies daily. It was translated into nearly every European language. It was placed in the *Index* by the Pope.

We have no intention of re-examining the rightful claims of "Uncle Tom" to this prodigious success. The ECLECTIC was one of the very earliest of English Reviews that recognized its genius; and the judgment that we pronounced four years ago, we have no intention of recalling now. It would seem, however, as if some of our contemporaries, jealous of Mrs. Stowe's triumph, have deliberately resolved to underestimate the worth, and to ruin the reputation of every subsequent production of her pen. Her "Sunny Memories" were subjected to every

species of critical injustice. Because the same marvellous powers that had produced "Uncle Tom" were not exhibited in a series of pleasant, chatty letters to friends at home, about her travels in Europe; because she was received with universal admiration, and had the frankness to show that she was sometimes greatly elated, and sometimes considerably bored with it; because, woman as she is spite of her republicanism, she exceedingly enjoyed the generous and respectful hospitality of the English aristocracy, and found it very pleasant to mingle with the stateliness and the beauty, the rank and the splendour of Stafford House;—the critics talked of her frivolity, her plebeian reverence for titles, her vanity, and we know not what besides. Why, she had never seen a real duchess in her life before she came to England; who can wonder that she found grandeur a very attractive thing, especially when she saw the grandeur united with goodness, and with undisguised admiration for her own genius. We are very thankful that the "Sunny Memories" found the ECLECTIC in a humour to enjoy them; we should have had an extra sin on our critical conscience had we treated them as atrabilariously as some of our brethren.

The absurdity and injustice of condemning a volume of sketchy letters, because it did not reveal as much genius as a great work of fiction, are too apparent to need a syllable of demonstration; but it may be thought that the critics are more in the right, when, either expressly or by implication, they begin and end every notice of Mrs. Stowe's new book by discussing the question, which, by the time these lucubrations meet the eyes of our readers, will have been agitated at thousands of pic-nics, and tens of thousands of morning calls—Is "Dred" equal to "Uncle Tom?" We venture, however, to demur to the propriety of this style of criticism. An author's second book may be a great deal better than his first, and yet be a very poor one; and his second may be very inferior to the first, and yet be a very good one. It does not follow that, because Mrs. Stowe did better before, she has done badly now. "Dred" may be a very capital tale, and yet not be "equal to 'Uncle Tom.'" Even Shakspeare did not always write Hamlets and Macbeths.

We do not intend to ride into this lists as champions of the absolute perfection of this rather dismal "Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp." Some of the objections we have heard against it are well founded, and we have others of our own. It may be that there is a radical error in constructing a tale with a deliberate and avowed moral purpose; and we are quite inclined to think with one of Mrs. Stowe's captious critics, that the artistic excellence of a book must be impaired, if, in the mind of the writer, practical considerations predominate over æsthetic.

The same objection, however, lies against "Uncle Tom." It is quite true, also, as we have been told again and again, that the plot of "Dred" is very feeble and uninteresting; but one of the most distinguished reviewers of the earlier tale, oddly enough, we must confess, thought the absence of plot one of the elements of its popular power; and if this fault, serious as it is, for we cannot think it an excellence, is to be a sufficient reason for condemning a novel altogether, even Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, will henceforth wear faded laurels. But we have been tempted into the very line of criticism against which we have felt ourselves bound to protest. The merits of "Dred" should be determined quite independently of the merits of its renowned predecessor. A lady whose first book has won her a world-wide reputation, will be sufficiently timid while she is writing a second, without having before her eyes the fear of contemptuous indifference, or critical scalping, if she does not rise to the height of her former success.

It is, however, a fair and natural inquiry whether Mrs. Stowe has given us a new set of characters, or simply re-produced the old ones in new circumstances. We think that to this, a candid critic will be able to give a very satisfactory reply. In "Dred" as in "Uncle Tom," the canvas is crowded with figures; with this difference—an unfortunate difference perhaps—that in the earlier tale there were more women than men in the foreground, while in the later there are more men than women. Had we recognized a good number of our old acquaintances in the new book, we should not have been surprised, nor yet very angry; but for the sake of Mrs. Stowe, we are right glad to be able to say that we have acquired new friends, and have seen very little of the old ones. The characters in "Uncle Tom" which made the deepest impression, and remain on the memory as representative of the book, are those of Uncle Tom himself, Eva, St. Clare, Marie, Eliza, Cassy, Legree, Miss 'Feely and Topsy; the last two being the most original and remarkable of all. Now of these, Uncle Tom has certainly no male representative in the new story; and Milly, who comes nearest to him, is after all a very different personage, having more dignity of original character, owing less to religion and more to nature, and being as thorough a woman as he was a man. Tom Gordon is, perhaps, a gentlemanly Legree; though we should rather think that Preston Brooks, the brutal assailant of Sumner, sat for the portrait. Of Eva, St. Clare, Marie, Eliza, and Cassy, we are never even reminded. Some, but only some, of Miss Ophelia's characteristics re-occur in Aunt Gordon, "the vehement house-keeper;" and that mischievous young imp, Tomtit, is a kind of male Topsy, but we are sorry to say so exaggerated, that it is

impossible to believe that there ever was such an insolent, unruly rascal, and yet he has not a tithe of Topsy's inimitable drollery. On the other hand, in "Dred," Nina, Clayton, Uncle Tiff, Sister Anne, Father Bonnie, Russell, and Dred himself, are all fresh acquaintances. And there are many of the subordinate characters that have the sharp, hard lines of a new coinage.

But we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that, notwithstanding great and remarkable merits, the book fails to excite and maintain a very profound interest. It is wonderfully clever and brilliant, and has all the animation of a French novel; except when Mrs. Stowe indulges, as she does too often, in long descriptions of the personages she is about to introduce; but the grander and deeper chords of human nature seldom vibrate while we read. Dred himself might have moved us, but he appears too late in the story and too suddenly, to interest us very deeply. Of the elements of tremendous power in the conception of the character there can be no doubt. Though all our readers have read the book, they will thank us for recalling their attention to the following passage:—

"At the time of his father's execution, Dred was a lad of fourteen. He could not be admitted to his father's prison, but he was a witness of the undaunted aspect with which he and other conspirators met their doom. The memory dropped into the depths of his soul, as a stone drops into the desolate depths of a dark mountain lake. Sold to a distant plantation, he became noted for his desperate, unsubduable disposition. He joined in none of the social recreations and amusements of the slaves, laboured with proud and silent assiduity, but on the slightest rebuke or threat, flashed up with a savage fierceness, which, supported by his immense bodily strength, made him an object of dread among overseers. He was one of those of whom they gladly rid themselves; and like a fractious horse was sold from master to master. Finally, an overseer, hardier than the rest, determined on the task of subduing him. In the scuffle that ensued, Dred struck him to the earth a dead man, made his escape to the swamps, and was never afterwards heard of in civilized life.

"Dred carried with him to the swamp but one solitary companion, the Bible of his father. To him it was not the messenger of peace and good will, but the herald of woe and wrath. As the mind looking on the great volume of nature, sees there a reflection of its own internal passions, and seizes on that in it which sympathizes with itself—as the fierce and savage soul delights in the roar of torrents, the thunder of avalanches, and the whirl of ocean storms, so is it in the great answering volume of revelation. There is something there for every phase of man's nature; and hence its endless vitality and stimulating force. Dred had heard read in the secret meetings of conspirators, the wrathful denunciations of ancient prophets

against oppression and injustice. He had read of kingdoms convulsed by plagues; of tempest, and pestilence, and locusts; of the sea cleft in twain, that an army of slaves might pass through, and of their pursuers whelmed in the returning waters. He had heard of prophets and deliverers, armed with supernatural powers, raised up for oppressed people; had pondered on the nail of Jael, the goad of Shamgar, the pitcher and lamp of Gideon; and thrilled with fierce joy as he read how Samson, with his two strong arms, pulled down the pillars of the festive temple, and whelmed his triumphant persecutors in one grave with himself. In the vast solitudes which he daily traversed, these things entered deep into his soul. A mind of the most passionate energy and vehemence, thus awakened, for years made the wild solitudes of the swamp his home. That book, so full of startling symbols and vague images, had for him no interpreter but the silent courses of nature. His life passed in a kind of dream: sometimes traversing for weeks these desolate regions, he would compare himself with Elijah, traversing for forty days and forty nights the wilderness of Horeb; or to John the Baptist in the Wilderness, girding himself with camel's hair and eating locusts and wild honey. Sometimes he would fast and pray for days, and then voices would seem to speak to him, and strange hieroglyphics would be written upon the leaves. In less elevated moods of mind, he would pursue with great judgment and vigour those enterprises necessary to preserve existence."

We are sure that if Mrs. Stowe had given us dramatically the growth and development of this passionate, enthusiastic nature—had permitted us to see him with his gigantic limbs, working away in his early days on the plantation, with that proud and silent assiduity—to watch him on desolate and dreary nights, wandering alone by the river, and musing on the terrible death of his father, the awful wrongs of his race and the crimes of their oppressors, and musing, too, on the torrents of fiery indignation and threatening that he found in old Hebrew prophets, until the lava streams burst forth from the depths of his own volcanic heart;—if she had suffered us to see the cruel looks, and to hear the violent language by which his noble soul was driven into that dreadful region where the eye gains an unnatural keenness for all common things, and yet is haunted perpetually with visionary terrors and visionary glories until they are believed to be all real, her second tale would have equalled her first in the mystery and power of its fascination. We shall never cease to regret that we have lost the development of such an original and wonderful conception, as we are sure "Dred" must be in Mrs. Stowe's own mind. Would that she had earlier called "that spirit from the vasty deep," whose form now moves but very dimly and feebly across her later pages.

Throughout, the book is fragmentary. The characters which

interest us most, either appear too late or disappear too soon. If, as we have just said, Dred's history had begun earlier, we might have been intensely interested in him. If Nina's character had been suffered to develope to riper maturity, we might have become intensely interested in her: and why was Nina so soon killed? The "moral purpose" of the tale might surely have been worked out without her death; and if she had to disappear because it would not have done to marry her to Clayton, we venture to say that Clayton, her lover, might have been far more easily spared than herself; for although we suppose he was intended to command our admiration and win our love, we frankly confess that he is not so successful a suitor with us, as he was with the mistress of Canema.

What shall we say of Nina? We think that nobody will have a less vivid idea of her provoking, tantalizing loveliness, in consequence of Mrs. Stowe's having wisely spared us a lengthy description of it. And though we hope, for Nina's sake, that her faults and follies are a little exaggerated, we are really afraid that there was a time when, if "that princess of little flirts," that "little Venus of the sea-foam," had come in our way, we should have given her an opportunity of making a fool of us, just as she did of George Emmons and Mr. Carson. We wonder how some of the good people who had never read a novel before they read "Uncle Tom," will be able to digest the valorous defence of coquettes in "Dred." For our part, we are heartily thankful for it. Though no admirers of coquetry, there are, we think, far worse sins among sober-looking young ladies, quite innocent of finery, flounces, and flirtations, than those for which many a thoughtless but truthful and light-hearted creature is shunned as a child of the devil, by all staid and respectable people. We tender our thanks to Mr. Clayton for recognizing the possibilities of worth that may underlie even the frivolities, and more than frivolities, of a clever little flirt. The harvest is not likely to be the worse for the luxuriance and lavish abundance of the blossoms in the spring; and very often, we are sure, the superfluous life that frolics and dances itself out in the liveliness and thoughtless fun of a little witch like Nina, is the very secret of the power that reveals itself afterwards, in the sublimity of patient and prolonged suffering, or the heroism of a courageous struggle against a whole life of calamities.

We have said nothing of "Uncle Tiff," who, we suspect, will be a universal favourite; nor of "Dr. Cushing," and "Dr. Packthread,"—in whom we fear Mrs. Stowe's English readers will be as prompt to recognize no very distant resemblance to divines in high honour on this side of the Atlantic, as her American readers will be, to fit them on to well-known originals

on the other side. We must satisfy ourselves with a simple reference to the exceedingly clever sketches of Mr. Carson, Frank Russell, Lisette, and half a dozen other side-portraits of equal merit. In that peculiar pathos which gave to Mrs. Stowe's earlier story so universal a charm, a pathos in which perfect simplicity and the deepest emotion are so touchingly blended, "Dred" is by no means deficient. The conversations are full also of uncommon brilliance, and are often the vehicle of most telling sarcasm. We do not envy the man who lays down so good a book, grumbling that it is not better. But we wish, before we have quite exhausted our space, to say something of the terrible tragedy which is acting in the country whose "domestic institution" the tale is intended to illustrate.

"Uncle Tom" came out when all free America was burning with indignation and shame at the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill. It was welcomed with a shout of triumph by the brave men who are doing battle for the oppressed against such tremendous odds, and by a yell of rage on the part of their foes. The "Key" struck a heavier blow, perhaps, than the book itself. "Dred" has been written in the midst of the still fiercer excitement produced by the iniquities that have been enacted in Kansas, and the brutal assault on Charles Sumner; and it is issued simultaneously in America and England, on the very verge of what perhaps is the most significant election for the Presidency that the States have ever yet seen. The struggle for the office of the first magistrate is narrowing itself to two combatants,—Buchanan, the late American minister in London, and Colonel Fremont, the adventurous explorer of California, and the hero of a hundred tales of danger and daring. The question to be decided by the result is briefly this,—Shall the compact between the North and South, known as the Missouri Compromise, be faithfully kept, or shall slavery be suffered to extend indefinitely over the continent of North America; every increase of the territory of the United States effecting an extension of all the miseries and crimes which have made the Southern States a mockery and a by-word throughout the world? According to the "compromise," the introduction of slavery into Kansas as well as Nebraska, is a closed question, the anti-slavery party having suffered Missouri to be received into the federal union as a slave state, on condition that henceforth slavery should not be established to the north of latitude 36°. 30'. Franklin Pierce, however, insisted on the question being re-opened, maintaining that the Congress that enacted the "compromise" had no power to bind their successors. Certainly, they had no "power;" but we think that the Southerners, who pride themselves on their chivalry, have lost honour for ever in the opinion of all Christendom by violating

the compact. The Missouri compromise being set aside, the question whether Kansas should be slave or free had to be determined by the ballot-box. Five elections were held in the territory for various local functionaries, for representatives to Congress, and for a territorial legislature; and five times, organized bodies of ruffians arrived from Missouri armed to the teeth, encamped with cannon, and took possession of the voting-places, so that the settlers in Kansas—the true voters—were unable to get to the ballot-box. The elections over, the invaders returned. The President recognized the legality of the elections, conducted amidst these scenes of violence and outrage; and another legislature, subsequently chosen by the Kansas settlers themselves, was dispersed by the point of the bayonet. The pro-slavery party exulted in their triumph. The free-soilers in the territory, however, were not likely to recognize the authority of a legislature that represented not the true settlers, but all the rascality and blackguardism of a neighbouring state; and signs of resolute resistance were soon apparent.

The Territorial Code established by the body thus illegally elected, was of a character to inflame the excitement instead of allaying it. *No person conscientiously opposed to the holding of slaves*, so runs the statute, shall be a juror in any cause in which the injury done to or committed by any slave is on issue; all state officers must subscribe an oath, distinctly pledging themselves to support the Fugitive Slave Law; and to aid the escape of a slave, is to incur the penalty of DEATH, or *imprisonment with hard labour for ten years*; and, to complete the iniquity, "If any free person, by speaking or by writing, asserts or maintains, that persons have not the right to hold slaves in this Territory, or shall introduce into this Territory, print, publish, write, circulate, or cause to be introduced into this Territory, written, printed, published, or circulated, in this Territory, any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet, or circular, containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in this Territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony, and punished by imprisonment and hard labour for a term of not less than ten years."

What was the duty of free men and lovers of freedom when these horrible laws were solemnly enacted, and taken under the sanction of the supreme legislature? Henry Ward Beecher, the daring and eloquent preacher of Brooklyn, indicated his idea of what the crisis demanded, when he said that the time for moral suasion was gone by, that what was wanted in Kansas were Sharpe's rifles, not Bibles. Gerrit Smith of New York, a man known and honoured by all friends of the slave, pronounced his opinion with emphasis, by pledging himself to subscribe 300 dollars a month to the "Kansas Campaign Fund,"

until the struggle terminated. And a "campaign" has now literally commenced. For at last, after suffering almost incredible injuries, the free soilers of Kansas have determined to defend themselves. We wonder that they quietly endured their sufferings for so long. It is impossible, without giving long extracts from the American journals, to convey even a dim idea of the horrors inflicted upon the miserable settlers.

In the spring of last year, detachments of men, gathered from the refuse of the population of Southern cities, were brought into the territory with promises of free living and free expenses; were sworn to live under military organization, and to fight the battles of their pro-slavery leaders. Ever since, they have been roving about over the fertile plains of Kansas, and committing all kinds of abominations; robbing the mails; encamping, hundreds strong, on the high-roads by which emigrants enter from the North, and preventing their progress; and driving from their homes the known friends of freedom already settled on the soil. Lawrence was literally sacked; private dwellings scattered over the country are perpetually being destroyed; plunder, rape, and every form of brutal violence abound. But the courage of the abolition party is still uncrushed. Hundreds have been driven from the territory, but hundreds more are streaming in; and, spite of the armed force of Missouri ruffians which they have to encounter on the border, and of the dangers that permanently threaten both their life and fortune, there is good hope of Kansas being held by the free. It may be imagined that all America is watching the progress of the struggle. Had Mr. Marcy's clever attempts to prolong bickerings with England succeeded, the attention of the people might have been divided, and Kansas been compelled to sink under the destiny to which the slave power had doomed her; but as it is, money, rifles, and men are coming in from all quarters. In Congress, however, the most effectual aid has been afforded to the cause of freedom. Just before the close of the session, the "Army Appropriation Bill" was submitted to the House of Representatives; and to their honour be it recorded, they refused to grant supplies, except with the provision "that no part of the military force of the United States, for the support of which appropriations are made by this Act, shall be employed in aid of the enforcement of any enactment of that body claiming to be the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, until such enactment shall have been affirmed and approved by Congress." In other words, the President shall be deprived of the power of supporting the pro-slavery and illegally elected legislature of Kansas with the military force of the Republic. The provision was carried by the vote of the chair, the House casting ninety-eight votes for and against. In vain the Senate entreated, in vain were conferences

held, and committees appointed; the House refused to recede, and then adjourned. The President, however, proposed an extra session, his cabinet approved, and the House re-assembled: the issue is unknown to us at the moment we are writing.*

Our readers who are unacquainted with American affairs may now more easily imagine the great excitement which is raging throughout the Union. The North and South are in deadly hostility; the Presidential elections will reveal the stronger power. Buchanan, the nominee of the slave interest, is a tried man, thoroughly acquainted both with the home and foreign politics of the States. If he triumphs, Kansas falls. Mr. Fillmore, a third candidate whom we have not named, is also thoroughly pro-slavery. But the struggle lies between Buchanan and Fremont. Fremont is the man for a crisis. His exploits in California are the pride and the song of the adventurous youth of America. His political courage is equal to his powers of physical endurance. He is a scholar too, and a gentleman. He is not an anti-slavery man; but is sound to the core on the question which has to be settled now,—Shall Kansas be slave or free? As there was never an election bearing a profounder significance, perhaps there was never one that was accompanied with madder excitement. The American journals are filled with the most enthusiastic writing about both the more prominent candidates; and though four or five thousand miles of sea are between us, it is impossible for a heart that is capable of being fired with noble ardour not to catch the flame that is burning so fiercely in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of our brethren yonder. With a verse of one of the scores of songs to which the conflict has given birth, we close this article. The writer is John G. Whittier:—

“Sound, sound the trumpet fearlessly,
Each arm its vigour bending
Bravely with wrong contending,
And shouting Freedom’s cry!
The Kansas homes stand cheerlessly,
The sky with flame is ruddy,
The prairie turf is bloody
Where the brave and gentle die!
Sound the trumpet, stern and steady,
Sound the trumpet strong and high,
Country and Liberty!
Freedom and Victory!
These words shall be our cry—
FREMONT and Victory!”

* Since this article was written, tidings have reached England of the carrying of the “Appropriation Bill” without the Kansas proviso. This was accomplished not by desertions from the camp of freedom, but by a great muster of their opponents.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of Frederick Perthes; or, Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany, from 1789 to 1843.* From the German of Clement Theodore Perthes, Professor of Law in the University of Bonn. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Constable & Co. 1856.

GERMANY! who in this age of locomotion, popular lectures, and cheap books—in more than one sense of the words—does not know everything about it? For a few pounds we may have a trip up the Rhine, in one of those charming boats, thronged with the élite of British, Murray-studying conceits and Transatlantic curiosities. On that interesting occasion we learn at one and the same time to know German cookery—one abomination, and German life, another abomination. As for the latter, we are all aware, at least we have heard it sufficiently, that there is no such thing as family life in Germany. The girls are all silly and vain, the young men smoke, drink, and fight; a genuine German wife meekly knits stockings, and brings a light for her husband's pipe. She understands, it is true, the intricacies of German "housekeeping," but who cares for that? On the other hand, the "male head of the house" spends all his afternoons at the café or alehouse, discussing with kindred spirits, small beer, and small political talk. Political life there is none; the Germans are all day-dreamers, with very fair hair, bilious complexions, spectacles, very long pipes, and very wide inexpressibles. And as for their religion, they are all either metaphysical unbelievers or cold-blooded Neologians. Ah, Neologianism! that word has been a perfect treasury to multitudes. It expresses so little, and it means so much; it can be applied so indiscriminately, and to so many various cases; the person who first uttered it deserves well of theologians of a "peculiar stamp." Whenever you want to fix a charge of heresy upon a person, and do not know well what to say, call him at once a Neologian—it is something very dreadful, and neither yourself nor others know very well *what* it exactly implies. Anything for which you and the great multitude have neither head nor heart, which you cannot understand, or with which you cannot sympathize,—call it boldly Neology. Whenever a writer or an orator has nothing of his own to indite, and yet requires to give something in the "righteously indignant" line, we confidently recommend to him as a subject, Neology. He will be sure of an attentive audience, and have plenty of scope for his powers. But indeed our advice here is quite gratuitous. For the last ten years we have scarcely heard an intellectual or moral nonentity, whose theme—speaking or writing—this has not been. Nothing could be further from our intention than in any way to palliate the errors or omissions of a cold and unchristian Rationalism. Taking the Word of God—the whole Bible and the Bible only—as our standard, we abide by

its pure and simple truths. But at the same time we cordially dislike and dread that indiscriminate cry of "Heresy," and the brandishing of the word "Neology," where in reality nothing can be said either by a person or against a person. But to return. There is, then, no such thing as German family life, political life, or religious life—such are the conclusions at which we have arrived; let us add, in many cases with a kind of patronizing pity towards them, and a good deal of inward stroking and congratulation of ourselves.

It is a question worth entertaining, how we have come to misunderstand and to misjudge Germany, as has been of late too much the practice. Hasty and insufficient inferences, partial and ungenerous observation, are only *some* of the elements which have combined to produce this result. The fact is, we are necessarily very ignorant of real German life. The innermost springs of national life are always more or less hid from the mere visitor, however honest and intelligent, and even the literature of a country, when isolated from its history—as in this case it has too often been—scarcely supplies the information desiderated. A person who has gathered his knowledge of Germans from a trip up the Rhine, and from the waiters in hotels, can scarcely be trusted for soundness of information. We would add, that even those who have for a short time resided in the country—possessing generally but limited means of observation—are scarcely capable of imparting to others a faithful description. They generally come home with either a violent admiration or a violent detestation of everything foreign; they are either German-worshippers or German-eaters—in either case rather curious specimens for a collection than useful guides. When from these sources of information we turn to others in the writings of Germans on or about Germany, we scarcely fare better. The translations of German books are often almost unreadable, and that not so much through the incapacity of the translators as from the fact that German terminology is peculiar, and that as every author writes for his peculiar circle, he is more or less unadapted to another. An English and a German author, each has his own mode of expressing and representing things, suited more or less to his own countrymen, and which, except in scientific works, or the productions of real genius, it is next to impossible to reproduce, by a mere translation, in the ordinary sense of the term. Again, those who have written about Germany have too much confined themselves to isolated features or to individualities; they have failed to give us a broad, faithful picture of society—of inner and outer life in Germany. They have written about historians, philosophers, theologians, and poets—they could not or would not understand the history, philosophy, theology, and poetry, which is to be gathered about

the hearths and homes of the people: that truest and highest view of them presented in every-day life. To use a very common proverb, "they could not see the wood for the trees." Add to this the stupid and often wicked idolatry which places an individuality on a pedestal, and bores and abuses you into worshipping it; and the opposite mania of decrying everybody and everything which we cannot take in, and the result will be understood. We must learn to look at things otherwise than through a very narrow keyhole. Perhaps the reader will more readily understand what we mean when we apply it to our own case, and place before him what we cannot hesitate to call unjust, because one-sided views of *English* society, as it appears to foreigners. Here, then, is an extract, summing up the judgment of Perthes's partner in business—the shrewd, and, we must add, the generous Besser:—

"Alas! I am candidly told, not only by Germans, but by Englishmen who are thoroughly acquainted with German literature, that the English as a people are incapable of apprehending it. Goethe and Herder they do not understand, and Klopstock they totally misunderstand. I myself now see more and more clearly that it is impossible that the genuine English should have any taste for our works. I do not speak of the men of 'the city,' who are certainly by no means the patrons of literature, but as Robinson calls them mere *quilldrivers*; neither do I refer to my Methodist friends, to whom Goethe is a 'wicked fellow;' but the insular character of the people generally is intellectually exclusive; it cannot get out of itself, and it cannot take in anything foreign."

We present another extract, in some respects more interesting and instructive than the former. Like it, it contains a mixture of painful truth and of flagrant error, but not a little instructive it is, as showing that Germans may entertain similar ideas of our family life, as we of theirs. The writer in this case is a lady-correspondent of Madame Perthes, and in that fact alone we have sufficient guarantee that she must have been a superior person:—

"The longer I am here, the more ardently do I long for home. By the side of my husband, with my child and in my own house, how happy; but England is, and always will be, foreign to me. The English are a wonderful but not an attractive people; the education of the ladies is so imperfect, or at least so one-sided, that it is impossible to take pleasure in their society, and amidst the throng of the great world I feel lonely. How far behind England is, in all that relates to education and culture, no one can believe who has not seen it. The English might learn much from us. The German mother who is compelled to educate her children here, is greatly to be pitied. In spite of all the talk about Christianity in this country, the religious element is fearfully deficient among the people;

a vast number of the clergy live away from their parishes, and are represented by curates, who read prayers on Sunday, and give themselves little further trouble. It is almost inconceivable how a people can be so far in advance in some things, and so far behind in others. Of this you may be quite certain, that when I return to the dear fatherland, I shall be more thoroughly German than ever."

We should certainly demur to both these extracts as giving fair representations of either our intellectual or our social and moral life, yet they are written by intelligent and kindly persons, who, having seen one set of features, immediately fall to drawing a portrait of English society. If they have no other effect, they should at least make us more cautious about committing a similar error.

The truth is, every nation has its distinctive peculiarities, which constitute the character of its national life. It will not do to judge of a nation by the presence or absence of certain peculiarities belonging to ourselves, just as it is impossible to transplant them or to translate them into good English. You must study them in the original—and if you cannot do that, you must give up the study, retaining, if you like, the happy consciousness that conceit is an enviable quality for certain mental constitutions—they would be inexpressibly wretched without it. We are not going to philosophize, nor do we wish that our words be weighed in the scales of philosophical analysis. But it strikes us, that every nation has its peculiar substantives and adjectives. The *substantive*, as containing certain properties, may perhaps be translated into other languages; not so the *adjective*. The latter indicates *quality*, the mode and manner in which *we* are impressed. There are, we hold, national adjectives which cannot be translated into any foreign tongue, and which, if you can understand them, afford you at least a peep into national peculiarities. Who, for example, has ever found an equivalent in any foreign tongue for our word "*comfortable*?" It is untranslatable—it is peculiarly English. The same holds true of the German "*gemüthlich*." We cannot render it by a corresponding English phrase; and if the reader will understand it, he has to study German life. It is the peculiarity of it to be "*gemüthlich*,"—coming from and appealing to the soul, the heart and feelings. "*Gemüthlichkeit*" is to Germany what "*comfort*" is to us—the leading characteristic, the "*sine quâ non*."

Never was greater mistake made than when the notion got abroad that in Germany family life is unknown. To be sure, there are no boarding-school misses—at least when comparing Teutonic specimens of that genus with ours, both as to quantity and quality—and the mother of a family does not think it beneath her dignity to understand her household duties and

household affairs. But although young ladies learn not all the "ics" advertised in a fashionable collegiate establishment for the gentler sex, and are taught to cook, knit, and sew, they are exceedingly well informed, and most amiable companions, for all that. At the risk of shocking some, we have to add that, in spite of beer and tobacco-smoke, the gentlemen are affectionate husbands and tender fathers. The happiest season is always a family feast. Every birthday, every anniversary of the betrothal or of the marriage, &c., is a season of genuine family rejoicing. The whole house is then decorated with flowers or evergreens, little tokens of affection are exchanged by the various members of the household, and a warmth and a poetry, to which we are unfortunately too much strangers, is shed around everything. There is a *gemüthlichkeit*, a "souliness," an affectionateness about that domestic circle, which makes it peculiarly attractive. Then come the ecclesiastical festivals. At Christmas, when everything lies buried in deep snow, and you only hear the merry tinkle of the little bells which announce the speeding sleigh, rich and poor—and the difference of classes there is not as with us—have their home-joys. It must remain a deep secret to all the household what is to be hung on the Christmas tree. But at the appointed hour, the door of the mysterious room is thrown open, and radiant in all its glory stands the Christmas tree, full of lighted tapers, gilded apples, and nice little presents—kindly little attentions to make life *gemüthlich*. Then at Easter again, there is joy; this time the festival being more purely religious. We cannot refuse ourselves or our readers the pleasure of giving extracts from the delightful volumes before us bearing on each of these occasions, only premising that we have selected them at random. We might have chosen from a dozen or so of similar descriptions, and perhaps have lighted on something more graphic or full; but let what we give suffice as specimens. It is twenty years since Madame Perthes's marriage, and she addresses to her newly married daughter the letters from which the following descriptions are taken:—

"To-morrow is our wedding-day; it is the first on which I have had to look back on gifts resigned. . . . My dear bridegroom is quite well and cheerful, and as dear to me now as he was twenty years ago. I never believed it possible that affection could continue so uninterruptedly for twenty-one years; and how much longer it will continue it is not for me to say."

Again, on the following day:—

"The children had adorned our breakfast-table with flowers and wedding garlands: we sat in a bower of leafy green, and examined the little presents that your sisters had prepared for us."

The next is a more lengthy extract, and refers to the festivities of Christmas and the New Year :—

“Don’t forget your grandfather’s prescription for the eve of New Year’s day, viz., to sit down upon a stone and pray. . . . A happy, happy Christmas may God give you, dear children : if you have but a tenth part of the delight in unpacking [the Christmas-box] which the children have had in packing it, you will be content. The three little ones have been especially busy, and the pleasure of giving and sending has often ended in tears because there was nothing more to give. Remember that your gratification is to equal theirs, or we shall not be satisfied. The box will reach you at six o’clock, and then assuredly you will think of us ; and I too shall think of you, dear Agnes : you seem still a part of myself ; and though I weep, I cannot tell whether they are tears of joy or of sorrow. . . . Perthes is a true child at Christmas-time ; my heart is stirred afresh by him every year at that season. It is three-and-twenty years since I first felt this, and my conviction, that one who could take such a childlike delight in the Christmas tree must have a pure and simple heart, has not been falsified. . . . When yesterday evening at six o’clock we sat down to table, Perthes was so wearied and depressed that it made us sad to see him, but when the tree was lighted, he became as lively and as frolicsome as the youngest child.”

A final extract, to show this admirable woman’s views on the mode of educating children :—

“I am convinced that heartfelt love, which lets itself be seen, and in a manner felt in everything, is the dew and the rain indispensable to the growth and bloom of children. I believe that the more children are loved, and the more conscious they are of being loved, the better ; of course there is also a time for seriousness and discipline. But I know many people who think it right carefully to conceal their affection from their children. They should study 1 Cor. xiii., and they would see that there is nothing to fear in that direction. You know that with reference neither to children nor to anything else, am I fond of words ; but to give occasional expression to the feelings of the heart, I consider not only not wrong, but right ; the mouth naturally overflows with whatever fills the heart,—and how can it overflow but in words ?”

So far for German family life ; the religious tendencies cannot be so readily or so briefly described. Suffice it to say, that even at the worst period of Rationalism, a considerable leaven of genuine Christian life remained among the people. But that period itself was only a transition stage. It was the reaction from a dry, dead orthodoxy of formulas. Then came the period of spiritual *renaissance*, when each inquiring individual sought to shake off the nightmare of unbelief, and for himself to arrive at *personal conviction*. It could not but be that much of error should mingle with such aspirations. But they were possessed of two healthy elements, which are not

always present even where there is much more of profession. These religious aspirations had their spring in deep humility, and being genuine, not traditional in their character, developed and extended with the growth in the life of godliness. Of both these facts the "Memoirs of Perthes" bear abundant testimony. Himself and those who were his friends—specially the loved and loving Neander—were men of *deep humility*, with a profound sense of personal spiritual want and need of grace. They were also men in earnest. Accordingly, in their sincere search after truth, gradually they emerged "*per atra ad astra*." Even a De Wette, who began with so much of cold Rationalism, came by-and-bye to lay aside, one by one, many of his negatives as he progressed. And now that this transition-stage is almost past, German love and life are more vigorous than ever; nor does it seem so unlikely that a saying attributed, if we mistake not, to no less an authority than Cardinal Wiseman, shall be verified: that the battle of Protestantism will have to be decided in Germany. But on all these points the "Memoirs" themselves will give us an opportunity of speaking. We turn to them, and that with more relish than we rarely remember having read a book in which we have felt such a deep and continuous interest.

Frederick Christopher Perthes was born in 1772, in a small town of a small German principality. Early deprived of his father, he became dependent on his maternal relatives—very kindly and respectable, but equally poor *employés* of the house of Rudolf-Schwartzburg. Without the advantages of a liberal education, the boy grew up under the watchful care of his uncle and maiden aunt, genuine, honest, warm-hearted people. At the age of fifteen he began the world by being apprenticed to Böhme, a Leipsic bookseller. A peculiar man this Böhme—very strict and exact, but kindly withal; just the master for an enthusiastic and perhaps too ardently disposed youth, such as our Fritz. Böhme was a man of the old school, thoroughly honest, punctual, and without such things as nerves. Work began at seven, dinner was served at one, then work again till eight o'clock. In the morning a halfpenny roll, at dinner a full allowance, of which however nothing was to be left on the plate, then no further supply till supper. On Sunday every member of the household had to march to St. Peter's Church, and a couple of hours' relaxation was all the apprentices were allowed. In winter there was no fire in the warehouse; and poor Fritz suffered from want and cold, till for weeks he was fairly laid up. His pocket-money—which be it observed, according to our notions, could only be called such by a figure of speech—and the cast-off clothes of his uncle, were all the extraneous supplies vouchsafed to our young apprentice. But

he was in a good school—he became here a thorough business man. And there were two guardian angels beside him. Frederika, Böhme's second daughter, nursed him in his illness and cheered him in his trials. Between these two young persons an affection sprung up, which at least kept poor Perthes from despondency or dissipation. A friend, also, was vouchsafed to him. His fellow-apprentice, Rahenhorst, who shared his little garret, was considerably his senior, and exercised a most excellent influence upon him. A thoroughly moral young man, he awakened in the ardent soul of Perthes intense longing after moral perfection. At the same time the patience and forbearance of Fritz was called into the fullest exercise by the wilfulness and obstinacy of his elder companion. However, this friendship was of the deepest importance to him. The class to which both belonged was divided into "the merchants' sons, who could afford to play a four-groschen game at billiards, and drink a bottle of wine out of their very pocket-money," but whose pride presented an impassable barrier to young Perthes, and "the booksellers' apprentices, dissipated youths, who spent the Sunday—their only holiday—at the taverns in all kinds of excess." According to his own statement, "Men here must live like others, or make up their minds to be persecuted; but Rahenhorst has been my support." However, soon a period of fresh trials and of new discipline commenced. Rahenhorst had left, and the new apprentice, Nessig was an amiable lad, who knew better how to win the favour of fair ladies than poor Perthes, who could only amuse his Frederika with disquisitions on moral perfection. A violent jealousy was succeeded by a generous resolve to make Nessig his friend, and henceforth each of the youths sought for himself to gain the maiden's affection—an attempt in which, as the result showed, both ultimately failed. However, the apprenticeship of Perthes terminated before its proper time at the request of a Hamburg bookseller, who wished to secure his services. Accordingly,—

"At a grand entertainment, Böhme came up to Perthes, told him to rise, gave him a gentle slap on the face, presented him with a sword, addressed him as '*Sie*;' and the apprenticeship to the book-trade was at an end, but not the apprenticeship to life."

The family of his new master, Hoffmann, and the society into which he was now introduced, were almost the exact counterpart of that to which he had been accustomed. The ideas which gave birth to the French Revolution were at work throughout Europe: socially, politically, and religiously, it was a time of upheaving. In the vast commercial capital of Germany, where so many strangers congregated, and where opinions of all kinds

LIFE IN GERMANY.

found ready expression, these aspirations—at least in their negative form—soon struck root. It was well for Perthes that he had been strictly trained, and that with Rahenhorst and Friederika, he had set the energies of his soul upon the attainment of moral perfection, for temptations of every kind now assailed him. He had learned to think and to love—he had become conscious of his moral dignity, and now he longed for *congenial society*.

"There can be nothing more perilous," he writes, "than constant intercourse with common-place men; even if the character do not sustain direct injury, a dry, dull, reserved condition of mind is induced, more or less inimical to freedom."

But this very "society of many and of cultivated men," which he felt "a necessity" he "must compass" unless he were "to sink entirely," was at that time composed of a number of the minor "literati" and literary "*dilettanti*," to whom the cold, semi-infidel "Wolfenbüttel Fragments" were the watch-word and the acmé of wisdom and of greatness. Whoever has been drawn within that circle knows that one of its first effects is to engender callousness, combined with an indescribable spiritual pride, self-satisfaction, and contempt for the inferior stand-point of others. Perthes at last gained an entrance into that magic circle. Happily, a gracious Providence watched over him.

"I have," he writes, "tasted the intoxicating pleasures of a world in which all is collision and opposition; carried away by them, like many others, I am not: I have had my experiences, but I am not the better for them, and not to become better is to become worse."

A new period now commenced for him. Driven back from the merely intellectual upon the moral, he met with three like-minded friends. Under their influence he sought perfection—for *it* he still sought—no longer in avoiding particular vices and practising particular virtues, but in an attempt at practising virtue for its own sake. To his friends, who were much older and more experienced than he, this was a totally different stage than to Perthes. To them it was the ultimate, to him it was the initiatory process. He could not rest satisfied there. From the intense struggles in which his whole being was now involved, he was to gather deep experience—the storm-tossed waves of his mental conflict were to discover to him the shells where he ultimately found the pearl of deep humility which all his life remained his most valuable possession.

"Dear Augustus," he wrote at the time, "you are indeed good! would, alas! that I were so! It is so difficult to continue good, and so much more difficult to become better, that it has often occurred to me to doubt whether we were born good."

Again, on another occasion :—

“ If our evil deeds flowed from wrong principles, our errors might then be traced back to misconceptions, and we might improve as these were rectified. But can a more enlightened understanding strengthen the feeble will, restore the unsound heart, or change the unnatural and artificial into nature and simplicity ? Nay, assuredly goodness is no necessary result of enlightenment of mind ; this may indeed eradicate follies, but not a single vice.”

Here, then, is a man who has no formularies to spare, *living out* of self-righteousness and Pelagianism into the doctrines of salvation and of grace. When his despair of self was at its height, another temptation awaited him. Schiller had entranced the generous youth of Germany with his descriptions of art and of beauty. “ Only through the morning-gate of the beautiful (such was the formula) can you penetrate into the realm of knowledge ;” and “ what we here feel as beauty we shall one day know as truth.” It will readily be conceived how dangerous an entire surrender to such a principle would have proved to an ardent youth like Perthes. And he did wholly open his soul to its bewitching influence. Happily, once again did the hand of a gracious Father snatch him from the brink of the precipice. From the tree of danger with its tempting fruit was he driven into a busy world, to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow. Unreality was dissipated, and all his energies were more than taxed by his establishment in business.

At the unexampled early age of twenty-four, and with no capital of his own, Perthes resolved to start a business in Hamburg, and to conduct it on entirely new principles. In those days the publishing and the bookselling business in Germany were not only entirely distinct, but trade was conducted in a manner seriously to injure the interests of the book-reading public. Twice a year the booksellers met in Leipsic, not for the purposes of buying and selling, but of exchanging their respective publications. It depended almost entirely on the booksellers what the reading of a district was to be. As there was no such thing as “ giving books on commission,” or “ on sale,” as the phrase now runs,—and as locomotion was a very tardy process in those days, it became an exceedingly tedious, if not difficult process to procure any book which the bookseller of the district had not brought with him from Leipsic. But now these arrangements were being changed. Perthes, therefore, entered on business under peculiarly favourable circumstances, and with a thorough conviction of the importance and high vocation of a bookseller. He had not low nor mercenary views in connexion with it. “ A

shudder came over him when he saw booksellers make common cause with a crew of scribblers who hired out their wits for stabling and provender." He wished to make his business subservient to the highest interests of his country. To elevate Germany mentally, morally, politically, and religiously, was throughout, and more and more as he advanced, his steady aim. From it all his various enterprises sprung; it acted as motive and stimulus in all his exertions; and, for the benefit of "the trade," we venture to add, it was the secret of his eminent success. Friends lent him money; Nessig became (although only for one year) his partner; he rented a shop in a commanding situation; stocked it with the best German and foreign books; provided it with the best magazines and newspapers, and, to the astonishment of his craft, boldly started the firm of Perthes and Co. It had to contend with almost inconceivable difficulties at the outset; the French occupation of Hamburg for a time completely overthrew it: but its steady high aim not only preserved but ultimately placed it in a position surpassed by none other in the book-producing and book-loving "Fatherland."

No sooner had Perthes settled in business, than his old love for Frederika came back upon him. Despite his former resolve not "to marry one who had first known him in his humble position," he and Nessig agreed to make offer of their hand to their lady-love, and like good knights to devote their strength to the advancement of her happiness, whomsoever she would choose. Strange to say, the young lady refused both. "I love Perthes," said she, "I love Nessig, but my hand I can give to neither." Happy was it for Perthes, at least, although at the time nothing short of the pressure of business could have kept him from despair.

Another era now commenced for the young Hamburg bookseller. Providentially brought into contact with the great philosopher Jacobi, he felt, as indeed every one must have done, singularly attracted by him. Jacobi, in opposition to the philosophy of cold Rationalism, had bidden his contemporaries look within, and listen to the revelation of God in the secrets of their hearts. Jacobi was not a Christian, but to a certain extent a mystic philosopher; still, he destroyed the icy spell of bare Rationalism, and first called attention to the calm, deep retreats of the inner life,—to those realities within, which may not safely be ignored. The direction thus indicated, exactly harmonized with the previous experiences of Perthes, and he became Jacobi's ardent pupil. But besides, it was of lasting benefit to him, for it prepared a soil for the reception of Christianity; and when ultimately the good seed of the kingdom was sown in it, sanc-

tified feelings and Christianized inner life became matters of blessed reality to him, and sources of vigorous activity towards others. Hence, to the end of his days, and while recognizing the mighty difference between Jacobi and himself, he could feel love and gratitude for the aged philosopher, and the latter warmly returned it, frequently addressing him, "The aged Jacobi to his brave and beloved son, Perthes." One extract from a much later correspondence between them, will place this clearly before the reader:—

"It is through you," writes Perthes to Jacobi, "that I have attained to the conviction, the religious certainty which I now enjoy, and shall enjoy throughout eternity; that conviction which, though seeking, you had not, and I am compelled to say, have not yourself yet found. None but you persuaded me of the nothingness of self; but that which you have not been able to grasp, to seize, or retain with your head or with your heart, was to be sought in a direction different from that pursued by you."

It was through Jacobi also that Perthes was introduced to the family of *Mathias Claudius*—a popular religious writer, well known in Germany as the "Wandsbeck Messenger," from the little place in the neighbourhood of Hamburg where he had fixed his residence. There was something peculiar about Claudius, such as we meet only in reformation-times. Pre-eminently a man of the people, he wrote *for* the people. Deeply convinced of the realities of the Bible, he uttered in homely language such deep truths about the word of life, as went right to the heart of the people, and such common-sense ironies about philosophy, falsely so called, and Rationalism, as wounded it as with a two-edged sword. Claudius had taken a strong hold upon the German people, who could both understand and feel what he wrote, and long after his death, among Protestants and Roman Catholics, Perthes met with fruits of his labours in genuine, honest, warm-hearted believers, whom he had been instrumental in leading away from "the broken cisterns." But while the Christian influence of Claudius could not but prove beneficial to a man like Perthes, he was there also brought into contact with one, who through life remained his "good angel," the loveable, the admirable *Caroline*, a woman as noble as any whose history ever adorned the records of domestic life. Caroline, the eldest daughter of Claudius, had been brought up in retirement. It does not appear that she had ever been to a boarding-school, nor does she seem to have much cared for the excitements of fashionable, worldly, or religious society. Indeed, her whole longing seemed to be for retirement; and though the Lord in His providence appointed to her who was so well fitted

for it, a more than usually busy sphere, all her life long she felt the desire after quiet, where the tree of her soul might strike its roots deep and wide. Almost every letter of hers bears testimony to this. We will only give one extract, by way of example:—

“When our busy life at Hamburg occurred to me,” she writes about twenty-one years after her marriage, “I felt rather discouraged, and yet I am convinced that my work there is, on the whole, better for me than this calm blessedness. God has led me by a very different way from that which I had laid out for myself, but it has been the right way—this I not only believe but know; He has given me in labour and tumult what I would gladly have sought and found in quiet and solitude.”

To ardent piety she joined broad sympathies, deep love, and a singularly cultivated mind. It does not appear that she had studied a number of “ics,” but she knew her own language and history, and her own, as well as the best foreign literature; she passionately loved music, and—let not our fair readers start—was an excellent housekeeper. Perthes learned to love her; and after a few preliminary difficulties on the part of the father, the noble girl gave her whole soul to him, and he won that greatest of all earthly treasures, *a good wife*. Let the reader indulge us for a little. We are not given to enthusiasm—a critic is a peculiarly frigid animal; but women like Caroline are not frequently met with, and we love to dwell on her character and excellences. Her warm heart clung with all its fibres to her husband. He impetuous, energetic, a man of work and business; she gentle, affectionate, a soul attuned for the praises of her God,—her whole life being one sweet melody. She was just the helpmeet for Perthes; she proved, indeed, to him “above rubies.” With all that tender affection which made her begrudge only the necessary want of more of Perthes’s society, she could, when principle was at stake, be not only decided but calm. Indeed, under such circumstances, Caroline was stronger than Perthes himself. Woman has but one dowry to bring: *it is love*. Where another is sought, where either of the parties is incapable of love, union in the truest sense becomes impossible. True *love*, we mean that of a Christian, is the evergreen wedding-garland which makes the bride always beautiful, the couple always youthful, and life always fresh. It is the only real earthly treasure God has given to woman: hers is pre-eminently the domain of the *heart*. Full of deepest feeling, her heart proves like Ceres’s horn, showering richest fruit all around. Out of the depths of her treasury she brings something for every season, the best adviser, the richest comfort, the greatest blessing on earth which a merciful Father has granted us.

In whatever circumstances Caroline was placed, she adorned, sweetened, and improved them by her womanly courage and love, but, above all, by her childlike piety. It was no ordinary dowry of love she brought to Perthes. To use her own expression, she became his "body and soul." And Perthes recognized her full value—he felt it. When afterwards he perceived her struggle in the busy life to which she had been and had hoped always to remain a stranger, he wrote of her:—

"When I see her holding fast by her inward life, in spite of the annoyances which the tumult and distractions of her daily existence too often cause her, and also fulfilling the outward duties of her position in a manner so self-denying, kind, and noble, she imparts strength to me, and becomes truly my guiding angel"

Again,—

"I apprehended the true and noble nature, the lofty spirit, the life-heroism, the humility of heart, and the pure piety which now constitute the happiness and blessing of my life."

Her first labour of love was gently to lead her husband to the Cross. Through Claudius, Perthes had become introduced to *Christian* society, but it remained to her to point to that "better part" which no man could take from him.

When we write about *Christian* society, we must beg the reader to understand what we mean. In general, Christian society on the Continent differs vastly from much that too often passes for it in the religious world around us. It is the union of those who *love the Lord*, and whom common wants, hopes, and engagements have joined together as strangers and pilgrims in a "foreign land." Christianity, in the broadest sense, breaks down all barriers, and is the only test of admission. There is, indeed, no spiritual flunkeyism, heresy-catching sectarianism, and other importations of fashionable novelties from the world; but a godly simplicity, sincerity, and warmth of love there characterize the Christian life. We know that in the eyes of some such statements will perhaps expose us to the charge of "laxity;" yet would we gladly bear a hundred times the dreaded charge, rather than try the plan of tying Samson with green withs. Let him carry away the gates of the city on his shoulders! We would rather leave the separation to the Lord, and read and learn the lesson of love. Not that we undervalue any truth—God forbid!—but that we dread lest in our search after truths we forget *the truth*, and cling to lifeless forms when the spirit of love and of life has long fled from them. But to return. In the neighbourhood of Hamburg there were two distinct Christian circles, to both of which Perthes got introduced. There was Protestant Holstein with its Klopstock,

Counts Reventlow and Bernstorff, and its Nicolovius; and Catholic Munster with its Bishop Fürstenberg, its Droste, Stolberg, and Princess Gallitzin. Want of space alone prevents our giving a sketch of these personages, and yet they were only a few among those who composed the Christian circles to which we have referred. One sentence only about the Munster Christians. They were Roman Catholics indeed, but they were also pre-eminently Christians. At that time all who loved the truth opposed the various forms of infidelity, and drew close to each other. In the Roman Catholic church in Germany, men arose who were filled with the spirit of Jansenism; men such as Hermes, Sailer, and others, who were evangelical Christians, lovers of the Bible and of Bible-truth, and even ardent friends of Bible-societies, though Roman Catholics in profession. Of course their appearance was but transient in the Romish church—they were first ignored, then set aside, and finally repudiated. Perthes felt singularly attracted by them; and to the real good which he derived through, and discovered in them must be ascribed a certain amount of toleration for Roman-Catholicism with which, we frankly confess it, we cannot sympathize. About that time, and gradually, he was led to deeper spiritual views: “an inward wrestling and striving now took place to realize in himself, as he expressed it, ‘the uncreated Son of the Father as in reality his God.’” He realized it, and from that moment this reality became the mainspring of his life.

A period of unexampled distress now came over the Fatherland. Long groaning under the yoke of incompetent and selfish despots, the nations of Europe had longed for the day when rights and duties would at last be understood both by rulers and ruled. The dawn of the French Revolution promised much, and was accordingly hailed by German patriots. But as the features of that movement became more distinct, a violent revulsion took place. Then came the reign of Napoleon, whose victorious legions swept like a hurricane over Germany. Probably we are not yet sufficiently removed from these events to judge calmly of their good and of their evil effects. The latter were patent at the time; the former, like the benefits of the Crusades, could only appear at an after period. Certain it is, that the career of Napoleon has inflicted a mortal wound on the petty despotisms of Europe—the brutality of incompetence—the kick of the donkey, from which they will never recover. But the conqueror’s unprincipled ambition in destroying not only German governments, but attempting to subjugate, if not to uproot Germanism, roused that ardent patriotism which is one of the most prominent characteristics of Germans. Nationality is to them an ideal, and as every ideal, became the object of pas-

sionate attachment. The more national life was stunted and suppressed, the more it struck inwards, and became real enthusiasm. Had it been less a passion and more a practical reality, the day-dreams of German patriots would sooner have given place to the enjoyment of substantial privileges. When Napoleon first overran Germany, the people, believing that their rulers could feel like themselves, eagerly answered their appeal and rushed to arms. They had yet to learn—what the experience of repeated deceptions alone could teach them—that despots, like Jesuits, have no nationality; they have only selfishness. All the cry about Germany ended in the Carlsbad decrees, the Vienna conferences, &c., when fair promises were all scattered to the wind, and the chains which had bound the people were only riveted more firm and fast. During the French wars, Perthes became the centre of an intensely German circle of activity. His correspondence with Niebuhr, Görres, Johannes von Müller, and others, shows that this man of energy and activity knew how to inspire with hope and how to direct to deeds of heroism. In his own sphere, he commenced the publication of the “National Museum,” designed to combine the scattered German elements (at least in art, science, and literature), and to form a centre of attraction for German nationality and life. His hopes for Germany at that time were chiefly set on Prussia; a hope in which, notwithstanding late events, we are disposed even at this hour to share. Mentally, morally, and socially, that country contains the elements of German strength and grandeur, and if it could only understand its mission, and have the courage and straightforwardness to adopt it, it alone, in our humble opinion, among the various component parts of Germany, would have the means of realizing the hopes of German patriots. Oh! for a Charles Albert, or a Victor Emanuel—of course, *mutatis mutandis*—on the throne of Prussia.

The “National Museum,” which reckoned among its contributors the ablest and bravest men in Germany, expired when Hamburg became annexed to the French empire. Some, like Goethe, who in the death-throes of his country could write tragedies, had never taken part in it; others, like Müller, had been captivated by a condescending conversation with the conqueror of Europe. During the French occupation commerce was necessarily at a perfect stand-still, and Hamburg was almost ruined. At last came the hour of temporary deliverance. The French had to withdraw, and the Russians were welcomed as the saviours of Hamburg, if not of Germany. Perthes himself, it is remarkable, had too much sagacity even in the hour of greatest need, to expect real deliverance from Russia. We are told,

“For the deliverance of Germany, and through it of Europe, Perthes trusted little to Russian interference. He looked to united action on the part of the German nation itself.” The joy of the Hamburgers was however but short-lived. “That wild fellow, Davoust,” as the Emperor of Austria called him, marched with 6,000 French to recapture the city. Betrayed by the Russians, forsaken by those in whom they had hoped to find allies, the Hamburgers could not offer protracted resistance. In the attempts at defence, as formerly in those of keeping alive the spirit of Germanism, Perthes was one of the most active, and hence one of the most noted enemies of France. Hitherto, Caroline had only shone in the circle of her family. All her woman’s energies and courage were now taxed. The quiet, retiring, loving Caroline, was now to appear as the enduring, animating, noble, and devoted German wife and mother. The scenes constantly enacting during the bombardment of Hamburg can more readily be conceived than described. Indeed, such feelings and experiences must be *lived*; they cannot be told. Here is a sketch of one of them, from the pen of Caroline:—

“From the 9th of May, Perthes had not undressed for one-and-twenty nights, and during that period had never laid down in bed. I was in daily anxiety for his life. He was only occasionally, and that half an hour at a time, in the house. The three younger children were at Wandsbeck with my mother, the four elder were with me, because they could not have been removed without force. I had no man on the premises; all were on guard. People were constantly coming in to eat and drink, for none of our acquaintances kept house in the city. I had laid sacks filled with straw in the large parlour, and there, night and day, lay burghers who came in by turns to snatch a short repose. . . . Day and night I was on the balcony to see if Perthes or any of our relations were carried by among the wounded. At the time when the cannonading was loudest, and the greatest terror and anxiety prevailed lest the French should land, Perthes sent to desire that I would instantly send him a certain small box that lay on his writing-table. As I was running down the stairs with the box in my hand, I felt sure that it was filled with poison. I desired the messenger to wait, and went to my room to decide what I ought to do, for this great matter was thus committed to me: it was a dreadful moment. My horror lest Perthes should fall alive into the hands of the French, overcame me; and it appeared to me that God could not be angry with him for not willing this; and then the injustice of my deciding a matter between him and his God seemed so great, that with trembling hands and knees, I, in God’s name, gave the box to the messenger. Many hours elapsed before I heard anything further. It *was* poison, and poison prepared for the purpose I had feared; but not for Perthes,

who assured me before God that he should not have thought it lawful."

At last the French entered the city, and Caroline and her family, and, a few hours afterwards, Perthes himself escaped—the latter, "a rebel's death by the hangman's hand."

While the fugitives were seeking a place of safety, the French sealed, sequestrated, or plundered everything belonging to them. Without any ready money for the support of his wife or family, without any means to fulfil his engagements, being unable to press his demands in the French dominions, Perthes was reduced from comparative opulence to beggary. But he was not the man to sit down inactive, nor was Caroline's the heart to be crushed in sorrow and despair. His affairs in Hamburg he committed to the entire charge of his trusty friend and partner in business, Besser; and, through careful management, not only were all obligations discharged, but ultimately a considerable part of his property was rescued. But no sooner had Perthes placed his wife and family in comparative safety in a "damp garden-house, with its twelve windows to the ground and unprovided with shutters,"—without proper means of sustenance ("bread, soap, salt, oil, and so forth, were not to be had within four miles . . . for eighteen weeks we had neither meat nor white bread in the house"), with Caroline near her confinement, and no physician nearer than twelve or fifteen miles,—than he had to go forth again into the world. The parting and the separation we need not describe. But despite her trials, Caroline's courage not only kept up, but she knew how to cheer her husband. Let one example suffice:—

"At this time tidings came from Hamburg that a general pardon had been proclaimed. Ten men, however, were excepted, among whom was Perthes. 'I thank you from my heart, my beloved Perthes,' wrote Caroline, 'that your name stands among the names of the ten enemies of the tyrant.'"

But what with the interrupted communication and the exaggerated reports circulated, Caroline's mind was at last filled with dark forebodings. Left alone with her eight children, for months without hearing from Perthes, in view of what seemed to her likely to become her death-bed, she felt and wrote as if she could not survive any further separation from him. But in the midst of all these sorrows her faith remained firm, and as on the one hand she wished in the event of Perthes's death to know his views regarding the children, so on the other she communicated her own directions in case of her sudden removal:—

"Perthes, my dear Perthes! to fulfil your slightest wish would be

my only pleasure, were you to be taken from me, and I were to have the misery of being left in the world without you. Tell me then more of your views regarding the children, and of what I can do to please you."

In another letter :—

"I have the firm conviction, that my trust in God will never fail, but I cannot always rejoice in the will of God, and I cannot make up my mind to resign you without tears, and without the deepest anguish: you are too entirely my all in this world; but believe me, I do not murmur, I only weep, and I am yours for eternity."

Finally, on another occasion :—

"I struggle ever more and more to keep thought and fancy, heart and yearning, under control; but, oh! my beloved, I suffer inexpressibly! . . . I tell you everything, for you should know how things actually stand, that you may be able to do what is right in the circumstances; but I do not write thus to induce you to draw back. I take God to witness, who is more to me than even you are, that I do not wish you to do anything but your duty."

At last, that season of horrid doubt and uncertainty terminated: the French were driven back, and Caroline and Perthes returned to their home, having however buried one of their children in Kiel. Then began the political reaction, when the crowned heads met and conferred; the people trusted and were disappointed, and at last came to long for another Napoleon, or to look hopefully to outbreaks in Spain, Greece, and Italy, as affording their only prospect of deliverance. Into these controversies we have neither space nor inclination at present to enter, the more so as Perthes, although deeply interested and actively engaged in the settlement of these questions, occupied an intermediate political as well as ecclesiastical position, which to us appears undefined and not quite intelligible. He is conscious of the wants and rights of the people, but he seems to hesitate and fear, and concentrates all his hopes on the governments.

From the political, we gladly turn to the religious questions in which Perthes felt so deeply interested. The struggle against Rationalism ceased to be doubtful when Schleiermacher appeared. Perthes, whose practical mind had never been tortured with speculative difficulties, could not fully sympathize with the manifestations of awakening life in the theological world. To him it was a question of a whole Bible or no Bible at all. From the first he had taken a deep interest in the Bible Society. Its preliminary meetings in Germany were held in his house, and throughout he rendered most important services to its cause. With a clearness of discernment, rare in those times, he pro-

tested against any attempt to employ the theatre as "a means of rousing religious feeling," while he earnestly desiderated "popular works by which the dormant Christian consciousness might be revived." From the very first, he had felt the deep chasm which separated man natural from man spiritual; and he could not but perceive in the efforts to bridge that gulph mere tentatives indicating an initiatory stage. At the outset of his Christian course, he had written to Jacobi:—

"Christianity is a free-gift investiture, and in Christianity all is given by the grace of God and received by love; while in heathenism, all is nature, and every product is in self. The religious feelings of men appear as if begotten by nature alone; every creature as if self-created, is to stand only upon its own feet; man is to enjoy all things, and to resist or endure all unavoidable evil with a strength, whose origin is in himself. Heathenism and Christianity exhaust everything; and that which lies between, call it by what name you please, is a mere inconsistent fragment—mere patchwork and vanity, resulting either in despondency or in pride."

Throughout he preserved the same clearness, and although acquaintanceship with Neander and others may have led him to be more tolerant of the "Scientific Theology," he never could sympathize with it. A sense of sin, engendering humility, humility leading to a sense of need, and the latter again to Christ,—such were the experimental theses of his theology. Hear him:—

"He who has not felt the internal working of a great mystery, which is ever alienating us from God, will never attain to that humility without which the saving virtue of the Atonement is inaccessible. The flesh is not the root of evil, pride—pride is the real devil. To every one who ignores the redemption through Christ, history becomes one immense tangled skein, and every philosophical system, a sum in arithmetic; the correctness of each, for want of proof, can never be ascertained. Inquiries into the nature of the Trinity and of our Lord, into Redemption and Atonement, are great and noble, but the craving in which they originate is scientific, not spiritual."

Again:—

"The most elevated as well as the most grovelling natures, need a Helper and a Mediator in order to rise; and he who is unconscious of this, wearies himself out in ineffectual endeavours. For him who in the anguish of his heart, cries out, 'I am a miserable sinner,' and stretches forth his arms to the Saviour, for him I say, Christ died. How closely then is faith in the Redeemer allied with the realization of one's own sinfulness."

Not that Perthes would have quashed scientific inquiry. On the contrary, his letters to his son Matthew, when studying

theology, are full of encouragement personally to inquire, coupled with earnest admonitions to seek genuine heart-humility—the footstool in Perthes's, and we take leave to add, in *our* opinion, on which we kneel to the Redeemer.

In 1818, Caroline's eldest daughter, and the year following, her second daughter was married, and at the same time, her eldest son left for the university. From their correspondence we gather the history of the family. Her letters to her daughters are expressions of maternal care, wisdom, and love. She advises them on their domestic relations, in their spiritual difficulties, and at seasons of distress. She is their most intimate and affectionate friend. The correspondence with the student of divinity is jointly carried on by Caroline and Perthes. The father gives sound advice, and while encouraging his son in all reverent inquiries, ever points him to the Word and to the need of heart-humility. The mother speaks to the heart and gently leads him to the Cross. We will frankly confess that comparing the letters of Perthes and Caroline, we prefer the latter. We feel that their effect on our own heart would have been the deepest. In great things and in small, she was his adviser: how to keep his room and clothes, how to amuse himself, how to spend the Lord's day, how to study, and how to seek after the truth. Here are one or two specimens:—

“I have found it better not to think of one's self so much, but rather to think more of God, and to long earnestly after Him; and if we have fallen, to rise at once and go on, trusting in God: thus we are continually advancing, by God's grace, towards a peaceful and blessed end. The Princess Gallitzin once said to me, from her inmost soul, and with a deep sense of her insufficiency, ‘But I will still *will*.’ This word often recurs to me, and cheers me when I am cast down. We often become more free and happy when we look at ourselves as a whole rather than in detail.”

Again:—

“Socrates thought that inward peace was not to be attained until a man had reached his fortieth year, and Confucius has placed the goal still farther forward; but I do wrong in referring to Socrates and Confucius when we have Christ; consider it then as unsaid. I always take comfort from that man in the Gospel to whom our Lord Christ said, that he must *believe* before he could be helped; and who replied to him, ‘Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.’ This is all that we can do, and where we can do nothing, God is ever ready to aid; besides, there may be much unrest and unbelief in the head whilst the heart holds firmly by its anchor. ‘God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.’ I know of nothing more certain, imperfect as our love must needs be here below.”

And finally:—

“I believe with you that, in order to deal honestly with your future congregation, and with your own understanding, you must diligently investigate, in order that you may come to the steadfast knowledge, and the clear consciousness, ‘that in Christ Jesus are hidden all the treasures of wisdom;’ but I also trust in God that, if you wrestle and strive earnestly, He will give you a yearning and a steadfast faith by which He will carry on the work of grace in your heart, even when your understanding labours under perplexity.”

Thus nobly did this brave German mother guide her son. But she was soon to be removed from the land of unrest and dimness to her own home of love. The sorrows and cares of her life had sown the seeds of a heart-disease. How she suffered and bore, and how those around her hoped, feared, and prayed, need not be detailed by us. “On the 28th August, 1821, shortly after nine o’clock, a stroke of paralysis put an end to Caroline’s life, so suddenly, that no pressure of the hand, no word or look of love, gave token of farewell to those around her.” Lay her in silence into her silent grave;—hush! hers was not a life or death for noisy demonstrations of sorrow,—hers was one for much silent weeping. Lo! many flowers spring up by her grave—*requiescat in pace* till the blessed Resurrection-morning! She was a woman, a wife, a mother—in the only true sense of the terms. We confess it, with Caroline ceases our interest in Perthes’s family life. He lived other twenty-two years; married again, apparently a very worthy, excellent woman; “begat sons and daughters;” but to us he is henceforth only interesting as a public man, and specially as the eminent publisher, and in that position we shall now briefly introduce him to the reader.

Immediately after Caroline’s death, Perthes carried out a resolution which he had long entertained. He gave up his Hamburg business to his partner and brother-in-law, Besser, and settled in Gotha, beside his married daughters, to commence his life anew as a publisher. Gotha was a genuine little German town. The burghers were divided into guilds, and carefully watched each other’s privileges. In 1825, the whole town assembled to gaze upon the first diligence which made its entrance. Droll figures were those tall, gaunt, ducal guardsmen, with their immense cloaks, boots, spurs, and swords. Six uniforms, however, sufficed for the whole corps, as the burghers in turn transfigured themselves into guards. A droll figure was that little man on his little pony who personated the escort once accorded to the waggoners on their passage through the Thuringian forest—of which, however, only the remembrance and the tax were preserved. Droll figures were these Gymnasium choristers, who in their black cloaks and three-cornered hats sang every Wednesday and Saturday before the doors of the

wealthy, to gain their needed support. And a droll figure was the town's watchman with his lantern, his cloak, his stick, his long horn, and his nightly admonition, "Put out fire, put out light, that no evil chance to-night; and praise we God the Lord." It was in this little town, that Perthes resolved to bring to light the historical and theological treasures of Germany. To these two branches of literature did he dedicate himself. He had always possessed a peculiar faculty of attracting around and to himself the greatest minds in the Fatherland. Niebuhr, Schlegel, Voss, Stolberg, Klopstock, Claudius, and Jacobi, had been all along his intimate friends. His first undertaking was to furnish a series of historical works, written by the ablest historians, under the editorship of Ukert and Heeren. The learned reader knows how thoroughly he succeeded in this, despite all difficulties. He published a number of *first-rate* histories of modern European states, besides many valuable smaller works most of them being really *standard books*. Might not something similar be attempted in our own country? Certainly such works are at least needed. Equally interesting and even more important was his activity as a theological publisher. Without attempting chronologically to arrange the issues from his press, we notice here four distinct series, besides the new "Theological Magazine," which he originated, since so well-known as the "Studien und Kritiken." The first, or historical series, embraced besides the works of Neander, Ullmann's "Reformers before the Reformation," Henry's "Life of Calvin," Schmidt's "Life of Tauler," Rudelbach's "Savonarola," Papencordt's "Cola di Rienzi," and many others, not forgetting Ritter's great work on the "History of Philosophy." The second, or exegetical, contained commentaries, such as those of Tholuck and Umbreit; the third, or dogmatic, embraced the works of Nitzsch, Twisten, Sack, Sartorius, &c.; the fourth, or miscellaneous, works by Bunsen, Dorner, Lisco, Olshausen, and many others. It was Perthes's peculiar merit not only to have given to the world works of such sterling value, but to have *evoked* them, and with his advice assisted in their composition. Thus it was he, who after having read Neander's "Julian," had the merit and the honour of suggesting to him to write his "Universal Church History." The correspondence between Neander and Perthes, which constitutes to us one of the most precious portions of these volumes, abundantly shows how much encouraged the father of modern church history felt by Perthes, and how deeply indebted he was to his practical sagacity. Well might the good Nicolovius write about Neander to Perthes: "When I consider the strange individualities at work here—when I look at this wonderful man of God, with his inward dignity and outward

helplessness, it often seems as if you and I were especially appointed to support him." Again, it was he, who in order to counteract the tendencies of the Rationalistic journals, planned the "Studien und Kritiken" (Theological Studies and Reviews), and engaged the four leading believing theologians of Germany, Ullmann, Umbreit, Lücke, and Nitzsch, as its editors. How much they were indebted to him, we gather from their own statement: "Perthes was more than the publisher of our periodical; he was the counsellor and fellow-labourer of his sincere friends the editors." In truth, he was largely instrumental in evoking the theological writings and forming the theological thinking of his age; the liberal patron of young authors, the steady friend of all God-fearing theologians, the ardent admirer of literature, taking high and steady aim, not clogged by any mercenary motives, he well-deserved, and, as every honest, right doing man will do, he obtained the approbation of authors and readers and a large amount of even commercial success. We had marked many other facts and passages for our readers; indeed, we are almost afraid to say, how many: how his inner life developed—how he believed and loved, and strove with weapons not of bigotry, but of light against Rationalism, and then against its natural successor, Strauss and his school—how he took an interest in the foundation of juvenile reformatories—how he watched the "Evangelical Magazine," so promising at first, but whose narrow-minded sectarianism alienated even Neander; but we must forbear. In the midst of his numerous descendants, he died 18th May, 1843, and his end was "perfect peace." Go, thou, and do likewise!

And now, kindly readers, who have followed us so long and so far, let us have a parting word. We have not accomplished our task, if we part simply impressing you with the fact, that in Germany there is much precious family and religious life, notwithstanding the din of our theological and other gamekeepers; and that Caroline and Perthes were good, noble and brave—that they deserved well of their fellow-men. Every biography, if useful, must have some grand meaning and object. The history of a great and practical man, besides, is very much the history of his country for the period. In the biographies of Chalmers and of Perthes, Messrs. Constable have furnished us with the religious history of Scotland and of Germany at that time. There are many points of similarity between the two men; only the one was pre-eminently Scotch, the other pre-eminently German. We are the better for works of this kind: the life of a truly great man is never *past and over*—it contains eternal seed, which the wind carries hither and thither, but which will take root in a congenial soil and yet bear a rich harvest. His hope and faith,

his sympathies and struggles, his achievements and works, must be ours also. Such examples not only enlarge the mind, but refresh the heart, break down prejudices, cheer and encourage under difficulties, and stimulate to Christian and energetic action.

After all that we have said, it is not requisite to add anything in commendation of the volumes. We would not on any account part with them; we hope to read them again and again. They should be put into the hands of the educated of both sexes. The translation and condensation are excellent, although some particulars about the political events of those days,—specially in connexion with the Hanseatic towns—might perhaps be omitted. We have only one desideratum left us: that in future editions, if at all possible, Vol. I. should be enriched with a portrait of Perthes, and Vol. II. with one of Caroline.

ART. III.—*Manuel de l'histoire des Conciles ; ou, Traité Théologique, Dogmatique, Critique, Analytique, et Chronologique des Conciles et des Synodes.* (*Manual of the History of Councils*). By L. F. Guérin. Deuxième Edition. 2 tomes. Paris: 1856.

2. *Handbuch aller Concilien.* Jos. Chowanetz. Aachen: 1856.

3. *Concilien-geschichte.* Dr. Carl J. Hefele. 2 vols. Freiburg: 1856.

WHAT is the value of the Councils of the church? As an integral and vital portion of ecclesiastical history, their value is too great to be easily over-estimated, but as an institution we must confess that we do not regard them highly. While there are specific and valid objections on our part, as Protestants, to particular synods, classed by Romanist divines amongst the general Councils of the church, and which claim peculiar deference under that classification, we must confess a more than common repugnance as scriptural Christians to the recognition of the institution itself as an authoritative expositor of truth. A Council is but an assembly of Christian men, wise and good it may be, but not the wisest nor the best, and even if they were, in no case infallible. Every individual amongst the assembled members would frankly own himself to be fallible, and no aggregation of fallibles can issue in the creation of an infallible tribunal. We are thus explicit upon this point, because Romanists outrage reason, and depose Scripture from its rightful authority, by their decision, that “when the pastors of

the church are called together by the chief pastor in a general Council, to decide anything about religion, whether regarding faith or manners, they are then infallible in their decisions, and their decrees are considered as dictated by the Holy Ghost."

The Church of England has spoken out plainly enough the general sentiment of Protestant Christians on this dogma in its XXIst. Article: "General Councils may not be gathered without the commandment and will of princes. And when they be gathered together (forasmuch as they be an assembly of men, whereof all be not governed with the spirit and word of God) they may err, and sometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God." If the same church ascribe a measure of authority to the first four General Councils, it must be always understood with the reserve which itself expresses: "Wherefore things ordained by them as necessary to salvation, have neither strength nor authority, unless it may be declared that they be taken out of Holy Scripture."

Notwithstanding this qualification, we are free to confess that we cannot perceive the propriety of erecting Councils and their decisions under the most favourable auspices, into even a subordinate standard of saving truth, when the ultimate appeal from the determination of the Council itself is made to the Word of God. It need not necessarily lead, we own, to a collision between the inferior and superior tribunal, but it may possibly have the effect, and in every case runs the risk of dividing the allegiance of the devout between the Council, the immediate, and the Inspired Scriptures, the remote authority.

Besides, we must add, that all our convictions of what is fixed and unalterable on the testimony of our Lord Jesus, and the record of his Spirit, not to mention our sensibilities, are in arms against the notion of deciding the questions of the divinity of the Son of God and the procession of the Holy Ghost, by a majority of votes. We cannot shut our eyes to the contingency of the decision being adverse to truth, and on that supposition the question forces itself upon us, — What then? In such a case the Council of bishops and presbyters of the church, though legitimately called and regularly organized, would be rather a synod of Satan than a tribunal of truth. Thus, in every point of view in which we look at the Council, as being even a voice in the recognition of truth, much more as an authoritative exponent of the *credenda* and *agenda* of Christian men, do we regard it as of little value as a test, and of positive injury as a judge.

In the opinion which we have just delivered, we have given the advocates of Councils the benefit of regarding these ecclesiastical assemblages in their most favourable ideal light. We

have shut out of sight the fact that they have been almost universally political cabals or sectarian cliques, governed by personal rancour, unscrupulous partizanship, and rarely, if ever, by upright principle and supreme concern for the interests of truth. It is a voice from the centre of the Romish church itself, and not from without, which says of one condemned by a Council: "Ah! that does not prove him wrong, only wanting in the craft of his adversaries, and that he is unsustained by the secular arm. Intrigue and prerogative there carry the day." Yielding even to the more pardonable weaknesses of humanity, it may be that the picture drawn by Berengarius of their High Mightinesses in one particular synod, mingling excesses in eating and drinking with scholastic definitions and ecclesiastical censures, may not be altogether a caricature;—the jingling of glasses, and jovial hob-nobbing interchanged pleasantly with articles of accusation and dry doctrinal discussions: "Inter hæc salutantur cyphi, pocula celebrantur, laudantur vina." At length, half asleep and half tipsy, when the learned doctors are asked to assent to the condemnation of any particular error they mutter out, *WE CONDEMN*; but others still further gone in their devotions to Bacchus and Morpheus, can only muster sense to reply, "*DEMN*:" "*Cum itaque lector surdis exclamabat auribus DAMNATIS? Tunc quidam vix ad extremam syllabam expergefatti, somnolentâ voce, capite pendulo, DAMNAMUS aiebant. Alii vero damnantium tumultu excitati, decapitatâ primâ syllabâ NAMUS inquit.*" If this were ever true it were bad enough, but better even this than the malignity, falsehood, and cruel passions which have found the scene for their display amid the remorseless abominations of the ecclesiastical synod. Instead of being assemblies of spiritual persons, aiming at the prosecution of spiritual ends by purely spiritual or even mistaken means, they have been too often a sanhedrim of high priests goaded on by the instigation of the devil, and all the bad feelings which are engendered by pride and power, and fulness of bread, to an opposition to the cause of simple piety, as reckless of its measures as it was unjustified by provocation. All that vice could effect when strengthened by power, was often effected by such means of convocations as these, and names were cast out as evil, branded with infamy, and denounced with curses, which are written in the Lamb's book of life. If secular corporations and committees are notorious for doing, in their collective capacity, deeds of ruthless severity or questionable morality, from which the individual members would shrink, what is to be expected of an ecclesiastical assembly, congregating under the express control of the principle that the end justifies the means—a principle more than avowed in the Roman church—and one

but too notoriously acted on, on a thousand occasions? What, in short, but what we see,—that by means of the Councils, truth, godliness, and independence were crushed, and fraud, force, slavery, and sensuality promoted, to the grief of God's people, and the scandal of the religion of the Cross. Of course, in modern times, the grossest of these evils are avoided, and in the purer communions there is a studious avoidance of any proceedings which might justly give offence, nevertheless we may once for all honestly own it, that whether it call itself convocation, diocesan, synod, or conference, we are not greatly enamoured of exclusive conventions of clerkly men. If they presume to fabricate or even formulate doctrines (*δογματίζειν*) now-a-days, we conceive they attempt a work of supererogation which we are fain to take out of their hands; and if they confine their endeavours to the direction and enforcement of discipline (*κανονίζειν*) it is as much as we can do to extend to them our toleration. The corporate action of the clerical bodies has rarely been such as to command the respect of the world.

It is incumbent, nevertheless, upon every well-informed member of society to make himself acquainted with what ecclesiastical synods have attempted or accomplished during the last eighteen hundred years. The consummate physician must master the nosology as well as the physiology of the human frame; and the study of the Councils is walking the hospitals of the church. The leprosy, the paralysis, the open sores and secret maladies of Christendom may be traced in the history of the Councils, festering, corroding, crippling, marring the beauty of religion, and sapping the source of its life. This compendium of Guérin will help the student in his investigations: an index, if nothing more, in the Ultramontane interest, proclaiming the points and periods which are most worthy to stay his attention.

The number of the Œcumenical or General Councils the Romish church fixes at eighteen, on grounds so arbitrary, that we can assign no common reason for the selection of these in preference to many others. They are the Council of Nicea, A.D. 325; of Constantinople, A.D. 381; Ephesus, 431; Chalcedon, A.D. 451; 2nd, Constantinople, A.D. 553; 3rd, Constantinople, A.D. 680; 2nd, Nicea, A.D. 784; 4th, Constantinople, A.D. 869; Lateran, A.D. 1122; 2nd, Lateran, A.D. 1139; 3rd, Lateran, A.D. 1179; 4th, Lateran, A.D. 1215; Lyons, A.D. 1245; 2nd, Lyons, A.D. 1274; Vienne, A.D. 1311; Florence, A.D. 1439; 5th, Lateran, A.D. 1512—17; Trent, A.D. 1545—63. Of some these no record remains, and in all some vicious feature forbids conformity to any general rule or definition whereby we might arrive at the constitution of a general Council. Lofty claims are indeed put forth for their authority and dignity as legislative tribunals

for the church ; but the bases on which that authority rests, or any uniform marks which should test the validity of their organization, are kept studiously out of sight. The church has found it convenient to patronize certain of these ecclesiastical assemblies, and to pronounce them genuine and worthy of all acceptation, but has not found it convenient, or possible, to establish to the satisfaction of any inquisitive mind the principles which have guided the church's selection. Those persons who have attempted to define a General Council, have lost their labour, inasmuch as to no two of the Councils will all the marks of definition apply.

With the question of the comparative supremacy of the Council over the Pope, or of the Pope over the Council, we, of course, have no concern. To exhibit the Ultramontane temper of our author, we merely quote his observation: "that Councils cannot sit in judgment on the Pope; and even if a supreme pontiff be found submitting his sentiments or proceedings to their inquisition, it is to be regarded as an act of pure condescension on his part—'*Ce ne peut être que par une pure condescendance de sa part*'—as in the cases of Damasus, Symmachus, and Leo III."

Proceed we now, however, to note some of the acts of the Councils extending over a period of 1500 years, that we may estimate more correctly their value; and let our extracts be confined to those synods which were held in our own country while in union with the Church of Rome; thus securing a local interest in the matters commented on, while we may assume the complexion of affairs here to be the counterpart of proceedings elsewhere.

The first which we encounter in our own country is in Wales, A.D. 519. St. David in this Council was elected archbishop, after having extinguished the last sparks of Pelagianism by his pathetic eloquence.—A.D. 560. Three councils in Llandaff, in which excommunication was pronounced upon three Welsh princes for murder under aggravated circumstances. Their repentance was edifying, and they were thereupon restored to the church.—A.D. 604. In Britain, perhaps in Worcester, whereat St. Augustin of Canterbury exhorted the seven bishops to celebrate Easter and administer baptism in the Roman mode. Compliance refused by the aforesaid non-juring seven.—A.D. 605. At Canterbury, to confirm the foundation of the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, the first raised. A Council of the same date in London, in which marriages contracted within the third degree of affinity, and with females who had taken the veil, were prohibited.—A.D. 630. A Council at Lenia, in Ireland, not received, because the decision of the Irish bishops was unfriendly to the

celebration of Easter at the time prescribed by Rome.—A.D. 673. Hertford, under St. Theodore of Canterbury, requiring the observance of the Roman rule about Easter, and imposing upon himself and the other bishops present (five) the observance of the following necessary rules: that the bishops should not meddle with their neighbours' dioceses; that they should not alarm nor plunder the monasteries; that the monks should confine themselves to their own houses, nor wander to others without the leave of their superior; that the clergy in like manner confine themselves to their own diocese; that bishops and clergy content themselves with the entertainment furnished them by their hosts, when occasion makes them indebted to the hospitality of others; that the bishops do not seek to obtain supremacy over each other at the bidding of ambition; and that no one contract any marriage, save a legitimate and non-incestuous one; that divorce only take place because of fornication; and that he who is separated from his wife, should not take another if he aspire to be a true Christian, but remain in a state of celibacy if not reconciled to his wife. To these requisitions of ordinary morality the solemn assent of his episcopal assessors was obliged to be asked by the archbishop—a circumstance which gives us no very exalted idea of the state of morals prevalent among the saintly brethren of the day.—A.D. 697. Berkhamstead, St. Britonaldus of Canterbury presiding. The fine for infringing the rights of the church shall be the same as for infringing those of the monarch. Adulterers who are laymen and nobles, shall pay a fine of 100 pence; commoners of 50 pence. Adulterous priests may retain their office on repentance, if they have not delayed baptisms unduly through ill-will, and be not drunkards. Labour and travelling forbidden on Sundays; also offering sacrifice to demons. If a master give flesh meat to his slave on a fast-day, the slave shall be *ipso facto* free; if the slave take flesh meat himself on a fast-day, he shall pay a fine of sixpence, or be beaten with rods. The word of the bishop, like that of the king, shall serve instead of an adjuration. Abbots accused and interrogated, shall clear themselves by an oath; inferior clerics, by an oath before the altar with four witnesses. The church shall take cognizance of all causes affecting parties who belong to the bishop. A slave of the church if accused of crime, can be cleared by an oath, if he has received the Eucharist; if not, he must give bail for good behaviour, or be exposed to the scourge.—A.D. 747. At Abingdon, Ethelred, King of Mercia, assisting with his court. In this Council, it is enjoined upon priests that they learn the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the prayers of the mass, and of the baptismal service, and the ceremonies which are observed in the administration of the sacraments,

but that they explain all these in the vulgar tongue to the people of their charge. The priests when discharging the divine office, are not to declaim after the manner of the stage, but are to sing modestly and quietly as becomes the church; those who cannot sing, must be content to read. The feasts of the entire year are to be held in accordance with the Roman Martyrology. Bishops are to watch over the monasteries situated in their dioceses, to see that the ministers live in peace, and that they apply themselves to labour and to spiritual reading; seculars are not to find easy admission therein, nor must they become the harbour of poets, musicians, and buffoons. The laity are forbidden admission into the houses of women; and these last are ordered to apply themselves to the reading of good books and the singing of psalms, rather than to the embroidery of stuffs of various colours, which minister to the vanity of people of the world. Frequent communion is recommended not only to young persons *who have not yet lost their innocence*, but also to elder persons, who live in a state of marriage or celibacy, and who cease to sin in order to partake of the Lord's body and blood, fearing his sentence, *if ye eat not the flesh of the son of man, and drink not his blood, ye have no life in you*. The giving of alms in order to diminish or commute ecclesiastical penance is condemned. In the first place, money must not be given, in order to procure licence to sin more freely, except it be in matters of very little moment; in the second place, amends must not be made with ill-gotten gains; in the third place, it must not be done to diminish the amount of canonical penance, or to exempt from fasting and other expiatory works enjoined by the priest. Although in chanting penitential psalms in Latin, one may not understand them, nevertheless a person may direct his intention towards what he requires from God. Those religious men and women who were living in the houses of lay persons, are ordered to return to the monasteries in which they made their profession, whether they left of their own accord, or were driven out by violence, except these refuse to receive them. The feasts of St. Gregory and the English St. Augustine are appointed to be observed.—A.D. 787. Holcot in Northumberland, when twenty canons were passed, the first of which adopted the Nicæan Creed and the first six general Councils. It was forbidden to celebrate the Eucharist with horn cups and patens.—A.D. 816. Holcot, by Duenuif, King of the Mercians, who was present, along with Wilfred, Archbishop of Canterbury, twelve prelates and other clerics. Churches newly built are ordered to be consecrated with aspersion of holy water and the other ceremonies prescribed in the ritual. The Eucharist and relics are to be pre-

served in a box or chest ; but if there be no relics, the Eucharist consecrated by the bishop will suffice, inasmuch as it is the body and blood of Jesus Christ. There should be paintings in the church to indicate the saint to whom it is dedicated. Bishops will appoint the abbots and abbesses in their diocese, with approval of the several communities. No Scotchman will be allowed to officiate in any ecclesiastical function, because it cannot be ascertained by whom he was ordained. On the death of a bishop, the tenth part of his goods shall be given to the poor. All his English slaves shall be manumitted, and people will assemble in the churches at the sound of the bell, to recite thirty psalms. Every bishop will cause 600 masses to be said ; every abbot 120, and will free three slaves, giving each three pence. Every monk or cleric will fast a whole day, in order to procure for the defunct a place in the Eternal Kingdom by their common suffrage. In the administration of baptism the priest shall not content himself with applying water to the head of the infant, but shall plunge him in the font after the example of the Son of God, who was plunged three times in the Jordan.—A.D. 855. Winchester. It was there ordered that the tenth part of all the properties in Wessex should belong to the church in compensation for the spoliation it had suffered at the hands of Norman adventurers, who ravaged the coasts of England as well as those of France.—A.D. 928, at Gratley. It was ordained that all lands should pay tithes, not exempting the royal domains ; and that persons accused of witchcraft should undergo the ordeal of fire and water.—A.D. 1009. Enham, under King Ethelred at the instance of Ælpheage of Canterbury, and Walstan of York. Clergymen are forbidden to marry, under pain of being mulcted in the ordinary public rates and taxes. No Christian is to be sold away from his own country, especially to the service of a pagan master. Tithes and Peter's-pence are to be paid by every one punctually on the days appointed. Payments are to be made thrice a year for lights, and the dues for burial at the opening of the ground. If persons are interred out of their own parish, the dues must be paid nevertheless to their own parish church. Widows must not marry till a year has expired after their husband's decease. Those fines are to be converted to pious uses which have been imposed for religious offences.—A.D. 1065. London, under Edward I. and his Queen. The Monastery of Westminster fully privileged and endowed.—A.D. 1076. Winchester. Canons and priests in the country, forbidden to have wives. Simony in elections of bishops and abbots denounced, as also at ordinations. Bishops are to have fixed sees, and must not conspire against the prince. No bishop

shall hold two sees at once. Altars shall be of stone. Mass shall not be celebrated with beer, or with water alone, but with wine mixed with water. Baptism to be administered at Easter and Pentecost only, except in case of apprehended death. Burial inside of churches prohibited. Apostate monks shall be excommunicated, and incapable of military or ecclesiastical service. Rural clergy, already married, need not put away their wives, but the unmarried are forbidden to marry, and none may be ordained but under vows of continence. The chalice must not be of wax nor wood. Homicides in war may be atoned for by a year of penitence for each death, or a day of penitence every week so long as the confessee lives, or sundry others; or he may build or endow a church.—A.D. 1078. London, under Lanfranc. Certain county sees transferred to towns, whereby Bath, Lincoln, Exeter, Chester, and Chichester were advanced to the dignity of episcopal seats. Wolstan, bishop of Worcester, who had taken part in preceding Councils of Lanfranc, was deposed from his see in this Council on the plea of ignorance, though his morals are stated to have been unexceptionable.—A.D. 1094. Rockingham, where it was decided, contrary to the voice of Anselm of Canterbury, that this prelate could not, without the king's consent, promise obedience to, nor receive the pallium from, Pope Urban II., whom the sovereign had not yet recognized.—A.D. 1095. England. Anselm charged at Easter with recognizing Urban II. without the king's sanction. Three days of brawls. Anselm demands a safe-conduct in order to leave England. The barons obtain him a respite till Pentecost. This Council not recognized by Anselm. Henry I., wishing to marry Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, king of Scots, is opposed on the plea of the lady having been consecrated to heaven in the nunnery in which she was brought up. Matilda appeared before the Council, and proved that neither by her own act, nor by the vow of her parents, had she become a religious. The Council decided in favour of her marriage, and she became the spouse of Henry.—A.D. 1102. London. Simony condemned, and six abbots deposed for the same. Bishops forbidden to act as civil magistrates, and to farm archdeaconries. Archdeacons, and all clergy above the rank of deacon, forbidden to marry or to retain the wives they may have. The sons of priests are not to inherit the churches of their sires. The priests are not to frequent public-houses. They are to wear the tonsure and birett. Churches are not to be consecrated without a sufficient endowment, both for the fabric and the priest. Monks and nuns are forbidden to be godfathers and godmothers. Monks are to receive no churches but from the hands of the bishop, and those which they hold thus they are not to plunder of their

revenues, to the detriment of the buildings and the officiating clergy. Men are forbidden to wear long hair. The bodies of deceased persons shall not be interred outside their own parishes, lest their clergy be defrauded of their proper honorarium. Religious honours are not to be paid to the bodies of dead persons, to fountains, and like objects, without the sanction of the bishop. The sale of men like beasts, forbidden. Sodomy denounced under anathema, absolution thereof resting with the bishop.—A.D. 1108. London. Those priests who have not observed the canons of 1102, shall not be allowed to celebrate mass till they have parted with their wives, and renounced all intercourse with them except in the presence of two witnesses.—A.D. 1125. Westminster. By the Pope's legate, Archbishops of York and Canterbury, twenty bishops, and forty abbots. The legate harangued forcibly against concubinage of priests; but on the authority of Roger of Hoveden, Henry of Huntington, Matthew of Paris, and Walter Hemingford, he was caught in the arms of a courtesan the night ensuing.—A.D. 1127. Westminster. Under William of Corbeil, Archbishop of Canterbury. Deaneries are not to be given save to priests, nor archdeaconries to any under deacon's orders. The concubines of priests are to be driven beyond the bounds of parishes; those who return being either punished or sold. Two archdeaconries are not to be held together. Abbesses and nuns to dress plainly. A.D. 1152.—*Mellifont*, a Cistercian monastery in Ireland, by Cardinal Paparon, legate. Four archbishoprics were instituted, Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam, and their suffragans assigned them.—A.D. 1160. Oxford, whereat were condemned above thirty heretics, followers of one Gérard; they renounced the sacraments of baptism and the Eucharist, thought lightly of marriage, and spurned the authority of the church. The bishops pronounced them heretical, and handed them over to the civil power, which branded them on the forehead, scourged them publicly, and banished them.—A.D. 1171. Armagh, at which all the English slaves were emancipated.—A.D. 1172. Cashel. It was enacted that marriages should be contracted only in accordance with the laws of the church, whereas the Irish had been in the habit of marrying as many wives as they pleased, and even near relations. Children shall be baptized by a trine immersion at the church porch by the priest, instead of by the parent or any other layman at home in water or milk—the prevalent custom. Tithes of cattle, fruits of the earth, and other revenues, to be duly paid. The lands of the church exempted from all dues. Clergy exempted from contributing to compositions for murder, which laymen were obliged to pay. All dying persons shall make their will in the presence of their confessor and neigh-

bours, leaving one part of their property to their children, one to the widow, and the third to God. Those who die after a good confession shall be interred without church rites, namely, masses and wakes. The divine office to be celebrated after the English manner. England having given it a king, it is right it should also give a superior order of worship.—A.D. 1175. London. Clerks in holy orders having a concubine, after three warnings from their bishops, if still refusing to put her away, are to be deprived of their office. Eucharist forbidden to be steeped in wine with a view of rendering the sacrament more complete. None but golden or silver vessels for the Eucharist; the bishop is forbidden to bless pewter.—A.D. 1176. Northampton. The Archbishop of York asserted jurisdiction over the Scottish bishops, who resisted the claim. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave them underhand assistance.—Westminster, the same year. York and Canterbury quarrelled about the right of sitting at the right hand of the president. The quarrel came to blows, and the Archbishop of York was carried from the palace half-dead. The Archbishop of Canterbury was condemned in a pecuniary mulct.—A.D. 1186. Ireland, by the Archbishop of Dublin and his suffragans, touching the reformation of the clergy in general, especially those having concubines. — A.D. 1200. London. It adopted for the most part the canons of the Council of Lateran, A.D. 1179, and added a few others. Priests shall not celebrate mass twice in the same day. Baptism and confirmation to be administered to those who are not certainly known to have been baptized and confirmed. Hence children exposed are to be baptized, although salt be found upon them. When a child has been baptized by a layman, the priest who supplements the service will only use those prayers which follow the immersion. In the imposition of penance, care must be taken to impose none which shall render wife or husband suspected by either of incontinence. Tithes must not be reduced on the plea of the expenses of the harvest. Where persons retain the tithes after three warnings, they are to be excommunicated under anathema. Long pilgrimages may not be undertaken by married persons, without openly declared consent of both parties. When there are lepers in any place, they may build a church or chapel of their own, and have a cemetery and priest for their special use. —A.D. 1201. Perth. The acts lost, but it was ordained that every Saturday the slaves should leave off work at noon.—A.D. 1225. Scotland. The vicars of parishes shall have enough allowed them for their decent subsistence. Churches shall not be farmed to laymen, nor to ecclesiastics beyond a term of five years. The clergy must part with their concubines within a month. If a bishop sin with his “spiritual” daughter, his penance

shall endure fifteen years ; if a priest, twelve years, and the girl shall be shut up in a convent for life. The formula of baptism shall be pronounced in every case distinctly by the priest. In case of necessity, baptism may be administered by any lay person in Latin or English. The water in which a child is baptized at home, is to be thrown into the fire, or borne to the font in the church ; and the basin must either be burnt (if wooden) or be given to the church. The curate of the parish shall remind dying persons making their wills, of the fabric of the church where the tidings of salvation are made known to others. The same shall be done with lepers. Priests must not refuse communion on Easter-day to those who may make no offering. Landlords shall be excommunicated who forbid their tenants to buy the priests' tithes. The concubines of priests are not to be admitted to the holy water, to kiss the pax, or any other communion in church, with the faithful.—A.D. 1241. Oxford. Prayer, and fasts ordained to obtain a good Pope, the Holy See being vacant.—A.D. 1255. London. Against the exactions of the Pope and the Court of England. It was maintained against the nuncio, that the property of the clergy was the Pope's to defend, but not to appropriate and enjoy.—A.D. 1257. London. To restore the liberties of the English church, encroached on by the exactions of the Pope and the King.—A.D. 1258. Merton. On the same subject.—A.D. 1261. Lambeth. Public prayers and fasts ordered to avert the invasion of the Tartars.—A.D. 1279. Reading. Monks are forbidden to style themselves *gentlemen*.—A.D. 1281. Lambeth. Bells are to be rung at the elevation of the host ; the persons in their own houses, or in the fields, may, by going on their knees, receive the benefit of the rite. Priests must celebrate the number of masses they have engaged for, nor suppose that one will serve to acquit them of many. Monks and nuns who have completed their noviciate, will be considered as professed, and denounced as apostates if they return to the world. Bishops will not confer on the sons of the clergy the benefices of their fathers without a dispensation from the Pope.—A.D. 1291. London. To banish the Jews.—A.D. 1351. Dublin. Sepulture and the sacrament shall be denied to no person on the plea that he is indebted to the priest. The feast of St. Patrick shall be observed with a double rite, and solemn remembrance of the Saint once a week besides, excepting in Lent. The feast of the Conception of the Virgin, as well as her Nativity, to be observed. An indulgence of ten days to those persons who bow the head every time they hear the name of Jesus in Sunday and double feast-day services. The priest shall bow at the *Gloria Patri*.—A.D. 1367. York. Forbids children at the breast

being put to sleep with their fathers or mothers, lest they be overlaid.—A.D. 1382. London. Wherein ten propositions of Wickliffe are pronounced heretical, and fourteen erroneous; the archbishop obtained authority from the king to arrest and imprison those who taught these doctrines.—Oxford, in the same year. Many Wickliffites abjured.—A.D. 1397. London. Against the *Trialogues* of Wickliffe.—A.D. 1401. London. On the same subject.—A.D. 1408. London. Hugution, Archbishop of Bourdeaux, engaged the clergy of Great Britain and Ireland to desert Pope Gregory XII. and join the cardinals who had convoked the Council of Pisa.—A.D. 1409. Oxford; reckoned so, but really at St. Paul's, London. Restrictions upon the professors and pupils in the University, respecting heretical opinions; the Sacred Scriptures forbidden to be translated in the vulgar tongue without the bishop's approval, under pain of the greater excommunication, and of being punished as a fautor of heresy.—A.D. 1413. London. To condemn Sir John Oldcastle and the Lollards.—A.D. 1453. Cashel, properly Limerick. Published 120 canons in conformity with those existing in the church, amongst others, forbade the clergy to wear moustaches; in all testamentary dispositions, a portion must be given to the church.—A.D. 1530. Canterbury. Severe punishment will be inflicted on persons possessing or diffusing heretical books. Clerks and religious persons guilty of fornication shall be imprisoned for three months, fasting on bread and water on Wednesdays and Fridays.—A.D. 1559. Edinburgh, by the Archbishop of St. Andrews. Regulating discipline, and establishing the doctrines contested by the modern heretics, such as Tradition, the Relics of Saints, Purgatory, &c., &c. With this last may be said to end in this kingdom, the convocation of ecclesiastical Councils in the interest of Rome. The state of things which those we have glanced at indicates, is not favourable to either the laic or cleric morals of the day, nor does it strike us that conciliar legislation possessed such purity, vigour, and authority, as made it the fittest way of dealing with the offences it condemned. Without the aid and active concurrence of the secular arm, it was powerless; and most commonly because it represented and maintained only class interests, which were detrimental to the whole community; besides, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities were at war with each other. The best service which the Councils effected was, after all perhaps, the perfect but painful picture which they have preserved to us of the condition of the church in the Middle Ages. Here we have it reflected *veluti in speculo*, and neither shame nor hardihood can deny the likeness.

But as in the interpretation of all human documents, so here the student who would master the decrees of infallible Councils

would need an infallible interpreter. Many a word and phrase have received a variety of explications at the hands of canonists and commentators. We shall present a sample : In the Council of Braga, in Portugal, A.D. 563, it is ordained, that priestly men shall not wear moustaches, a prohibition frequently repeated, as for instance, at Cashel, in A.D. 1453. But the meaning of the word used in the original Latin (*grani*), is disputed. Ducange, in his Glossary of Middle-Age Latinity, makes it mean the hair of the head, enjoining, therefore, the monks to have their heads cropped as round as a pea ; but the ordinance of the Carthusians—*barbam non decurtent, nec rasorio granones seu granos radant*, they shall not trim the beard, nor shave with a razor the *grani*, the hairs of the upper lip—seems to us decisive of the meaning.

Again, the outer dress of a monk, a Benedictine, is called in the statutes of Holkot, A.D. 816, *roccus*. Now, does *roccus* mean *froccus*, and does it come from it by mutilation ? or does *froccus* mean *roccus*, and come from it by addition ?—we may safely say the question is still undecided.

In the Council of Auxerre, A.D. 585, occurs the word *compensos* : *non licet compensos in domibus propriis—facere*. The meaning of the word has not been settled by the learned, but ranges through the words *assembly*, *spinning-clubs*, and *dolls*. There let it rest.

Our last example we shall quote from the Council of London, A.D. 1102. There we read in the 18th canon : *Ne abbates faciant milites*. These words some render *let not abbots enter the military service* ; but others state it to signify *let not abbots presume to give episcopal benediction to the knights*.

It will be obvious to the readers of this paper, that in devoting our observations to the synods of our own country, and only fixing upon the lighter singularities of their decisions, we have studiously avoided much offensive matter. Had we touched upon their jurisdiction in relation to the intercourse of the sexes, we might have adduced citations that would awaken the stare of incredulity, and the burning cheek of shame and indignation. The reasoning of the following from the Council of Compiègne, A.D. 757, is almost too ridiculous for reprehension :—

“ If any person having found out that his wife has had commerce with her brother, divorces her and marries another woman, whom in like manner he finds to be not a virgin, this second wife is nevertheless his lawful spouse, and is on no pretext to be put away, because when he married her he was not a virgin himself. If he marries a third wife, he must go back to the second, and the woman be at liberty to marry whom she will.”

The horrors of the charnel-house of the monastery we have not attempted to reveal ; nor shall we. Nevertheless, visit that

populous abbey in Northumberland in the year of our Lord 816, long after the time of the Venerable Bede. What makes the mortal stillness there? It is like the abode of death. And those pale spectres that totter about in cowl and frock, who are they? Those are the monks, and this is their *dies æger* or *dies minutionis*, the day once a month, when the church of Rome, sitting in solemn conclave, has ordained that her celibates shall suffer loss of blood to subdue the appetites of the flesh! Such is her inhuman contrivance to counteract her inhuman violation of the laws of nature—"forbidding to marry." The topic is too wide and our space too narrow for comment or illustration. Our regret for our limited space is the greater, as it prevents us noticing the matter contained in the second volume, which devotes 500 pages to the Synods of the Roman Church during the last fifty years, so rapidly is ecclesiastical, like other history, growing up around us. Our readers will have recourse to the work itself for this attractive information, which opens up to him the inner legislation on which the outer life of that formidable corporation is founded. It explains many things which are inscrutable but for this explication.

We have checked the statements of Guérin throughout, with the help of Richard and other works on the Councils. A notable instance of the exercise of the censorship, more rare in books than in the case of journals, exhibits itself in the quartos of our Dominican. The fifth volume shows a lacuna from page 446 to page 457, and from 644 to 689, in the one case of eleven, in the other of forty-five pages; the subject in the former case is Canons, in the latter Union, both of them delicate subjects—*periculosa alea*—in the Church of Rome, especially to be treated by a divine who is a regular, and, at the same time, a member of an independent national church. We need not go far for reasons enough to suggest the cause of the exclusion of such combustible matters as these.

To give a sample of the outrageous Ultramontaniam of our author, we have but to quote his note, p. 509., Vol I., where, on our English Council of Merton, A.D. 1258, convened to defend the liberties of the Anglican Church, Guérin comments in this wise:—

"So there were *Anglican liberties* once upon a time, as people pretend there are *Gallican liberties* now. But let each particular church arrogate to itself *liberties* and *franchises*; let their doctors make regulations which they shall entitle our *maxims*, and what then becomes of unity? Will our doctors have the goodness to inform us?"

This is in the worst spirit of the *Univers*. But it is only in harmony with what he advances on the Synod of Thurles, p.

293, Vol. II., where he distinctly says that the prelates assembled, A.D. 1850, could not evade the instructions of the Holy See without so far forfeiting their submission. Of the volume embodying the proceedings of that most important ecclesiastical convocation—for it has revolutionized the entire action of the Romish Church in Ireland, and from being a national church, has laid it down prostrate at the feet of the decrepit and miserable monk now occupying the Papal throne—we have taken the pains to present an analysis to our readers.* Children yet unborn looking back to the conflicting histories of Protestantism and Popery in the Sister Island, will point to the convocation of the Popish bishops at Thurles as the commencement of an era. From this date the Irish Church assumes in its ceremonial, costume, and policy, a thoroughly Italian character. Sir Robert Peel thought he could conciliate the Papal power by insulting the Protestant instincts of the empire in the perpetual endowment of Maynooth, and secure the sanction of the Roman court for his most liberally constituted Queen's colleges; but Italian craft and bigotry outwitted him, as per specimen:—

“Sacerdotes omnes aliosque clericos prohibemus ne munus aliquod quod ad administrationem horum collegiorum spectet, assumant aut retineant; neve professores, seu decani residentiae in iis fiant aut remaneant.

“Any cleric presuming to do so after this Council is held, is suspended by virtue of his mere act.” (Suspensionem ipso facto incurrat). And against the colleges the laity are thus warned: “Talia [i. e. praedicta collegia] esse declaramus, quæ omni ratione a fidelibus Catholicis, qui fidem commodis omnibus et emolumentis temporalibus anteponere debent, sunt rejicienda et evitanda.”†

ART. IV.—*First Footsteps in East Africa; or, an Exploration of Harar.* By Richard F. Burton, Bombay Army. Author of “Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah.” London: Longman and Co.

2. *Western Africa: its History, Condition, and Prospects.* By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, eighteen years a Missionary in Africa, and now one of the Secretaries of the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

WHAT will be the future of Africa? We can predict with something like precision the destiny of continents still young in

* See this analysis at the end.

† The volume from which this extract is taken is a thin 8vo. of seventy-nine pages: “Decreta Synodi plenariae Episcoporum Hiberniae apud Thurles habitae, Anno MDCCCL. Jussu Superiorum: Dublinii, apud Jacobum Duffy, Ripa vulgo dicta Wellington Quay. 1851.

the world's history; we can picture to the mind's eye the length and breadth of America peopled with glowing cities and cultivated fields; we can realize the idea of new empires springing up in the rich and lovely islands of the southern seas; we can foresee the time, as it were, when order, plenty, and life, shall fill the valleys and the plains of old but still neglected countries; we can imagine the tide of ancient wealth and splendour rolled back upon the East from the golden shores of the West; we can conceive the possibility of Calais being connected with Peking, and the ocean-lakes of Canada with the waters of the Paraguay and the Uruguay by an uninterrupted line of railway;—but we cannot calculate upon the time when a steam-carriage shall traverse the mighty void from Cape Bona to the Cape of Good Hope, and bring the negro tribes of Central Africa into communion with the rest of the world.

We do not say that such a consummation is impossible: we hope better things. We have confidence in the enduring and enterprising character of man. We put trust in the energizing and conquering principles of civilization. We have faith in the penetrating and spreading mission of the Gospel, and we would be the last to abandon this unhappy continent and leave it in utter friendlessness and despair.

But whence shall its deliverance come?—From the north or from the south, from the east or from the west? Shall French principles and Italian creeds revolutionize it from Algeria? Shall British influence and Protestant truths reach it through Kaffir-land? Shall Mohammedan votaries direct its worship from the shrines of Mecca and Medina? Or, shall this great work be accomplished by native agents and native energy extending eastward and around from Liberia, the land of the freedmen?

We know of no period in modern times when the subject of African discovery has been more strongly pressed upon the attention of the civilized world, or more strenuous efforts been made to acquire something like a competent knowledge of the physical conformation of this vast peninsula, and the numbers and the characters of its inhabitants, than at the present day. The efforts of Clapperton, Richardson, and Barth, not to mention other names, to explore the interior from the north, have kept alive the spirit of enterprise, and the interest which must ever be felt about those midland regions, whilst the favourable reports we daily hear of the success of the last, *en attendant* more authentic information, warrant us in entertaining encouraging sentiments. The excursion of Lieutenant Burton from Zayla to Harar, the capital of the Hadayah kingdom, a city never before polluted by the foot of a European, undertaken too with a view of opening

commercial relations with the interior from the east, exhibits in a striking degree the bold character of modern adventure. We do not say that any great and beneficial result will immediately follow this hazardous enterprise. But it is satisfactory to have obtained a knowledge of the Somali tribes, to have tested their disposition, to have examined their resources, to have ascertained the difficulties to be encountered on the route, and to have expressed a friendly feeling towards races of whom it may truly be said, that hitherto their hand has been against every man's, and every man's hand against them.

Yet, perhaps, in the present instance the most cheering prospect, the most hopeful vision lies in the west; and we refer to the work of Mr. Wilson, eighteen years a missionary on the coast of Africa, to show what has been done in the way of civilizing and evangelizing the natives, and what grounds there are for hoping that, under the Divine blessing, the light of the Gospel and the religion of the Cross shall break in upon and dispel the mixed worships of Mahomet and Mumbo Jumbo, which now prevail and cast their baneful shadows upon the hearts and hearths of the whole Negritian race.

The peculiar interest attached to Lieutenant Burton's journey across the sea-board mountains of East Africa, consists, as we have already said, in his having entered the city of Harar, which had never been entered before by any European. This city, the capital of Hadayah, is about 175 miles south-west of Zayla, and 219 miles west of Berberah; seaports of the Indian ocean. It lies on an elevated slope, falling gently from west to east 5,500 feet above the level of the sea. On the eastern side are cultivated fields; westwards, a terraced ridge laid out in orchards; northwards, a detached eminence covered with tombs; and to the south, the city declines to a low valley bisected by a mountain stream. This irregular position is well sheltered from high winds, especially on the northern side, by the range of which Kondura is the lofty apex; hence, as the Persian poet sings of a heaven-favoured city,—

“Its heat is not hot, nor its cold, cold.”

The country through which Mr. Burton had to pass to reach his difficult goal was rugged, mountainous, and desert in the extreme, overrun by the lion and the leopard, and inhabited by the Somal—a race whose virtues are rare, but whose treachery, rapacity, and avarice, have been long established. They are divided into different tribes. Hence we have the Eesa Somal, the Gudabirsi Somal, the Girrhi Somal, and the Habr Arval Somal, the fiercest and most intractable of their race. “The Somals,” observes Lieutenant Burton, “by their own traditions,

as well as their strongly-marked physical peculiarities, their customs and their geographical position, may be determined to be a half-caste tribe, an off-shoot of the great Galla race, approximated, like the originally negro Egyptian, to the Caucasian type by a steady influx of Asiatic blood." It is a matter of no small difficulty, however, to pronounce upon the origin of a population so little known, and whose genealogies differ with different authorities. Their manners and customs are subjects of more tangible interest; yet is it deplorable to see the low and degraded moral and intellectual state to which the Somals are reduced. Nominally they hold to the Shafei branch of Mahomedanism, the principal peculiarity of which is, that no prayers are recited over the dead; but they have a diversity of superstitions, all of Pagan origin. They swear by stones, reverence cairns and holy trees, and try by ordeals of fire and water. They have also traditionary seers called Táwuli, like the Greegee men of Western Africa, who by inspecting the fat and bones of slaughtered cattle, "do medicine," predict rains, battles, and diseases of animals. This class, to which either sex may belong, is greatly feared and respected by the vulgar. With regard to their character, we are told that it partakes of the levity and instability of the negro type. Light-minded as the Abyssinians, soft, merry, and affectionate, they pass without any apparent transition into a state of fury, when they are capable of terrible atrocities. An instance is recorded. In February, 1847, a small *sept*, the Ayyal Yunis, being expelled from Berberah, settled at the roadstead of Balhary, where a few merchants, principally Indian and Arab, joined them. The men were in the habit of leaving their women and children, sick and aged, at the encampment inland, whilst, descending to the beach, they carried on their trade. One day as they were thus employed, unsuspecting of danger, a foraging-party of about 2,500 Eesas attacked the camp: men, women, and children, were indiscriminately put to the spear, and the plunderers returned to their village in safety, laden with an immense amount of booty. These massacres are fearful.

The women, as in all barbarous countries, are made to toil, and therefore in Somali are superior in muscular strength and endurance to the men. They are engaged all day, when at home, in domestic affairs and tending cattle; on journeys, they drive and load the camels, look after the ropes, and if necessary make them, pitch the hut, bring water and fire-wood, and cook the food. As may be supposed, their social position is very degraded, which must be the case in all countries where polygamy is a revered institution.

The following description will give a good idea of the country around Harar, and of a Harar noble:—

"About noon we crossed the Erar river. The bed is about one hundred yards broad, and a thin sheet of clear, cool, and sweet water covered with crystal the greater part of the sand. In the lower valley, a mass of waving holcus, we met a multitude of Galla peasants coming from the city market with new pot-lids and empty gourds, which had contained their butter, ghee, and milk. As we commenced another ascent appeared a Harar grandee, mounted upon a handsomely caparisoned mule, and attended by seven servants who carried gourds and skins of grain. He was a pale-faced senior with a white beard, dressed in a fine robe, and a snowy turban with scarlet edges; he carried no shield, but an Abyssinian broadsword was slung over his shoulder. We exchanged courteous salutations: and as I was thirsty, he ordered a footman to fill a cup with water. At 2 P.M. we fell into a narrow-fenced lane, and halted for a few minutes near a spreading tree, under which sat women selling ghee and unspun cotton. About two miles distant, on the crest of a hill, stood the city—the end of my present travel—a long sombre line, strikingly contrasting with the whitewashed towns of the East. The spectacle, materially speaking, was a disappointment: nothing conspicuous appeared but two grey minarets of rude shape: many would have grudged exposing their lives to win so paltry a prize. But of all that have attempted, none ever succeeded in entering that pile of stones."—P. 290.

Hence the exultation of Lieutenant Burton.

Advancing to the gate, with his guides and servants, our traveller accosted the warder, known by his long wand of office, and sent his salaams to the Amir, saying that he had come from Aden, and requested the honour of an audience. In the meanwhile he and his party sat at the foot of a round bastion, where they were scrutinized, derided, and catechized by the curious of both sexes.

The principal street of Harar is "a narrow up-hill lane, with rocks cropping out from a surface more irregular than a Perote pavement." By this street Lieutenant Burton proceeded to the palace—"a mere shed; a long, single-storied, windowless barn of rough stone and reddish clay, with no other insignia but a thin coat of whitewash over the door." When within twelve yards of the palace walls, he and his party were ordered to take off their slippers, as though entering a mosque. This was objected to, but in vain. Their weapons were then demanded. This was still more objected to, and by dint of obstinacy their daggers were left to his servants, and to Lieutenant Burton his revolver,—“the father of six,” as the Easterns facetiously call it.

After these preliminaries came the introduction:

"The guide raised a door-curtain, suggested a bow, and I stood in the presence of the dreaded chief.

"The Amir, or, as he styles himself, the Sultan Ahmad bin Sultan

Abilakr, sat in a dark room with whitewashed walls, to which hung—significant decorations—rusty matchlocks and polished fetters. His appearance was that of a little Indian Rajah, an etiolated youth, twenty-four or twenty-five years old, plain and thin-bearded, with a yellow complexion, wrinkled brows and protruding eyes. His dress was a flowing robe of crimson cloth edged with snowy fur, and a snowy white turban tightly twisted round a tall conical cap of red velvet, like the old Turkish head-gear of our painters. His throne was a common Indian kursi or raised cot, about five feet long, with back and sides supported with a dwarf railing: being an invalid, he rested his elbow upon a pillow, under which appeared the hilt of a Cutch sabre. Ranged in double line, perpendicular to the Amir, stood the 'Court,' his cousins and nearest relations, with right arms bared after the fashion of Abyssinia.

"I entered the room with a loud 'Peace be upon ye!' To which his H. H. replying graciously and extending a hand, bony and yellow as a kite's claw, snapped his thumb and middle finger. Two chamberlains stepping forward, held my fore-arms and assisted me to bend low over the fingers, which, however, I did not kiss. These preliminaries concluded, we were led to and seated upon a mat in front of the Amir, who directed towards us a frowning brow and an inquisitive eye. Some inquiries were made concerning the chief's health: he shook his head captiously, and inquired our errand. I drew from my pocket my own letter: it was carried by a chamberlain, with hands veiled in his tobe; to the Amir; who, after a brief glance, laid it upon the couch and demanded further explanation. I then represented in Arabic that we had come from Aden, bearing the compliments of our daulah or governor, and that we had entered Harar to see the light of H. H.'s countenance. This information concluded with a little speech, describing the changes of political agents in Arabia, and alluding to the friendship that formerly existed between the English and the deceased chief Abubakr. The Amir smiled graciously. This smile, I must own, my dear L., was a relief. We had been prepared for the worst; and the aspect of affairs in the palace was by no means reassuring. Whispering to his treasurer (a little ugly man with a badly-shaved head, coarse features, pug nose, angry eyes, and stubby beard), the Amir made a sign for us to retire. The *baise main* was repeated, and we backed out of the audience-shed in high favour."—P. 298.

The Lieutenant's stay in Harar extended to only ten days—days which were devoted to visits to and from distinguished personages, an examination of the lions of the place, learning the grammar of the language from his friend the Shaykh Jami, an inspection of the library of the college—for Harar is the Alma Mater of East Africa, and inundates the surrounding districts with poor scholars and crazy "Widads"—and to a study of the trade, commerce, government, revenue, and army of the kingdom. We must, however, refer the reader to Mr. Burton's lively and

interesting volume for the details of his residence at Harar. At length, after many doubts and fears lest the capriciousness of the reigning despot should interfere with his liberty, or even attack his life—for where a man's liberty and life depend upon the single word of a prince, neither are secure—the final audience takes place, and the Lieutenant finds himself outside the fortifications once more. "Suddenly my weakness and sickness," he says, "left me—so potent a drug is joy—and as we passed the gates, loudly salaaming the warders, who were crouching over the fire inside, a weight of care and anxiety fell from me like a cloak of lead." The personal incidents of this travel are very stirring, whilst the observations on the country and the people, which Mr. Burton's work contains, are particularly useful. He found it, however, expedient to return by a way different from that by which he came, owing to the doubtful character of the tribes he would have to encounter.

In leaving this book, we traverse the whole breadth of the African continent to visit the true Negritian races. No question as to their intellectual endowments and their capacity for high improvement has ever been thrown out against the populations of Eastern Africa. It is an accepted fact that they are of a superior order of the human family. The poor African of the Western Coast, however, is "despised and rejected as a vile thing," whose development is imperfect, and whose destiny is slavery. It is against this prevailing idea, set up by the possessors of slaves, and supported by interested scientific men of the last generation, that the labours of present-day science and the energies of contemporary missionaries have been directed. The latter, however, have been found to be the real friends of the negro. It was with the desire of raising this unfortunate race to a higher state of civilization by educating them, and imparting to their benighted minds the Divine light of the Gospel that Mr. Wilson laboured amongst them. We shall first briefly give a picture of the condition of the coast-countries and their populations, and then see what are the hopes entertained by so zealous a minister to their welfare.

Western Africa, in the present acceptation of the term, is that portion of the coast lying between the river Senegal and Cape Frio, and bounded eastward by a long chain of mountains that receive different names in different localities, but are, in fact, spurs or offshoots of the celebrated Gebel-el-Komri, or Mountains of the Moon. It includes a territory upwards of four thousand miles in length, and contains several kingdoms; the principal of which are Senegambia, Ashanti, Dehomi, Benin, Loango, Congo, Angola, and Benguela. The physical aspect of this territory, as might be inferred from its great extent, is

highly diversified. In some instances the ground is flat and monotonous; but this is rather exceptional than the rule; for generally the country is broken up into delightful valleys and hills, presenting some of the richest and most exuberant scenery to be found anywhere in the world. The climate, too, along the sea-coast, though warm, is not oppressively so. The land and sea-breezes which alternate during the day, moderate the temperature and render it rather pleasant than otherwise.

The population of this region may be divided into three grand divisions. The first of these inhabit Senegambia; the second, Upper or Northern Guinea; and the third, Southern Guinea, or as it is sometimes called, Southern Ethiopia. These families, though belonging to the negro or African race, are marked amongst themselves by essential differences. The multifarious forms of heathenism, which constitute their worship, has greatly debased their natural character; but they have qualities so far redeeming, that they are not to be ranked with the lowest order of the human race. If we compare them with the civilized nations of other parts of the world, their deficiencies will be conspicuous enough, but compared with other uncivilized races of men they will occupy a respectable position. They have fixed habitations. They cultivate the soil for the means of subsistence (we are quoting the testimony of Mr. Wilson); have herds of domestic cattle; show as much foresight as almost any other people in providing for their future wants; have made very considerable proficiency in most of the mechanic arts; and at the same time, they evince not only a decided taste, but an equal aptitude for commercial pursuits. They have no written literature, and no system of education, with the exception of those tribes who have been brought under the influence of Mohammedanism; but they have almost any amount of unwritten lore, in the form of fables, allegories, traditionary stories, and proverbial sayings, in which are displayed no small share of close observation and lively imagination, with extraordinary shrewdness of character.

The existence of the slave-trade for so many years in this region tended greatly to disorganize and demoralize the inhabitants. There were many who sincerely looked forward to the improvement and elevation of the blacks in the social scale; but it may well be asked, what could be done whilst no tribe was free from the man-hunting excursions of another, whilst raids the most cruel, the most desolating, were every-day occurrences. Yoruba affords us a painful example of this, though happily by the interference of the British government the vast trade in human merchandise which used to be carried on here,

has been suppressed. In fact, it was the last stronghold of the traffic, and one of the last to be coerced into an abandonment of its unnatural commerce. Disorganized, however, as this kingdom is, there are hopes that at no distant day it will exhibit the example of order and good government. Thirty years ago, a few small and despairing tribes, or rather bands, harassed by the slave-hunts, took refuge in a cavern on the banks of the Ogun, where they were joined by others. At first they dared not venture far from their place of concealment, but subsisted on berries, roots, and such articles of food, the wild produce of nature. At length, as their numbers increased, they cultivated the ground, built houses, and formed themselves, the remnants of 130 towns, into one government. The place where they lived received the name of Abeokuta, or literally Understone, in honour of the cavern where the first fugitives found shelter and concealment. About fifteen years ago the fortune of their countrymen of Abeokuta reached the ears of a number of re-captives at Sierra Leone, who resolved to return to their native land. It is said that then, in three years from 1839 to 1842, Abeokuta received an accession of 500 persons, carrying with them the property they had amassed. Many of these were educated, and somewhat accustomed to the usages of civilized life :—

“One of the most remarkable men connected with this enterprise,” says Mr. Wilson, “is a man of the name of Crowther,—in the Yoruba language he was called Adgai. He was a native of the country, and embarked as a slave on board of a slaver at Badagry, in 1822. This vessel was captured by a man-of-war and taken to Sierra Leone. Here he received a good education, was converted, and became a minister of the Gospel. He was among the first to return to his native country, and hoist the Christian banner in this dark portion of the earth ; and has ever since been one of the most effective members of the missionary band. He still remains in this good work, and is now laboriously engaged in translating the Bible into the Yoruba language. He found his own mother and many of his sisters here, and has since had the great satisfaction of seeing them become humble followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.”—P. 198.

The population of this community has been estimated as highly as 150,000 persons, but its fortunes are still liable to be assailed from the jealousy and ambition of surrounding barbaric states :—

“The King of Dehomi watched the growing power of Abeokuta,” we are told, “with an evil eye. Something more than three years ago he set in motion a large army, with the view of destroying this great and growing city, and reducing its inhabitants to slavery. But

the same superintending Providence, which preserved this community during the period of their infancy and weakness, was over them in this more imminent danger. Prayer was offered up by many Christians within the walls of the town, and was heard. The king made a desperate assault upon the place, but he met with a most unexpected and spirited resistance. The engagement was carried on, outside the walls, for several hours, when the Dehoman army was compelled to give way; and, it is believed, the King himself would have been captured, if it had not been for the desperate and almost frantic fury with which his amazons defended his person. —P. 199.

It is, however, to Liberia and Sierra Leone that we must look, as the base of operations from which all the influences that shall bless and enlighten these unhappy races must eradicate; and truly there is much ground for hope that great things will eventually be done for them,—that the Sun of Righteousness shall rise upon this unhappy people with healing in His wings,—and that all the tribes and races of this vast and comparatively unknown Continent shall be drawn together within the circle of civilization. The promise held out to us is founded on the good that has already been effected, and the ratio in which improvement has progressed. Mr. Wilson has made this evident in an excellent paper, which he wrote and published a few years since, on the state of the Slave-trade, when the withdrawal of the British squadron from the coast was mooted in parliament, and which he has incorporated into the present volume. After reviewing the state of the trade, commerce, and wealth of these young communities, and showing the means of communicating with the various nations of the interior which they possess—means peaceable, friendly, and conciliating—he proceeds to point out what is the only sure means of regenerating the natives, and to recapitulate what has been effected:—

“Christianity,” observes Mr. Wilson, “is capable of doing for her (Africa) what no other agency ever can; and the missionary societies, both of England and America, have addressed themselves to the task of giving her the Gospel, with a degree of earnestness which promises the most cheering results. To the south of Sierra Leone, and between that and the Equator, that part of the coast where the efforts of the squadron to put down the slave-trade have been most successful, there have been founded, in fifteen or sixteen years, as many as twelve independent missions, at the distance of 100 or 200 miles from each other, embracing three times that number of distinct stations along the coast, and a still greater number of out-stations interior-ward. The Gospel is preached statedly to thousands and hundreds of thousands, not only along the frontier regions, but far in the interior. More than 10,000 youths are now receiving a Christian education in the schools connected with these missions,

and will, ere long, be sent forth to spread the blessings of education and Christianity, far and near, among the benighted inhabitants of this land.—P. 444.

After proceeding to say that twelve different dialects have been studied and reduced to a system, and that printing presses are at work to give to the natives books in their own language, he continues:—

“All this varied agency has been put into operation within the last fifteen years; and as every step gained in this work prepares the way for more accelerated progress, it must be seen at once, that Christian missions are destined to exert a vast influence over the future destinies of Africa; and they will, therefore, receive, as they certainly deserve, the countenance and support of every friend of humanity.”—P. 445.

We have been pleased to dwell more on the future prospects of Africa than on its present condition, as there is something refreshing and encouraging in the view that this outcast people are at length becoming penetrated with a sense of the value of the Bible. We might have drawn pictures from Mr. Wilson's book of the demoralized condition both of man and woman on the coast we have been describing, of the unholy and degrading systems of worship which they adopt, and of the humiliating and crushing despotism under which they have almost become extirpated: we might have, we are happy to say, relieved this picture by occasional glimpses of a kindly and affectionate disposition gleaming forth amid this social depravity, and revealing still the humanity of their natures. We have preferred, however, to take hold of that which most closely allies itself with our Christian sympathies, leaving our reader to make himself familiarly acquainted with the habits, customs, and character of the different tribes of Western Africa from the interesting and instructive pages of the volume itself.

ART. V.—*An Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects: comprising an account of Noxious and Useful Insects; of their Metamorphoses, Food, Stratagems, Habitations, Societies, Motions, Noises, Hybernation, Instinct, &c.* By W. Kirby and W. Spence. Seventh Edition. Longman and Co. London. 1856.

If anything more than a fleeting renown could be acquired by a well-written book on a scientific subject, Kirby and Spence might gain, by their “*Introduction to Entomology*,” that sort

of immortality which men of letters desire. It is written in a clear, expressive style, with a precision to which authors less practically acquainted with the subject could not attain; and gives the results of long experience, continued research, and extensive reading upon many interesting subjects connected with the lives of insects. It takes a minute as well as a general view of the circumstances under which they are produced, and the conditions under which they live; and contains many interesting illustrations of the presiding influence and care of God over all His works. The comprehensive intelligence with which the subject is treated, the accuracy of the details, and the learned research in which the authors sometimes indulge themselves, will give to this work a long and honourable existence in the literature of science; but, like all other writings of the same class, its days are numbered, and the time will come when it will cease to be regarded as a popular exposition, and the relic of its honour will be, frequent quotation by the antiquaries of science.

This is, we admit, a gloomy view of the authorship of scientific men, and may act as a discouragement to those who write for posthumous fame. But it is certainly true that a man of science cannot reasonably anticipate lasting reputation for a summary of the scientific knowledge of his age, however carefully and ingeniously executed. The renown obtained by the laborious composition of scientific works is, of all others, the most evanescent.

The cause of this rapid decay in the popularity and usefulness of scientific books is evident. They are the records of facts which, by the increase of knowledge, are presented in unanticipated aspects and relations. The discovery of new truths, the correction of old errors, and the more perfect application of established principles, makes that defective to-day which was yesterday the representation of existing knowledge. No grace of style, no profundity of thought, can compensate, in an elementary treatise, for the omission of recent discoveries, or for a narrow and imperfect view of the science, much less for an erroneous representation of the philosophy of the subject. Euler's "Letters to a German Princess on Physics and Philosophy," are models of popular scientific writing—elegant in style, original in plan and execution, and elementary without being puerile—bearing throughout the evidence of the authorship of a comprehensive, philosophical mind. But no competent teacher would now direct a student to the works of the great German mathematician for lessons on the elements of natural philosophy, although he might select from them passages in which certain subjects are better explained by this master

than by any more modern author. If such be the fate of the books of the great Euler, we need not wonder that a few years should consign to oblivion the works of much less powerful and original thinkers. Nor can any additions or corrections restore to a scientific book the fair face which time has marred, or supply what is wanted to the defective illustration and imperfect knowledge. There is, too, in the books of every past age, a grotesque, antiquated literary fashion, which diminishes the popular value of old scientific treatises, and they can no more be fitted to the taste of other times, than the marriage-coat of a septuagenarian can be cut into a courtly dress for his grandson. Hence it is that the names of the most profound thinkers, and most successful investigators of nature, are honoured in the history of science long after their "elements" and "introductions" have lost their value to the booksellers, as well as to the student. The names of such men are recorded on tablets raised by posterity, when the monuments they erected for themselves have fallen to decay.

In proof of the rapid desuetude of scientific books once held in high admiration, we might refer to their history. It is a cogent fact that Euclid's "Elements of Geometry" is the only scientific book of great age held in respect by the philosophers of our times, and it is, probably, the only book which will permanently hold a pre-eminent place among the scientific works of every succeeding generation: the class-book of the Greek geometer is, to the extent of literary immortality, immortal. Newton's "Principia," which a century ago was awarded, prophetically, a perpetuity of honour beyond the reach of envy or competition, is already losing its reputation in the schools, and it is not improbable that, in some future and not far-distant age, it will be regarded as an antiquated book below the requirements of scientific education. Had the fame of the English philosopher rested on it, without reference to his discoveries, the name of Newton might, some centuries hence, be unknown. The "*Mécanique Celeste*," of La Place is the only other scientific book which can be selected for a perpetuity of renown; and it may be reasonably doubted whether the ambitious effort of the author will be successful; for, although the book will long secure him the highest scientific honours, its value may be depreciated by the discovery of new processes of investigation, and more profound views of the phenomena of Nature, and their relations. Ages may elapse before an author of equal originality and power may have occasion to supply the defects and correct the limited and erroneous opinions of La Place; but the constitution of the human mind, and the unfathomable wisdom of God in creation, lead us to anticipate the advent of that day. But

if such books as were produced by Euler, Newton, and La Place have a doubtful continuance of pre-eminence, there can be little hope of the permanent reputation of those popular expositions of science which are the staple literary products of the philosophers of all ages, however carefully, correctly, or elegantly written.

If we turn from books on pure and experimental science to those on natural history, we shall find in them the elements of decay common to other philosophical essays, and some peculiar to themselves. In this department of science an increase of observers, and a greater minuteness of observation, not only authenticate facts and discover errors, but add to the number of the objects of study. Every newly-discovered species must be named, and classification is necessary for the recognition of it as an individual, and as a member of some family or tribe. If the whole creation were exposed to the view of the most competent observer, the task of classifying the numerous species, so as to show the relations of each to the others, would be difficult enough, and differences of opinion would exist upon principles as well as details,—upon the general plan of arrangement as well as the sub-division of groups and genera. But a clear perception of the classification adopted by a naturalist is necessary for understanding his writings; and, as all classifications are but opinions, and to a great extent arbitrary, an author's hope of a perpetuity of renown from a book founded on scientific arrangements is necessarily doomed to disappointment. But the whole creation is not open to the observation of any one man, nor indeed to any combination of competent naturalists. The opinions of individuals are necessarily dependent on the objects and phenomena exhibited in the minute locality he occupies of a vast area, and if he rise above the level of other men, his enlarged view gives a more intense consciousness of the limitation of his vision. The attempt of a naturalist to classify the objects of his study, when he has but a slight acquaintance with a minority of existing species, is a task far more difficult of execution than would be the labour of a mechanic who should resolve to reconstruct perfect instruments from the intermixed parts of ten thousand time-keepers, collected in heaps, and deposited in all parts of the world. If from the few within his reach he should be able, by unremitting labour and careful sorting, to put two or three clocks and chronometers together, and catalogue the remaining wheels and axles, springs and pendulums, he might congratulate himself upon his partial success; and hope, by inducing others to follow his example, that his object would be ultimately accomplished, and ten thousand perfect instruments move

together in harmony. But supposing the task to be finished by the labour of numerous workmen, the time-keepers, and not the records of successful attempts and fortunate discoveries, would receive the attention and admiration of the public. By a similar process and with a similar result, the classification of the subjects of natural history is accomplished. The work is not yet perfected, but the books, in which many successful labourers recorded their experiments, observations, and opinions, are already abandoned by those who are deriving benefit from their researches. The works of Linné are seldom read, though his name is printed on every page of the modern historians of natural science, and the influence of his mind is felt in every research. "The Animal Kingdom"—a glorious example of the power of industry and genius, which has made the name of Cuvier famous in all countries where "every living creature that moveth" is studied—has already required the correction of an editor; and a comparison of the first edition of Kirby and Spence's "Introduction to Entomology," with that which is now before us, will furnish another proof of the fact we have ventured to affirm.

But, although we cannot peruse the masterly productions of the science of our age without a sigh, conscious of their almost ephemeral reputation, we are, like their authors, cheered by the recollection that the principal object of their publication is always attained, and that when they cease to be longer useful to mankind, it is from the growth of the knowledge they have imparted and the higher development of the human intellect. Forty years ago, when the book now before us in a seventh edition was published, the science of Entomology was regarded as a trifling pursuit beneath the dignity of an intelligent man; and an observer of insects was reputed to be weak in his intellect—a mere butterfly-collector. Kirby and Spence were bold enough to brave this prejudice, and their book did much to emancipate the public mind from a ridiculous misconception, to encourage others in pursuits which had yielded them much intellectual gratification, and to prove that "the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them who have pleasure therein." Few books on a neglected subject have been more successful than the "Introduction to Entomology," and none have better deserved the reputation obtained. Nor is its mission complete. For many years to come it will be read with interest, and quoted as an authority; and when its old age is at hand, and it gives place to another favourite, the names of its authors will be remembered with honour, and their labours be recited as a motive for the pursuit of the science they greatly advanced.

We must now turn from the book to the subject of which it treats.

If the dignity of a study were in proportion to the magnitude of the object studied, Entomology would be properly regarded as a trifling pursuit. The conceit of youth may be excused when the little vaunts itself over the less, but we are at a loss to conceive why a man devoted to one pursuit should sneer at the application of equal powers of mind to subjects in which he has no interest, because the objects are of small magnitude. A man who can find no better reason to justify his contempt for the study of insects, must have so much more conceit than decent sense that the dignity of argument would be offended, and its purpose perverted by an attempt to convince him that he judges foolishly.

A prejudice however does exist in the minds of some intelligent men against the study of insects, because they identify the entomologist with the collector, an error we need not take the trouble to expose. But there are other objectors who, if they were honest to themselves, would find that their assumed contempt is in fact a dissatisfaction arising from ignorance, and a consciousness that there is much to be observed which they never saw, and discoveries to be made for which they have neither the aptitude nor the preliminary information. To other persons insects are unpleasant or repulsive objects unless they present themselves in delicate forms and court-dresses. By such fastidious people the little creatures always and everywhere about them, are supposed to have no mission in the world but to annoy and irritate them, or to exercise some insatiable, malign power over man and vertebrated animals destructive to their comfort and injurious to their health. But if this were true, it should be a motive to the study of their production and habits. Personal interest and benevolence should unite to encourage an examination of the physical structure and modes of life of such insidious enemies. But that which is the most common and the most formidable objection to the study of Entomology is the necessity of an acquaintance with a systematic classification embracing four hundred thousand living forms. This objection, or rather impediment to the study, is more fancied than real: but it is no part of our purpose to explain or defend the modern system of classification, or to show how by a few divisional lines each individual of this vast multitude of varied forms may be assigned to its own family and tribe. This, however, is the use of classification, while it encourages and strengthens the faculty of observation, and directs the mind of the student to those resemblances which are characteristic of family alliance—those differences which distinguish races.

If Entomology had no higher claim to our respect than as an interesting amusement supplying employment for the idle, we should be among its patrons; for something is gained when a human mind is rescued from inactivity and fixed upon an object of research, especially if that object be a part of the great kingdom of nature. But to speak of the science as if this were its only purpose would be derogatory to its claims, and in the highest degree unjust to the many intelligent educated men who, with great powers of observation and research, have devoted their time to the study of insects. Entomology explains the economy of a world which to most men is as novel as if it were a new creation. The insect world, minute as its inhabitants are, is one in which we discover the existence of all the affections and passions actuating and governing vertebrated animals. Here, as in other kingdoms of nature, we perceive the effects of oppression and of fear; of courage and of timidity; of the avarice of accumulation and of the indulgence of selfishness. Among the pigmy individuals of this great kingdom, we observe in some a cruel indifference to the rights and lives of others; in some an amiable love of offspring and attachment to friends; and among them all, in an exaggerated degree, those peculiarities of habit and temperament, and those contests and struggles so common in the societies of larger animals and among the nations of mankind. Some insect families live in sunshine and feed on nectar; some in darkness and filth preying on carrion; some are timid, but out of sight of their enemies pass their lives in enjoyment, with no weapons of attack and few of defence; others are bold, violent in passion, and cruel in deed, and are armed with horns, and stings, and fanged jaws. The insect world is a world of activities. Each individual has work to do, and is provided with the tools he will want and the instinct to use them. If war be his avocation, he is supplied with lance and sword with which he fights bravely, conducting his predatory expeditions with caution, but without fear or mercy. If he be a carpenter he carries with him an augur or saw, if a mason he is competent to his work, and has the right tool to execute it skilfully. Some are clothed in gay garments and spend a short life in selfish gratification; some are clothed in disguise to protect them from their enemies; some have a lustre to frighten their pursuers, and some an armour which defies their power. The caddis-worms of the angler are the larvæ of *Phryganeæ*, and in the clear, shallow pools where they are found look like sticks, straws, or stones, according to their species, though a more close examination will detect the projected head and legs quickly drawn into the rough case on the approach of danger. Other insects are protected from the scrutinizing

search of their enemies by their resemblance in colour or form to the leaves they inhabit, of which we have an example in the wings of the lappet moth (*gastropacha quercifolia*) which resemble brown leaves both in form and colour. The brilliant hues of some insects attractive to us are probably given that they may dazzle the eyes of their enemies and escape their attacks. Some insects are covered with armour, like many of the coleoptera, and the little woodlouse (*armadillo vulgaris*) which rolls itself into a ball when alarmed; some are the pachydermata of the insect world, and are by their thick skins protected from injury, like the common forest fly (*hippobosca equina*); some are as well protected by spines, bristles, or stiff hairs; while others, like the timber-boring beetle (*anobium pertinax*) and the spiders, simulate death to escape the murderous attack of their enemies. The inhabitants of such a world, designed by Omnipotence and an essential part of the great scheme of organized life, cannot be uninteresting or unprofitable objects of study for the highest intelligence, though they are among the smallest of living beings. None of them are vocal, and few produce sounds audible to man, but they have means of communication one with another, and exhibit all those evidences of sensibility, passion, and affection which, when observed in the reasoning creature man, are justly believed to be the principal and most important study of the human mind.

The necessity of protecting ourselves from the numerous annoyances and positive injuries inflicted upon us and upon our property by insects, will be to some minds the best if not the only apology for the study of their habits, characters, and transformations. Plagues from the abundance of insects may often be averted by those who are close observers of their instincts; but when escape is impossible, knowledge is of some advantage if it give the means of calculating the probable termination of the direct evil, or if it prevent the anticipation of imaginary suffering. From swarms of locusts there is no escape when they enter a country. They bring, in the words of the prophet Joel, "a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains—they run to and fro in the city, they run upon the wall, they climb up upon the houses, they enter in at the windows like a thief—a fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them." After sweeping over a country in dense swarms, through which the rays of the sun cannot penetrate, or covering hundreds, and even thousands of square miles, destroying every leaf and blade of grass, their carcasses lie stinking upon the soil

or on the sea-coast, and famine and pestilence succeed them. In 1478, thirty thousand persons died in the Venetian territory after a visitation of locusts; and Augustine says, "that in the African kingdom of Masanissa, eight hundred thousand persons died of a pestilence generated by the stench of their dead bodies." From these dreaded devastations of the earth man has no escape, and experience suggests neither prevention nor cure. This is partially true of other plagues of insects when their numbers much increase. But when their destruction is not impossible from that cause, a knowledge of their habits, and the circumstances of their transformation, may suggest means for the prevention of the injury they inflict. The caterpillar of a moth (*mamestra brassicæ*) is exceedingly destructive in kitchen-gardens in some parts of Germany, and the peasants, to clear their little enclosures from the intruders, collect them in large numbers and bury them. But as this moth naturally passes its pupa state under ground, the gardeners increase instead of diminish the number of their enemies by this process; for when buried, many are preparing for their pupa existence, and are removed from the danger of being devoured by birds. A want of knowledge, therefore, makes their labour vain. But if the same plan were adopted with the cabbage caterpillar, common in this country, it would be effectual, for its pupa is not developed under ground. We remember that a few years since, in one district of South Wales, the larvæ of a small saw fly (*nematus grossulariæ*) made their appearance in incredible numbers. These caterpillars are green, with small black tubercles, and feed voraciously in society upon the leaves of the gooseberry and currant. Where unobserved or disregarded, they stripped the trees of their foliage in a few days; but an acquaintance with their character induced some proprietors to collect them, which they did by basketfulls, and thus not only preserved the foliage and fruit, but prevented the appearance of a still more numerous colony in the following spring.

The most effectual way to prevent the increase of noxious caterpillars, is to destroy the female fly before she has laid her eggs. The destruction of one female wasp in early spring will prevent the existence of thousands, for a vespiary commenced by one insect will often contain sixteen thousand cells at the close of the summer. The increase of insects is always in a larger ratio than of other creatures, excepting some of the fishes most serviceable to man. The louse that is the parasite of a dirty human body, has, in the short period of eight weeks, five thousand descendants. Reaumur says, "that a queen bee will, during the summer, lay on an average two hundred eggs a day, and that a moderate swarm consists of

twelve thousand individuals. But the aphides, well known under the name of leaf lice, attacking not only greenhouse plants, but pulse of all kinds in field and garden, are the most prolific of all insects. Almost every plant has its aphid. Reaumur calculates that in five generations, one aphid may be the progenitor of nearly six thousand millions of its kind. The economy of these little creatures is most remarkable; and as they are only second to the locusts in the depredations they commit upon plants, we ought to know something about them. At one period of the year they are viviparous, and at another oviparous; and although one species may increase more rapidly than another, they all multiply at an almost incredible rate. The cereals are attacked by several species, though seldom much injured, but the pulse crops are frequently and extensively damaged. In 1810, that species which attacks the field pea was so numerous and destructive that the produce of this country scarcely exceeded the quantity of seed sown. The bean is infested by two species, the Collier, so called from its black colour, and the Dolphin; and the effects of their labours are well known.

The ephemere are too short-lived to be injurious to man if their habits induced them to attack him or his property, but their history proves in a remarkable manner the prodigious numbers in which insects sometimes appear, and the damage they may do in a short period of time. In their pupa and larvæ states they are aquatic; and when the perfect insect is produced, it lays its eggs and dies in a few hours. Their appearance is expected on the Seine and the Marne between the 10th and 15th of August. They begin to rise into the air soon after eight, and disappear about ten in the evening. Reaumur witnessed the birth of these insects in the Marne, in 1738, and his description of the scene is interesting:—

“The myriads of ephemere which filled the air over the current of the river, and over the bank on which I stood, are neither to be expressed nor conceived. When the snow falls with the largest flakes, and with the least interval between them, the air is not so full of them as that which surrounded us was of ephemere. Scarcely had I remained in one place a few minutes, when the step on which I stood was quite concealed with a layer of them from two to four inches in depth. Near the lowest step a surface of water of five or six feet in dimensions every way was entirely and thickly covered by them; and what the current carried off was continually replaced. Many times I was obliged to abandon my station, not being able to bear the shower of ephemere, which, falling with an obliquity less constant than that of an ordinary shower, struck continually, and in a manner extremely uncomfortable, every part of my face—eyes, mouth and nostrils were filled with them.”

Next in importance to a knowledge of the insects which injure us, is an acquaintance with the animals feeding upon them; for it not unfrequently happens that men, from ignorance or prejudice, destroy the creatures they should be anxious to protect. Mr. Kirby states that on one occasion, when walking with a gentleman over his estate in Yorkshire, his attention was drawn to some circular patches of dead grass, which the farmer persisted in attributing to the crows, though the naturalist knew that the birds were attracted to the spot in search of the larvæ of the cockchafer, to which all the mischief was attributable. An exterminating war is sometimes carried on against the Mole, but many of their most determined enemies have found that when the moles were destroyed, the Wire-worm appeared, and that the little hillocks, raised by the sleek soft-skinned miners, were less unsightly than a withered rootless pasture. To the agriculturist a study of the habits of birds, in association with that of insects, is so important that it should be as much a part of his education as the rotation of crops or the management of cattle. The insectivorous birds are numerous, and they are the farmer's best friends though he often treats them as enemies, because they occasionally help themselves to a little fruit or grain. The Swallows, against whom there is no charge of petty-larceny, are the only birds on whom some of our agriculturists can look with complacency; but they are known to devour so many insects, and are so constantly on the wing, that no one can suspect them of granivorous propensities. But all the passerines inhabiting this country, except the Pigeons, are insectivorous; and even the Blackbird, Thrush, and Sparrow, do more good than harm. But there is, perhaps, no bird more serviceable to the farmer than the Rook, in spite of the prejudice against him, for he has a great appetite, and consumes an astonishing number of caterpillars. He follows the plough for the grubs of *melalontha* and *tipula*, and is everywhere active in search of food. In June last some of the young oak plantations in the forest of Dean were attacked by the larvæ of the *tortrix viridana*, a beautiful little green-winged moth, and so voracious were they, that the trees upon many acres of ground were entirely stripped of foliage. But there was a great gathering of Rooks to the feast from the country round, and from morning till night they hovered over the woods, and devoured millions of the black, leaf-curling caterpillars.

If the few facts we have stated have proved the usefulness of the science of Entomology, or defended its students from the charge of being engaged in a frivolous pursuit, we may recommend it to the attention of all lovers of Nature by the assurance

that a considerable amount of information may be obtained without an acquaintance with the minutiae of classification, or the possession of a single specimen. The twelve orders or tribes of insects are distinguished by well-marked characteristics, and if to an acquaintance with these be added some information as to the metamorphoses or stages of insect life, it will be as difficult to pass these interesting animals without examination as it is customary with the ignorant to disregard them. The supply of knowledge may then be left very much to the habit of observation, so indispensable to a naturalist, with such reading as practical research may suggest.

The metamorphoses of insects are so curious, and a knowledge of them is so essential to an intelligent interest in their history, that we may venture to make a few remarks on the subject. Insects exist in four distinct forms and conditions of life—the egg, the larva, the pupa, and the imago. The *Lepidoptera*, or butterflies and moths, are more attractive than any other order of insects, and their antecedents are better known. A butterfly was not born a butterfly. Its existence commenced in an egg, from which a caterpillar crept; but as this is but a masked condition of the insect, it is called the larva state. In this stage of its vitality it is a crawling thing with sixteen legs, twelve eyes, and strong capacious jaws fit for the supply of its voracious appetite. In the progress of its growth it frequently casts its skin, as every boy who keeps silkworms knows. When its caterpillar form is perfected, it fixes itself to some near object, frequently to the leaf of a tree, with a silken cord, and its last business is to wrap itself in a shroud. While this is being done the animal is changing in form, and in the manner and conditions of its life. The body contracts, the skin splits, and an ovate substance is formed, without mouth, without limbs, and possessing but little sensibility. This is called the pupa. The animal is now wrapped in cerements like a mummy, lives without food, and is incapable of locomotion. In this state it continues for a longer or shorter period according to the ultimate requirements of the perfect animal. The *hymenoptera*, those insects which have their weapons of defence in the tail, such as the bees, wasps, and hornets, pass through their second transformation in a few days; but nearly all the *lepidoptera* hibernate in the larva state, for the perfect insect lives on honey, and many of them feed on plants which, like themselves, are annuals; for as each individual insect is produced from an egg, so each plant springs from a seed. They are adapted to, and may be formed for each other, (for the adaptation of minutiae constitute the grandeur of the whole) and the insect is perfected when the plant is in flower; in which fact we perceive a reason for the

hybernation of so many of the lepidoptera in their larva state. From the pupa, the imago, or perfect insect, appears, and marvellous is the change. That which was yesterday a little oval thing not so large as a wren's egg, with no power of defence, and almost incapable of motion, is to-day a fully formed butterfly in the maturity of its vital power, though commencing its brief, merry aërial existence. Ten of the sixteen caterpillar legs it once had have disappeared, and the six which remain are less like those on which the worm crawled than are the legs of the mole to those of the giraffe. The twelve eyes, too small to be seen without the aid of a microscope, are replaced by two of large dimensions containing seventeen thousand perfect lenses, each lens being, in all probability, a perfect organ of vision. The form of the head is entirely changed, the jaws have disappeared, and a hollow proboscis has been supplied; for the animal now lives upon the liquid sweets of flowers instead of the crude pulpy matter of leaves. To the upper surface of the diminutive head two long horns or antennæ are attached, and the body is supplied with wings of elegant form and rich colours. The change in the internal structure is not less remarkable. The body of the caterpillar was furnished with many hundred muscles, and in its cavity, chiefly occupied by the stomach, were two convoluted tubes, containing silk and gum for the formation of its shroud. The butterfly has a thread-like stomach, and the abdomen is almost filled with large parcels of eggs. The whole nervous structure, too, is changed, and the entire economy of the animal reconstructed. These are strange transformations for a creature of earth, and a close observation increases rather than diminishes the marvel.

“ A caterpillar is not, in fact, a simple but a compound animal, containing within it the germ of the future butterfly, enclosed in what will be the case of the pupa, which is itself included in the three or more skins, one over the other, that will successively cover the larva. As this increases in size these parts expand, present themselves, and are in turn thrown off, until at length the perfect insect, which had been concealed in this succession of masks, is displayed in its genuine form. That this is the proper explanation of the phenomenon has been satisfactorily proved by Swammerdam, Malpighi, and other anatomists. The first-mentioned illustrious naturalist discovered, by accurate dissections, not only the skins of the larva and the pupa encased in each other, but within them the very butterfly itself with its organs, indeed in an almost fluid state, but still perfect in all its parts. Of this fact you may convince yourself without Swammerdam's skill, by plunging into vinegar or spirits of wine a caterpillar about to assume the pupa state, and letting it remain there a few days, for the purpose of giving consistency to its parts, or by boiling it in water for a few minutes; a

very rough dissection will then enable you to detect the future butterfly; and you will find that the wings, rolled up into a sort of cord, are lodged between the first and second segment of the caterpillar; that the antennae and trunk are coiled up in front of the head; and that the legs, however different their form, are actually sheathed in its legs. Malpighi discovered the eggs of the future moth in the chrysalis of a silkworm, only a few days old, and Reaumur those of another moth (*Hypogymna dispar*) even in the caterpillar, and that seven or eight days before its change into the pupa. A caterpillar then may be regarded as a locomotive egg, having for its embryo the included butterfly, which after a certain period assimilates to itself the animal substance by which it is surrounded; has its organs gradually developed, and at length breaks through the shell which encircles it."

After studying the larvæ of insects for a few months, we are surprised that there should have been so much to learn, and that having passed them year after year as disgusting objects and intolerable pests, unworthy of examination, we should, in so short a time, have gained an interest in their production, existence, and changes, and lost the prejudice with which we were wont to view them. One of the facts we have learned is, that some of the larvæ are apodous, or without legs; and that the absence of these organs of motion does not necessarily prevent locomotion, for although they have no ribs, they have muscles originating in the body and attached to the skin, and by them they can alternately contract and expand their bodies. The pedate larvæ may have either perfect or spurious legs, the muscles of the one being protected by a horny substance, and of the other by a soft membrane. The motions of the larvæ, as well as their formation, have also been found worthy of examination. Some have a slow and stately progress, others move with speed. Many of them climb, leaving behind them a silken trail which enables them to drop slowly to the ground; a necessary act to those who there pass their pupa state. Of jumping maggots we have a specimen in the larva of a little black fly (*tyrophaga casei*). This is the maggot found in rich cheese; and its surprising vaulting feats, performed by bending and suddenly relaxing the body, are not the least marvellous of the many curious phenomena constantly seen without observation.

The larvæ of the diptera, or two-winged insects, and of the coleoptera (beetles), are usually maggots or grubs, but in some instances worms. The fat white maggot, found in hazel-nuts, is the offspring of a weevil (*balinus nucum*). Enclosed in this castle, safe from the attack of all enemies, saving the teeth of a few vertebrated animals, it passes its life well supplied with food, and when ready for its pupa stage of existence, opens

a way for itself through the strong walls of its habitation and buries itself underground, from which, after a few months, it rises an elegant little beetle. The "shard-borne beetle," whose "droning flight" in the evening startles you, as it blindly flies close to your ear, or perhaps against your face, was once a grub, living under the surface of the earth. The fly, which now so daintily feeds at your board, dipping its little proboscis into one dish after another, tasting the sweets and imbibing the wine, had a similar origin, and lived in filthy mire. The history of the gnat (*Culex pipiens*) our authors shall relate:—

"The grey-coated gnat, whose humming salutation while she makes her airy circles about your bed giving horrific warning of the sanguinary operation in which she is ready to engage, was a few hours ago the inhabitant of a stagnant pool, more in shape like a fish than an insect. Then to have been taken out of the water would have been speedily fatal, now it could as little exist in any other element than air. Then it breathed through its tail, now through openings in its sides. Its shapeless head in that period of its existence is now changed for one adorned with elegantly-tufted antennæ, and furnished, instead of jaws, with an apparatus more artfully constructed than the cupping-glasses of the phlebotomist—an apparatus which, at the same time that it strikes in the lancets, composes a tube for pumping up the flowing blood."—P. 32.

"Its larva is a very singular creature, furnished with a remarkable anal apparatus for respiration, by which it usually remains suspended on the surface of the water. If disposed to descend, it seems to sink by the weight of its body; but when it would move upwards again, it effects its purpose by alternate contortions of the upper and lower halves of it, and thus it moves with much celerity. The laminæ or swimmers, which terminate its anus, are doubtless of use to it in promoting this purpose. It does not, that I ever observed, move in a lateral direction, but only from the surface downwards, and vice versâ."—P. 438.

"The pupæ of gnats, as well as those of many other aquatic diptera, retain their locomotive powers; not, however, the free motion of their limbs. When not engaged in action they ascend to the surface by the natural levity of their bodies, and are there suspended by two auriform respiratory organs in the anterior part of the trunk, their abdomen being then folded under the breast; when disposed to descend the animal unfolds it, and by sudden strokes which she gives with it and her anal swimmers to the water, she swims to the right and left as well as downwards, with as much ease as the larva."—P. 444.

The selection of places by insects for the deposition of their eggs, the devices they adopt for the accomplishment of their object, and the instruments they use, are worthy of minute investigation. This subject would supply material for an

interesting and long chapter on insect life, but we can only allude to a few facts, as illustrative of the importance of Entomological observations to those whose persons or property may be injured by them.

The two-winged fly, called the gad or bot fly, (*æstrus*) so annoying to cattle in the summer months, follows many of our domestic animals for the purpose of depositing upon them its eggs. One species (*æstrus equi*) is seen hovering over the shoulders or fore-knees of horses, settling and rising, but still following alternately, until she has succeeded in her object. While thus intrusively and annoyingly flying about a horse, she succeeds in depositing, one after the other, hundreds of eggs, glueing each separately to a hair. The parts of the body selected for this operation are those most frequently licked. With sufficient heat and moisture the eggs are hatched in a few days, and the slight irritation produced causes the animal to rub the parts with its tongue, when the larvæ adhering to the saliva are forthwith passed into its stomach, the place to which the parent fly wished to introduce them, and the one most suited for the development of the insect. Another species (*æstrus hæmorrhoidalis*) oviposits on the lips of the horse, and is more troublesome to the noble animal than the species already named. To escape the disagreeable familiarities of this insect horses, frequently stand in ponds and rivers, knowing that the *æstrus* will not follow them there. The *æstrus bovis* is smaller than either of the species which attack horses, and deposits its eggs in the hides of oxen. Its ovipositor is an instrument resembling the tubes of a telescope, and consists of four pieces, sliding one into the other. The termination of the last tube is like an auger, and has five points, two of which are longer than the others, and hooked. With this instrument the insect pierces the hides of oxen and oviposits. In vain the animals strive to drive their tormentors away, and madly rush, bellowing, over their pastures with erect tails. The hole thus made does not close, but, open, enlarges with the growth of the larva, and tumours are frequently produced. Another species (*æstrus ovis*), oviposits in the inner margin of the nostrils of sheep, and the maggots crawling into the maxillary and frontal sinuses sometimes reach the brain, but usually, when full-grown, fall to the ground, and there assume the pupa state.

The Ichneumons constitute a large tribe of four-winged insects, and their habits of oviposition are singular. In their imago, or perfect form, they feed on honey, but the chief business of their lives is to find some vital body for the reception of their eggs. The body of a caterpillar is selected by some species, and they may be seen roaming about in

search of one suitable to their purpose. Finding the victim, the insect pierces it with its sting, and leaves in it an egg, the larva of which will devour the caterpillar. Some species will leave but one egg, others several, but the number of eggs is always proportioned to the amount of support the larvæ will require. It may appear strange, that one insect should thus prey upon the living body of another, devouring it piecemeal; but it is still more strange that the vital parts are never attacked, so that the functions of the life of the victim are continued while the body is being slowly eaten, and that it may even pass into its pupa state to bring to maturity the cruel ichneumon. Speaking of the ovipositor of these insects, Mr. Spence says:—

“In those [Ichneumons] which lay their eggs in the bodies of caterpillars that feed exposed on the leaves of plants, it is short, often, in very large species, not the eighth of an inch long; having free access to their victims a longer sting would have been useless. But a considerable number oviposit in larvæ, which lie concealed, where so short an instrument could not possibly approach them. In these, therefore, the sting is proportionally elongated, so much so that in some small species it is three or four times the length of the body. Thus in *pimplar manifestator*, whose economy has been so pleasingly illustrated by Mr. Marsham, and which attacks the larva of a wild bee (*chelostoma maxillosa*) lying at the bottom of deep holes in old wood, the sting is nearly two inches long, and it is not much shorter in the *I. Strobilellæ* L., which lays its eggs in larvæ concealed in the interior of fir-cones, which without such an apparatus it would never be able to reach.”—P. 201.

There are other insects which have to supply their young with animal food, but do not bury their eggs in living animals. A tribe of hymenopterous insects (*fossores*) form burrows, and with their eggs deposit caterpillars for the support of the future larvæ, taking care to select those which are going into the pupa state that they may neither devour the eggs nor die themselves for want of food. The mason-wasp of Bonnet not only places caterpillars in the cells where she deposits her eggs, but reopens them to give a fresh supply as wanted.

The insects which have to provide their young with a vegetable diet are not less careful in the selection of suitable places for ovipositing, when the young are to be brought forth under circumstances which would prevent them from obtaining subsistence without the precautions of the parents. Many of the hymenopterous insects will furnish proofs of this. We need not refer to the hive of the honey-bee or the hill of the ant, where the indefatigable workers are continually tending the young. We might, however, instance a wild bee (*xylocopa violacea*) found

in the south of France. This little creature bores a hole in wood, half an inch in diameter, and there constructs some ten or twelve cells to receive her eggs, which she surrounds with pollen and honey, and for their safety closes the openings with the sawdust she has made, mixed with a glue of her own formation. Another wild bee (*megachile papaveris*) forms its subterranean dwelling under hard paths, and lines it with the bright scarlet petals of the poppy, but in her love for a decorated dwelling she does not forget the necessities of her offspring.

Our readers must now judge for themselves, whether the study of insects be a trifling and unprofitable pursuit. To those who are unconvinced by what we have said we recommend a perusal of "The Introduction to Entomology, by Kirby and Spence;" and if they are then found among the defamers of the science, we shall make no other effort to convince them. If in the opinion of others we have succeeded in our attempt to show that the subject is one worthy of attention, and that much innocent pleasure and useful information may be gained by observing the habits of insects, they will not think a few hours ill spent over the pages of a book which has suggested all we have said. The new edition is published at a price which places it within the means of all who desire to possess it; and if it had an index and a few illustrations, we should recommend it earnestly to our readers.

Brief Notices.

The Papal Conspiracy Exposed; or, the Romish Corporation Dangerous to the Political Liberty and Social Interests of Man. By Edward Beecher, D.D. Boston: 1855. Reprinted by James Nicholl. Edinburgh: 1856. 12mo. Pp. 351.

WE have here a searching and masterly exposure of the designs of the Romish hierarchy against the civil and religious institutions of America, written by one whose high character, social position, and practical sound sense entitle his remarks on a subject of such vital importance, to the profound attention of every thinking mind. We are aware that a large class of honest and intelligent Christian men regard with suspicion the alarm which has of late been raised both in Great Britain and in the United States on the subject of Popery. Much of this is doubtless, owing to the palpable exaggeration which has characterized the statements of the ante-Romanists, and still more to the hypocrisy with which the No-Popery cry has

been raised by certain parties. But after all reasonable deductions have been made, honesty compels us to make the admission, that the prospects of the Papacy are far brighter at the present moment than they have been for many generations. It is true, that the number of proselytes in England is inconsiderable; that in Ireland, and in America, the Roman Catholics are even diminishing in numbers; but still Popery possesses, both here and in America, an amount of political power and influence which can be regarded by none who understand its true character without mistrust and alarm. We are acquainted with most of the works published of late years on the subject of Popery, in the English language at least, but we know of none which so thoroughly establishes the hostility of Romanism to the best interests of humanity as the present work of Dr. Beecher. The great object of the book is to prove that *Popery is a fraudulent conspiracy against the interests of God and of humanity; that it is an imposture and a forgery; and, withal, that the whole system is the enemy of mankind, and opposed to the best interests of society.* All this Dr. Beecher has established by the most incontrovertible evidence—that arising from the documents of the Papacy itself, both ancient and modern.

One of the most effective parts of this work is that in which the writer establishes the important fact, that “the system of perfidy and fraud, called Romanism, has been linked in with, and ministered to, an extended and execrable system of *persecution*, with which the corporation of Rome has endeavoured cruelly to exterminate all whom it has perfidiously disfranchised.” (P. 40.) It is true the persecuting spirit of Popery is denied by Papists in the present day, and many Protestants are duped with such statements; but no one, we venture to say, who is in any tolerable degree acquainted with Romanism, ever doubts the fact, that what Rome was in the fifteenth century, that she is now. A passage we lately met with in the *Rambler*, one of the most intelligent organs of Romanism in this country, is fitted to disabuse the minds of simple-minded Protestants, if nothing else succeeds in doing so. “We are the children of a church which has ever avowed the *deepest hostility to the principle of ‘religious liberty,’* and which has never given the shadow of a sanction to the theory, that ‘civil liberty’ is necessarily a blessing at all. Believe us not, Protestants of England and Ireland! for an instant, when you hear us pouring forth our liberalisms. When you hear a Catholic orator declaring ‘that this is the most humiliating day of his life, when he is called upon to defend once more the glorious principle of religious freedom,’ be not too simple in your credulity. These are brave words, but *they mean nothing.* He is not talking Catholicism, but *Protestantism and nonsense!* You ask if he was lord in the land, and you were in a minority, what he would do to you. That, we say, would depend *entirely on circumstances.* If it would benefit the cause of Catholicism, he would tolerate you; if expedient, he would imprison you, banish you, fine you, *possibly even he might HANG YOU.* But be assured of one thing, *he would never tolerate you, for the sake of the glorious ‘principles of civil and religious*

BRIEF NOTICES.

liberty." (*Rambler*, September, 1837.) We heartily commend Dr. Beecher's work to our readers, as a searching and masterly exposure of the present designs of the Papal church. So high is the admiration entertained for it by the Scottish Reformation Society, that they have not only republished it in Scotland, but have announced their intention of giving eight annual prizes, averaging £5 each, to such students in the Scottish colleges, "as shall, on examination, exhibit the most accurate knowledge of its contents."

Waters of Comfort. A small Volume of Devotional Poetry of a Practical Character, addressed to the Thoughtful and the Suffering.
By the Author of "Visiting my Relations." Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

THE author, in his preface, calls especial attention to the announcement, that he comes forward as a *practical*, and not as a *poetical* writer, and acknowledges his deficiency "in the faculties of fancy and invention." As the incomplete or redundant lines and false cadences, which often occur in his pages, show him also to be by no means perfect in "the accomplishment of verse," many of his readers will think he has judged wrongly in choosing the poetic form for the embodiment of his thoughts; but the motive and aim of the work are so good, and the ideas and trains of thought so much in harmony with a poetic state of feeling, that we hesitate to condemn. For though we consider—judging from one or two rather forcibly written foot-notes—that the writer might, with greater credit to himself, have presented to the public, in the place of this, a volume of prose, yet there are, doubtless, multitudes to whom the imperfections we have indicated will be matter of small importance, who may here find valuable aid in the Christian life, willingly seeking that aid from verse when they would turn away from a book of heavier appearance. The detached lines and frequent breaks of poetry are much more attractive to the invalid and the depressed than is the unbroken page of prose; and gratitude, not harsh criticism, should await the writer who makes it his aim to cheer the hours of affliction and sorrow. Many a thought will be suggested by this volume which will strengthen the sufferer for the endurance of trial.

Poems and Translations. By Mrs. Machell. London: J. W. Parker. 1856.

MRS. MACHELL'S poetry is, for the most part, pleasant and melodious. The translations read smoothly, and give variety to a volume which will serve to pass agreeably an idle hour. We cannot say much more in its favour, for although we do not object to the general tone of sentiment, yet we look in vain for evidence of any high aim in the poems, while in one of the translations from Victor Hugo, entitled, "Prayer for All," there is much erroneous religionism.

The Lamp of Life. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1856.

THIS is a volume of poetry of which "In Memoriam" appears to have been made the model, not in subject, nor in the measure of the verse, but in the general line of thought and form of its representation. The book delineates, in a series of short poems, the history of a mind of the reflective and speculative order, which, however, has never entirely lost its faith in the existence and love of God, and is, therefore, open to the means of relief which prayer presents. The aid and illumination eventually realized give a happy tone to many of the poems, and leave a pleasant effect on the reader's mind. Much of the versification is good, and the author displays considerable power of depicting those moods of mind which are incident to temperaments of his class.

England in Time of War. By Sidney Dobell, Author of "Balder," and "The Roman." London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a volume of poetry of very high order, depicting, in a graphic and dramatic manner, various aspects of life, called forth by that state of things from which, happily, we have now emerged, but of which the results will be long felt around many of the hearths of our land. Mr. Dobell has already, by his former works, won for himself no mean name, and of the power, the depth of thought, and the suggestiveness which characterize the poems before us, we cannot speak in too strong terms. There are one or two short pieces of lighter tone which we could wish had been omitted from a volume of so great poetic merit, but with small exceptions the book abounds in pictures as touching as they are truthfully imagined. The poems in the Scottish dialect are very charming in their simplicity and tenderness, and may, perhaps, obtain more general favour than those of their companions which pursue a less obvious line of thought, while the latter cannot fail of being appreciated by such a class of readers as will satisfy the wishes of the poet.

Things not Generally Known, Familiarly Explained: a Book for Old and Young. By John Timbs, F.S.A., Author of "Curiosities of London," &c., &c.

AN amusing *olla podrida*, containing many things worth knowing, as well as "not generally known."

Tracts for the Church in 1856. London: Bosworth and Harrison.

THESE Tracts are intended to remind the world of the existence and claims of the Catholic and Apostolic Church; and to maintain the urgent present necessity, and actual restoration of the apostolic and prophetic offices, the nearness of Christ's second advent, and the importance of an ecclesiastical unity that shall comprehend all Christendom. We cannot encourage the writer to hope that he is

likely to make much impression upon those that differ from him; and we fear that our readers would not thank us, if through our recommendation, they were induced to attempt the reading of such very dull and uninteresting productions. The glorious morn, that can be dimly discerned in these obscure pages, of a universal church, with an organization more compact than that of the Papacy, and yet leaving to its members, perfect spiritual freedom, enriched with the gifts, and adorned with the splendour of apostolic times, is not likely to be realized by such writing as we find in these Tracts. Perhaps, however, the craving that is manifested here, and in many quarters, for the restoration to the Church of miraculous powers, may be an indication that there is not in Christian hearts the faith that there should be, in the reality and glory of those far more precious manifestations of the Holy Spirit which are the inheritance of the Church in all ages.

Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey, &c. &c. &c. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D., Christ Church, Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

THESE volumes bring to a close what we presume will be the last memorials of Dr. Southey. We must say, that we are quite content with this prospect; for while in some portions of his correspondence, we find ourselves tapping a more auriferous stratum of Mr. Southey's history, yet even at the best, the precious grains are few and far between; indeed, many of the letters savour more of the waste-paper basket than the portfolio. Some of them are addressed to children, and many to ladies; and with all the playfulness and *bonhomie* which they display, we doubt if the London Post Office does not daily teem with thousands fully equal to them in point of intellectual ability and tact. Perhaps what will most strike the reader will be the singular platitude and insipidity of Southey's wit. It is really a matter of surprise, that a man of such singularly varied knowledge and consequent resources of illustration, should have been so little allusive or suggestive even in his best correspondence. We find in a letter to Mr. Wynn, M.P., a reference to the *ECLECTIC REVIEW*, which we present *quantum valeat*: "The latter is in able hands. The editor and proprietor I know, his name is Conder. He is of puritanical extraction, and holds most of the opinions which were in fashion under Cromwell—a thorough independent. He is a clever, clear-headed, good man. Foster, the essayist, is one of his supporters, and the most violent political papers in the Review come from him. Fine literature is either reviewed by Conder himself, or by Montgomery, who is a Moravian." This cursory notice of Foster, would seem to indicate either that Southey was unacquainted with his writings, or that he supposed his correspondent to labour under that disadvantage. Southey seems to have entertained a very overweening estimate not only of the sagacity which characterized his

"Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society;" but also of the longevity of fame to which those insupportable volumes were destined. In a letter to the Rev. Neville White, he says: "I hope soon to have my 'Colloquies' in the press. They will set many persons talking, and some few thinking. They will draw upon me a good load of misrepresentation, calumny, and abuse, which you know how much I regard; and if they do not succeed in pointing out in what manner impending evils may be averted, they will show at least to future ages, that they were not unforeseen." We fear that there is an obvious reason why future ages will not make the discovery which the author predicts. On the whole, we see no reason to believe that Dr. Southey's reputation will be raised by the publication of these volumes; and but for the gratifying fact that we have arrived at the conclusion, we should feel more strongly inclined to express our dissatisfaction with their contents.

Kars and Erzeroum; with the Campaigns of Prince Paskiewitch in 1828 and 1829. By Lieut.-General Monteith, K.L.S., F.R.S. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

THIS work is the record of the personal experience of its author, while attached to various missions in Persia between the years 1810 and 1829. Those, therefore, who are tempted by its title to expect any details of the memorable defence of Kars under Sir William Fenwick Williams, will of course be disappointed. Still the narrative of General Monteith possesses considerable interest, and though chiefly a record of military movements, supplies copious information as to the relations of those cities and governments which the late war has invested with a lasting historic interest. The General thus briefly describes the fortress, the name of which has now become so familiar in the west of Europe: "The fortress of Kars is of great antiquity, and was celebrated in the time of the Armenian kings, but it has been greatly enlarged by the Turks. Before the use of artillery, it was considered a place of great strength, and ventured to stand a siege by Timour, by whom it was taken; though it was more fortunate when besieged by Nadir Shah. The upper fortress is divided into two parts: the highest serving as a citadel where the Turkish Janizaries usually resided, the lower part principally occupied by the inhabitants; the whole is enclosed within walls of stone built on the slope of a hill, but the nature of the ground does not allow of a ditch or glacis. It is commanded from without by some hills within short cannon range, and from the circumstance of the walls being built on a steep descent, the interior of many parts of the fortress is seen from the outside. Two suburbs on the low ground, afforded cover to within a short distance of the walls, and were principally inhabited by Armenians, Kurds, and some Jews. They were only defended by a low wall of loose stones, and were indeed incapable of further defence. The population was about 12,000, the

BRIEF NOTICES.

majority of whom were Christians." The volume is embellished with a large and elaborate map.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, including Selections from his Correspondence, Remains in Prose and Verse, and Conversations on various Subjects. By John Holland and James Everett. Vols. V., VI. and VII. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

SOLON instructs us that it is premature to pronounce any man a subject of congratulation or envy before his death. Had the sage lived to our days, he would probably have postponed the term to which his caution extends, until the time when his biography should either have been completed or until his memory should have ceased to be in danger of such a resurrection. He might fairly have selected the instance of poor Mr. Montgomery to point his moral. The poet's writings bore the promise of a long and pleasing remembrance, but they are sadly crushed and buried—foliage and flowers together—under the mere debris of a long life as contained in these seven ponderous volumes. Tacitus tells us, that the ancient Germans disapproved of the erection of monumental edifices over graves as being oppressive to the deceased. We leave the reader to imagine what those rude sentimentalists would have thought of biographical monuments, had they been acquainted with the productions of Messrs. Holland and Everett. It is really high time that this system of posthumous exposure should be conclusively condemned by the public. Egyptian mummies are bad enough, but the practice now rapidly increasing upon us, of perpetuating the passing remarks of departed worthies, and kneading them in a row with the suggestive platitudes of future biographers, is at length becoming an unbearable nuisance.

Life in the Trenches before Sebastopol. By Major Whitworth Porter, Royal Engineers. London: Longman and Co. 1856.

THE siege of Sebastopol is now matter of history, and the British people have not a few reasons for desiring to forget it. Still its details have about them a terrible fascination, and this volume supplies to no small extent the anomalous want. The writer starts with a principle, that it is inconsistent with the duty of a soldier to criticize his superiors, whether military or civil. How far this is just in its fullest extent, we might be disposed to question; but so scrupulous a reserve adds, at all events, a great weight of credibility to the statements which the writer copies from his own bitter experience. His volume presents us with a picture correct, so far as it extends, of the distressing details of that memorable siege. To analyze it, would be to repeat a twice-told tale; but we think it will remain as a standing, though brief memorial to which history will pay respect. Major

Porter's description of the great fire in Sebastopol may be fairly taken as a specimen of his soldier-like and truthful style of narrative : " Suddenly there is an exclamation from one of the look-out men on the parapet, and the word is speedily passed, that there is a fire in the town. On looking out to ascertain the fact, I perceive, far away in the rear of the Redan, a dull red light faintly glowing in the horizon. This gradually increases in brilliancy and intensity, until at length the forked flames themselves are seen to rise high into the air over the building they have seized upon as their prey. Eager and anxious are now the looks cast upon the blaze by all around ; probabilities are discussed as to its locality, and hopes are very generally expressed that it may extend itself until the entire destruction of the town has been achieved ; or, as I once heard a Jack Tar express himself on a similar occasion, ' till the whole place is gone to blazes.' Others again suggest a hope that a magazine may receive the benefit of the conflagration, and add its quota to the scene of destruction. The huge blaze of light has, by this time, attracted the attention of all around. Ere long, shells commence to drop within the devoted space, until at length every other object seems forgotten in the desire to keep alive the flames which are established within the heart of the town. From the most distant points in the attack these missiles arise, converging more and more together, as they pursue their onward course, until at length they appear to drop simultaneously upon the self-same spot. The Russians on their part are by no means idle spectators of the scene, but may plainly be distinguished in the glowing light, hurrying to and fro, as busily engaged in checking as we are in extending the circle of the disaster ; and now a shell, more correctly aimed than any of its predecessors, drops right into the midst of the burning fabric, and, exploding there, sends large blazing masses of ruin, accompanied by a dense shower of sparks, high up into the air, from whence they descend, bearing with them the seeds of further conflagration on all surrounding objects. A faint sound somewhat resembling a yell is borne on the breeze from the devoted spot, telling that one more scene of horror has been enacted, adding yet another to the long list of catastrophes which have been the fruit of this fearful siege. On our side, a loud ringing cheer marks the event as a matter of rejoicing. Truly war is a savage and unhumanizing necessity : here are we, Christians, in a highly favoured land, taught by our religion all that should soften and ennoble the heart,—not content with adding to the miseries of our foes, by dealing out destruction upon them whilst engaged in combating a yet fiercer enemy than ourselves,—shouting with exultation, as we behold a scene of death and misery enacted before our eyes ; and yet we are not as bad as we seem. Fighting, as we do, against a foe that will listen to no remonstrance, no reasoning, save that of brute force, we feel that it is our duty,—a duty, painful though it may be to a right-thinking mind, yet one that we most distinctly owe to our country,—to impress upon this benighted nation the fact that we have the power, as we possess the determination, of bringing her to reason."

Poetical Works of Robert Burns, with Life. By George Gilfillan.
Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh: Nichol. 1856.

It is too late in the day to eulogize the poetry of Robert Burns, and we have, therefore, but little to say of the elegant library edition which Mr. Gilfillan has given to the public. Our business is to notice in very few words, the office which the editor has performed. While presenting the entire works of the poet in an attractive form, he has recorded with his characteristic brilliancy of style, his estimate of that most gifted, most unfortunate, and we must add, most blameworthy man. We think that the reading public may safely accept that estimate. It does ample justice to the genius of Burns, while it does not attempt to conceal those gross demerits in his moral character, which constitute him a beacon to all those whose genius is their temptation, and who may thence be drawn into the fallacy of supposing that—

“Yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.”

Professor Wilson's Works. Vols. III., IV. and V. Edinburgh:
Blackwood. 1856.

WE notice these volumes merely to say that the republication of Professor Wilson's Works must ever be a matter of high interest to the intellectual portion of the reading public. The “*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,” will never cease to remind the reader of the line of Pope to Bolingbroke—

“The feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

Differing as we do with the late Professor, almost diametrically on many points of morals and politics, we cannot but think that these extraordinary publications will survive the date of many volumes of graver and weightier matter. Our only cause of regret is, that the incessant use of the vernacular Scotch will make many of the finest bits of humour unintelligible to those readers who have not mastered the more purely national literature of the North.

Review of the Month.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS IN THE UNITED STATES WEAR A MORE THREATENING ASPECT THAN THEY HAVE EVER DONE SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THEIR INDEPENDENT EXISTENCE. A brief recapitulation will explain the cause of this. The conflict between free labour and slavery in the Territory of Kansas has required the interference of the Federal Executive; its troops have, by order of the central authorities, suppressed the free Legislature there, or prevented its assembling, and otherwise aided the rival body of the pro-slavery settlers. To check this course of action on the part of the central power, which would inevitably make Kansas a slave State, the representatives of the North determined to "stop the supplies" till many grievances springing from this conflict were remedied. To several money bills, or appropriations for the civil and judicial services, they added "riders," or amendments, defining the conditions on which the funds were granted—conditions, of course, favourable to the Free-soil interest. To the Appropriation Bill for the Army, involving many millions, they appended a similar clause. After much negotiation and many conferences between House and Senate in the last few days, with some concession on both sides, the amendments to the Civil Supply Bills were abandoned by the House; but to that added to the Army Bill the members adhered firmly. This, however, was subsequently given up, and the President has lost no time in taking advantage of this victory. The question has long been, whether Kansas shall be a free or a slave State, and the original mode of determining the dispute, was the rapid immigration of the advocates of both sides into the Territory which was to be the scene of the contest. But it soon became evident that the question was not to be settled by votes, but by arms. Several sanguinary conflicts between the hostile parties have already occurred. The Pro-slavery party, accustomed to deeds of violence and blood, and inflamed with zeal as the propagandists of slavery, have fought with desperation, and for a time, at least, have triumphed. After one battle which lasted an hour, the Free-soilers were defeated. Their opponents then followed up their advantage, seized the town of Leavenstown, drove out all the Free-soilers at the point of the bayonet, and burnt or confiscated their property, while another section of the party cut off

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

their retreat by taking possession of the roads. In these acts of violence, the Pro-slavery party have the active support of the government at Washington. A despatch from Mr. Marcy enables the new Governor, Colonel Geary, to enrol and organize the militia of the Territory, to form an addition to the Federal troops already out; and a letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, authorizes the Governors of Kentucky and Illinois, to assist the Governor of Kansas with an auxiliary force of two regiments of foot militia. The Free State party in Kansas are described in these documents as rebels and insurgents in open arms against the constituted Government, and the military commanders are ordered to take every measure to suppress "all combinations to resist the laws of the United States," and "suppress insurrection." In addition to the Governors of Kentucky and Illinois, General Smith, the commander of the Federal forces, and General Richardson, are charged with the execution of these orders, and a formidable military display threatens the total annihilation of the Free State party. Meanwhile, several of the Northern States have taken the alarm, and have voted supplies both of men and money in aid of their Anti-slavery fellow-country men in Kansas. Everything, therefore, now points to a civil war, in conjecturing the issue of which we seem shut up to the single alternative—either the conclusive defeat of the Pro-slavery party, or the dissolution of the Union.

THE CANTON OF NEUFCHATEL HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF A ROYALIST INSURRECTION, WITH A VIEW OF ANNEXING IT TO THE DOMINIONS OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—So secretly was this movement planned, that the citizens at Neufchatel were taken by surprise, and the King's flag was hoisted on the castle. This took place on the 2nd. The *Suisse*, however, under date of Berne, September 4, thus announces the bursting of the bubble: "This morning the castle and the town of Neufchatel were still in the hands of the insurgents, when suddenly the report was spread that the town was surrounded by Republican troops. The Royalists first thought they had to deal with volunteers from Chaux-de-Fonds, but they were considerably surprised on finding themselves face to face with the patriots of the valley of Travers. Five hundred men, commanded by Colonel Denzler, had advanced during the night, and as they approached the town they were joined by reinforcements from all directions. They halted near Neufchatel, at the foot of the hills. A sanguinary engagement ensued, but it was soon decided, and the Republican colours were hoisted upon the

castle. The Royalists lost 12 killed, 50 wounded, and more than 100 prisoners. Some of the leaders of the insurrection, including Colonel de Meuron, have escaped. The councillors of state, Piaget, Humbert, and Jeanrenaud, are prisoners. The Government has resumed its functions, and the Prefect Matthey has returned to Neufchatel. Order is, therefore, re-established. The Federal Council decided to-day that the persons compromised in this affair and guilty of high treason should be sent for trial before the Federal courts." The King of Prussia was naturally suspected of complicity in this desperate design, but we believe that no facts have transpired to justify the suspicion. The principality was up to the year 1848, under the protectorate of the Crown of Prussia, to whom it fell as an inheritance from the House of Orange; in that revolutionary year, however, the Neufchatelese threw off the allegiance they had hitherto owed to their Prince-Protector, and joined the other cantons of Switzerland unconditionally; it having differed from the others up to that time by its *quasi* monarchical form of government. The King of Prussia has, however, never resigned himself to look upon this principality as irrevocably lost to his crown, but has taken steps, on various occasions, to get his right to it acknowledged by the other Powers of Europe.

THE STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS AT NAPLES SEEMS TO BETOKEN A RAPIDLY APPROACHING CRISIS.—During the Parliamentary recess, we have no very satisfactory sources of information respecting the diplomatic measures of the Government. It seems, however, generally believed that France and England have resolved to compel the despotic Ferdinand to desist from those oppressive measures which threaten to lead to revolution in Italy and to disturb the peace of Europe. It is confidently affirmed that an ultimatum of a peremptory kind has been sent from Paris to Naples, in case of the refusal of which four French and English ships of war and six steam ships are in readiness to sail for Ajaccio in Corsica, and thence to proceed to the Bay of Naples, where they will receive the retiring representatives of the French and English governments at that court. We watch the issue with anxiety and hope. Meanwhile the British relations with Austria have been complicated by an act of characteristic fatuity on the part of the latter government. Upwards of thirty men, formerly engaged in the late war in the Anglo-Italian Legion, having been disbanded at Malta and returned to their homes, have been summarily arrested and consigned to prison by the Austrian authorities for having

enlisted without permission from the state. The British representative has demanded their immediate release, and there the matter rests as far as our present information extends.

THE RECENT CENSUS IN IRELAND EXHIBITS THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY REVELATIONS OF THE DEPOPULATION, CHIEFLY OCCASIONED BY FAMINE, INVOLVING A SACRIFICE OF NOT FAR OFF ONE-THIRD OF THE POPULATION OF IRELAND. "We now beg," says the Report, "to call attention to the extraordinary decrease in the rural population which resulted from the famine and emigration of 1845 and the following years. In the whole of Ireland there has been a general diminution of the rural population of 53 persons to the square mile of the entire area, and of 104 persons to the square mile of arable land." And the sum total of decrease is given in the following sets of figures: "The numerical decrease of the inhabitants between 1841 and 1851 amounted to 1,622,739, or 19.85 per cent. But, this being merely the difference between the number of the people in 1841 and 1851, without making any allowance for a natural and ordinary increase of population, conveys but very inadequately the effect of the visitation of famine and pestilence." A very simple additional calculation completes the estimate, of which the following is the result: "We find that the population of the 30th of March, 1851, would probably have numbered 9,018,799, instead of 6,522,385; and that consequently the loss of population between 1841 and 1851, may be computed at the enormous amount of 2,446,414 persons." On this the *Times* says: "Amid all the horrors of Irish depopulation, we cannot but congratulate the country that it seems at last to be taking up the staff of life and becoming a corn country. There can be no real prosperity for Ireland till this change has taken place. The potato cannot make a thriving country. It can simply keep an indolent population alive; it cannot add to the national resources and produce a national capital. Ireland, with nearly a third of its population taken away, is now working harder, and producing more than it did before. The returns in the present Report show, besides the increase of arable land, a large quantity of waste land brought into cultivation. The famine has probably operated like other diseases, and taken to a considerable extent the weak labourer and left the strong one. The residuum of labour left in Ireland is consequently an improvement upon the old standard, while at the same time the diminution of population leaves more employment, and with more employment better wages, and with better wages better food."

THE MANIFESTO OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, BEARING DATE SEPTEMBER 9TH, IS FRAUGHT WITH HOPE TO THE PEACE AND COMMERCE OF EUROPE. The following are its most important provisions. After reciting the motives which have led to this unwonted act of sovereignty, he says: "In the accomplishment of this sacred purpose the Emperor commences by granting great immunities to the provinces of Tauris, Cherson, Ekaterinoslaff, and Archangel, as well as to the whole sea-coast of the Baltic, and in general to all the provinces that have more particularly borne the brunt of the late campaign. Furthermore, and in order to extend as far as possible the circle of his liberality, his Majesty has been pleased to confer on the whole empire the benefits of a general boon, the importance of which can be measured only by the immensity of the sphere it embraces. The Emperor most graciously dispenses the whole of Russia from every burden of military recruiting or conscription for four consecutive years, unless—which God avert—the necessities of war should interpose obstacles in the execution of this measure. In strict conformity with this same idea, the Emperor, in his solicitude for the welfare of his subjects, has instructed his Minister of Finance to set on foot immediately a new census of the population of the empire, so as more equitably to assess the burden of the capitation tax, which may possibly weigh disproportionately on certain classes, whose numbers have been more or less sensibly diminished by the war and by the epidemic scourges that have raged more particularly among them. Furthermore, his Majesty orders that the different arrears of taxes, altogether amounting to at least 24,000,000 silver roubles, as well as all pecuniary fines, shall be graciously remitted to the debtors. Finally, the Emperor deigns by the same act to abolish the tax hitherto raised on passports for foreign parts, reserving only a stamp duty, to be appropriated to the benefit of the 'Invalides.' His Majesty further extends his sovereign clemency to those who have become obnoxious to public justice, and grants to all repentant criminals whose conduct has been irreproachable since their condemnation either the entire remission of their sentence or a considerable commutation of their punishment. With respect to state prisoners, both those who belonged to secret societies discovered in Russia at various times, and those who took part in the Polish rebellion of 1831, the Emperor ordains—that as regards some, their lot shall be considerably alleviated in the place to which they are banished; as regards others, they shall be permitted to settle in the inland provinces of the empire;

and as to the rest, that they may be entirely restored to freedom, with the liberty to fix the place of their residence in any of the towns of the empire, as well as of the kingdom of Poland, with the exception of the two capitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg. Finally, as the crowning point of his clemency, the Emperor deigns to grant to all these state prisoners their rights of nobility, and also to all their legitimate children born since the condemnation of their parents, whether they be already dead or still alive." On this the *Times* very justly observes, "That it is scarcely possible to overrate the character and bearings of this measure. Putting the Russian army and navy at a million, which is a low estimate, and reckoning the annual waste of such an army in time of peace at something between 10 and 15 per cent., we have here a waste to be endured without replacement as far as 40 per cent. of the whole. So, here is a promise that the great Russian army, the terror of the Old World, shall, if nothing hinders, be allowed to dwindle down to less than 600,000 men, not more than the aggregate peace establishment of England and France. Such an army, well-disciplined and well-found with the additional means of locomotion which Russia will soon possess, may be perfectly sufficient for the peace and protection of that empire, but it certainly is not such a force as Peter, or the first Alexander, or Nicholas, would have thought requisite to carry out the conquering destiny of Russia, and make her the arbiter, if not the mistress, of the Old World. We feel no doubt that, as Russia is quite secure within her borders, and unanimous in the loyalty of her populations, and as no European alliance would attack her, after recent experience, without weighing the matter well and long, 600,000 men will be found ample, whether as a present defence or as a school of arms and the nucleus for future additions. There will, therefore, be the amount of the annual conscription, which on the above estimate would be 125,000 men, spared for public works and ordinary occupations, especially for railways."

THE FAILURE OF THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK HAS THROWN A PANIC THROUGH THE COMMERCIAL CLASSES OF THE METROPOLIS. The accountant's investigation of its affairs exhibits some of the most astounding disclosures with which the public have ever become acquainted. The record of the scarcely credible misdeeds of the salaried officers of this company is thus succinctly stated by the *Times* — "As fast as the five hundred simpletons bought the shares, or 'deposited' their money on the counter, the gentlemen in the parlour 'took' it, or 'borrowed' it, or whatever else it is to be called.

Humphrey Brown, Esq., M.P., one of the directors, took £70,000; Mr. John Gwynne, another director, took £14,000; Mr. Cameron, the secretary, took £30,000; Mr. Mullins, the solicitor, took £7,000; one of the auditors took £2,000; John M'Gregor, Esq., M.P. for Glasgow, the eminent financial writer and projector of the Bank, took £7,362, and we are only surprised that, with so magnificent a prestige, he did not take more—he had not his fair share. A number of smaller people had £60,000 among them. Mr. Oliver, of Liverpool, was favoured with £13,486. The directors had also a regular allowance of £2,000 a-year among them for what the Persians call 'tooth-money,' for the wear and tear of their teeth in masticating and swallowing what they took. There certainly are anomalies in the distribution that may some day be explained. There were directors who took nothing at all, or, at all events, returned what they took. The chief clue to this inequality is, perhaps, to be found in the fact of there being here, as everywhere, a master mind. This was Mr. Cameron, the secretary, who divided the booty, and there must have been a degree of confidence between him and some of the directors which there was not with the rest. He had come up from the country, and did not know the London way of business; nor, as it turns out, had he any occasion to know it, for his own way of doing business was a vast deal better. He kept the real accounts of the Bank in a little book with a little key to it, and prohibited all communication between the directors and either customers or clerks. So, at least, it is stated by the greener members of the direction, and Mr. Esdaile says that, even when Mr. Brown was in debt £70,000, he (Esdaile) did not know of the debt till called to the chair in the course of the present year. Mr. Owen, while director, little more than two years ago, did not know there was a single shareholder in debt to the Bank to the amount of £10,000." This disaster has occasioned extensive ruin among the minor class of tradesmen, to whose requirements this Bank's arrangements were professedly adapted. The ruin to the shareholders is not less disastrous, while the shock to the joint-stock banking interest in general has been such as seriously to threaten the stability of one other establishment.

THE SHEFFIELD TESTIMONIAL TO MR. ROEBUCK HAS COMMANDED AN ALMOST UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY OF APPROBATION FROM THE PRESS OF THE COUNTRY.—This is the less surprising, inasmuch as statesmen of every class have requested to be allowed to contribute to it. Mr. Roebuck, with all his universally acknowledged talents, has throughout his public career refused to attach himself to any political party. But for this more than Roman virtue, he might have accepted the most flattering offers which successive ministries have had it in their power to bestow. But Mr. Roebuck is incorruptible, and he still remains in the ranks as the stern censor of mal-administration, under whatsoever State auspices it may be perpetrated. The Sheffield testimonial is devoted with suitable delicacy to a recognition of his past services, but the press almost universally adopts a tone which reminds us of the humorous definition of gratitude as a lively sense of future favours. This obviously points to his position as

chairman of the Administrative Reform Association. It is evident that this is regarded as the greatest and most promising movement of the day. As yet its labours are confined to what civil engineers would call "earth-works;" and the superstructure, which is to connect the country by an easily operative organization, will hereafter appear. Meanwhile we advisedly suggest to our readers that this is the grand reformatory scheme of the present time to which they are bound to give their prompt and hearty support. It does not, indeed, put forth theoretical principles of reform, however cordially they may be cherished by its most active promoters. These gentlemen (and the names of Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Samuel Morley need only be mentioned) constitute a sufficient guarantee for the integrity and the energy with which this important movement will be worked. It remains to be seen whether the reformers of England have enough of public spirit to support a society so ably administered, and of this we entertain not the slightest doubt. Let the country make its earnest demonstration in favour of the Administrative Reform Association, and we venture to predict that they will reach by an unexpected path the goal of complete civil and religious freedom.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS BEING DRAWN BY THE PRESS TO THE IMPORTANT SUBJECT OF GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.—On the motion of Mr. Ricardo, a Select Committee was appointed "to inquire into the contracts that have been entered into by Government for the supply of the public service since January, 1854, and to report to the House their opinion as to the operation of the system adopted in administering the public expenditure." This appointment was made on the 19th of June, since which date the Committee have scarcely had time to do more than commence its labours, which will be continued in the ensuing session of Parliament. The evidence, however, already taken is now in the hands of the public, and contains some disclosures of the most astonishing and disgraceful kind. On the method in which the clothing contracts are managed (to take a single illustration, the *Times* has the following remarks: "The British army is the worst clothed in Europe, and that in every sense of the term. The cloth, to begin with, is bad; it is poor in texture, as the soldier knows; its colour soon fades under the sun, and still more so under the rain of this humid climate, as anybody who has seen a soldier can testify. For this bad clothing a very large price is paid, the estimate for the current year being little short of £2,000,000 sterling; a war estimate, no doubt, but still a good index of the exigencies of the tailoring department. The old system by which the colonels of the different regiments were clothiers too has happily been abolished, but the new system does not come into play until the beginning of the next financial year. According to the old plan, it is well known that the colonels, who supplied the clothing to their different regiments through the medium of agents, made large profits by means of this perquisite, the average of profit being £750 a year in the infantry. No matter what the actual strength of the regiment, a colonel received an allowance for the nominal number,

so that the profits of this officer when his regiment, being on the war establishment, was supposed to contain 2,000 rank and file, would amount to more than £1,500, and, although the army when the war ceased was 40,000 below the number sanctioned by Parliament, still, if the old system of clothing were in force, the heads of the different regiments would be paid for the clothing of these 40,000 men who are not in existence. It is impossible to imagine a scheme more absurd in principle and more vicious in practice. In addition to this, it came out in evidence that the inspection of the entire clothing of the army (a duty of the utmost importance), was discharged by only *two* individuals, viz., the Deputy Adjutant-General, and the Deputy Quartermaster-General! and a cross-examination which indicates the astonishment and incredulity of the Committee, only elicited a repetition of the statement (and that from one of the highest functionaries in the service), that, however large the number of entire suits issued in a year, they were all *personally* inspected by these *two persons*! Of the amount of loss to the public by the bribery and peculation which prevail in the contract service, it is impossible to form even an approximate estimate. It must be absolutely enormous. We look, however, to the results of the sittings of this Committee to inaugurate a better state of things, which can only be brought about by totally revolutionizing this most extensive, but most corrupt department of the Civil Service.

THE LITERARY INTELLIGENCE OF THE MONTH is unusually scanty, scarcely a work of importance having issued from the press. The most recent publications are: "The Annual Register," for 1855; "Arthur Brandon," 2 vols.; Mrs. Jameson's little Work on the "Communion of Labour;" Mr. Gleig's "School Atlas;" "A Handbook of Assurance;" St. John's "Legends of the Christian East;" Ferguson's "Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland;" Laspée's "Calisthenics;" Ruff's "Guide to the Turf," Autumn edition; Mr. A. K. Forbes's "Râs Mâlâ; or Hindoo Annals of the State of Goozerat," 2 vols.; "Lays of Memory, Sacred and Social," by a Mother, crown 8vo.; "The Charm of Entertaining Knowledge," crown 8vo.; Noake's "Notes and Queries for Worcestershire;" York's "Researches in the Word of God;" and Bowstead's "Practical Sermons," 2 vols. New editions have appeared of Williams's "Law of Executors;" Lake's "Kars;" Gosse's "Aquarium;" Chesterton's "Revelations of Prison Life;" and cheap reprints of "Margaret Graham," by James; "Newton Forster," and "Masterman Ready," by Marryat; "Maid Marian," and "Crochet Castle," by Peacock; "Maxwell," by Hook; "Sketches of the Day," by Albert Smith; and "Ruth Clayton." A Selection, in three volumes, of the "Correspondence of Herder" is in course of publication, and from the interest and importance of the contents is expected to command considerable attention. Professor Düntzer is the editor of the work, which will contain letters from Göethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Jean Paul Richter, Lavater, Jacobi, &c. We have also to announce that the second edition of the "Memoirs of the late Dr. Kitto," are in the press, and will be published in a few weeks; and that the first

volume of "Critical Essays," by the late John Foster, being a selection from articles contributed by him to the *ECLECTIC REVIEW*, will appear in Mr. Bohn's "Standard Library," for October.

Books Received.

- Alexander (John). *Memoirs of the Rev. William Alexander*. Pp. 295. Norwich Fletcher & Alexander.
- American Bible Union. *Revised English Version of the Holy Scriptures*. Part II. Trübner & Co.
- Anti-Slavery Advocate for September. Wm. Tweedie.
- Bell (Robt.). *Annotated Edition of the English Poets: Early Ballads*. Pp. 224. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
- Bi-Centenary of Castle Gate Meeting: an Historical Account of the Congregational Church, Castle Gate, Nottingham. Pp. 132. Ward & Co.
- Campbell (John, D.D.). *Negative Theology: Analysis of the Letter of the Rev. Thomas Binney to the Congregational Union*. Pp. 56. City Press: W. H. Collingridge.
- Cheever (Geo. B., D.D.). *William Cowper: his Life, Genius, and Insanity*. Pp. 264. Knight and Son.
- Collis (Rev. John Day, M.A.). *Praxis Græca*. Part III., pp. 99. Longmans.
- Collis (Rev. John Day, M.A.). *Praxis Latina*. Part I., pp. 96; Part II., pp. 146. Longmans.
- Crawshaw (Rev. John). *Facts about Boys for Boys*. Pp. 250. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
- Danielism; or, the Development of the Religion of the Son of Man for the Western Nations. By the "Unraveller." Pp. 62. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
- Draper (The) in Australia. Pp. 240. Wm. Freeman.
- Evangelical Repository No. IX., September. Glasgow: Lang, Adams, & Co.
- Ferguson (Robt.). *The Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland*. Pp. 230. Longmans.
- Hamilton (John, M.A.). *On Truth and Error: Thoughts in Prose and Verse, &c.* Pp. 472. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.
- Heckethorn (C. W.). *Translation of E. Tegner's Frithjof Saga: a Scandinavian Romance*. Pp. 180. Trübner & Co.
- Homilist and Bi-Monthly Pulpit Review for September. Ward & Co.
- Ince and Gilbert's *Outlines of Descriptive Geography*. Pp. 112. James Gilbert.
- Ince and Gilbert's *Outlines of English History*. Pp. 116. James Gilbert.
- Lays of Memory, Sacred and Social. By a Mother and Son. Pp. 304. Hurst & Blackett.
- Lees (Dr. F. R.). *An Argument, Legal and Historical, for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic*. Pp. 320. Wm. Tweedie.
- London Monthly Review and Record of the London Prophetic Society for September. Partridge & Co.
- London University Magazine for September. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
- Manchester Papers: a Series of Occasional Essays. Vol. I. Manchester: Duanill & Palmer.
- M'Leod (Walter, F.R.G.S., M.R.C.P.). *Class-Atlas of Physical Geography*. (Gleig's School Series.) Longmans.
- National Education: an Essay. Pp. 47. Glasgow: Thos. Murray & Son.
- Rationale of Justification by Faith. Pp. 128. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
- Science of Mind, or, Pneumatology. Vol. I. Pp. 312. Longmans.
- Sharp (Wm., M.D., F.R.S.). *Investigation of Homoeopathy*. Pp. 347. Groombridge & Sons.

- Sinclair (Catherine). *Country Hospitalities; or, Lord and Lady Harcourt.* (Run and Read Library.) Pp. 189. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
- Sinclair (Catherine). *Modern Society; or, the March of Intellect.* (Run and Read Library.) Pp. 437. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
- Stallybrass (T. E., B.A.). *Character and its Blessedness: a Discourse on the Death of Samuel Gurney.* John Gladding, City Road.
- Sunday Teacher's Treasury. No. 1. Wertheim & Macintosh.
- Veritas. *The Watchman's Warning to the Churches.* Pp. 22. City Press: W. H. Collingridge.
- Whitmarsh (Wm. B.). *Family Prayers, adapted to Portions of the Old Testament.* Pp. 500. Ward & Co.
- Who Wrote the Waverley Novels? being an Investigation, &c. Pp. 83. Effingham Wilson.
- Wilson (Rev. W. Carus). *The Madeira Persecutions.* Pp. 149. Religious Tract Society.

ANALYSIS OF THE WORK REFERRED TO IN NOTE ON PAGE 372.

BREVE ad episcopos Hiberniæ de Synodo plenaria Hiberniæ habenda.

Breve ad Archiepiscopum Armacanum quo delegatus apostolicus renunciatur ad Synodum tenendam.

Instructio S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide circa modum tenendi Synodum: Convocatio Synodi—Prorogatio Synodi—Confirmatio Synodi a sede apostolica.

Decreta Synodi: De aperienda Synodo—De modo vivendi—De præjudicio non afferendo—De officialibus.

De Judicibus causarum personalium in Synodo occurrentium: De non discedendo—De fide Catholica—De fidei professionem emitendo—Professio fidei, juxta formam Pii IV.—De fidei periculis evitandis—De Sacramentis—De Baptismo—De Confirmatione—De Eucharistia—De Pœnitentia—De Extrema Unctione—De Matrimonio—De vita et honestate Clericorum—De Parochis—De Coadjutoribus parochorum—De Episcopis—De Archivis constituendis—De bonis Ecclesiasticis—De Collegiis Regiæ—De Scholis Nationalibus.

De Dissentionibus inter viros Ecclesiasticos evitandis: Elenchus decretorum, cum numero articulorum—Subscriptio Episcoporum—Decretorum cum originali omnimoda consensus.

APPENDIX.—I. Rescriptum de Tempore Paschali—II. Ritus servandus in expositione et Benedictione Sanctissimi Sacramenti. Modus in ipsa Benedictione servandus—III. Rescriptum de Missis in festis reductis—IV. Rescripta de Collegiis Regiæ.

“Decernimus ut omnes Sacerdotes collare quod Benedictus XIV. *Sacerdotum insigne* vocat, deferant. Volumus ut in omnibus Collegiis Ecclesiasticis, Superiores, Professores, et Alumni statui clericali destinati intra mœnia Collegii Romano Collari et Bireto quadrato, simul cum veste talari, vulgo dicto *Soutane*, induantur.”

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

STUDIES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, ANCIENT & MODERN.—No. III.

- ART. I.—*Baldessare Castiglione. Il Libro del Corteggiano. Venezia: 1552.*
2. *Giovanni della Casa. Galateo, ovvero de' Costumi*, in the edition printed at Milan. 4 vols. 8vo: 1806.
3. *Faret. L'Honeste Homme; ou, l'Art de Plaire à la Cour. Traduit en Espagnol par Dom Ambrosio de Salazar. 12mo. Paris: 1660.*
4. *Lucas Gracian Dantisco. Galateo Español. 12mo. Madrid: 1722.*

IN the remarkably well-written “Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino,” published by Mr. J. Dennistoun—a work by the way which would have secured its author more fame, and would have done more service to society, if it had been published at a reasonable price—that very refined and elegant observer dwells upon the partiality with which general readers receive descriptions of the manners and customs of the higher classes of society; and he attributes to the sentiment of curiosity which inspires this partiality, much of the interest attached to Castiglione’s work, above-named, in particular. There can be no doubt but that the propensity to study and to imitate the conduct of those who fill the most conspicuous and the most coveted positions in the world—the inherent “flunkeyism” of our race, if we may borrow a terse word from the fashionable neologists of the day—has induced many to read the descriptions of court life so charmingly given in the old Italian’s pages. But the permanent favour with which the “Corteggiano” is regarded, and the number and infinite variety of the treatises upon

manners, or upon the behaviour which it is the most desirable to adopt in every sphere of life, must, we think, be accounted for by causes more profound, and be inspired by feelings of deeper import, than mere curiosity, or any modification of the tendency towards a servile imitation of those in power. Man is essentially social; everything, therefore, which adds to the comfort or to the pleasure of society, must concern him in the most personal and intimate manner; nor would it be possible to suggest investigations of more direct interest than those which should have for their result the establishment of some universally received rules for the conduct of men in mixed company. Then again, worldly success is so much affected by the impressions men's manners produce upon comparative strangers, that the most powerful considerations of interest urge us to study how best those manners may be made to contribute to our advancement. Probably these motives for the eager reception of books such as we are about to examine, may all be considered equally contemptible, and of the two distinct classes, selfishness may be more reprehensible than flunkeyism; but we think in all things "nobly of the soul, and no way approve the opinion" of those who reduce human motives of action to the lowest and most despicable kind; and, therefore, believe that most of the readers of books upon manners, turn to them for the sake of the lessons they convey of kindness and consideration for others, and in order to learn how to behave so as not to offend the tastes, opinions, or even the prejudices, of those with whom they are likely to come into actual contact. It is with such principles that codes of social behaviour should be written; and their authors should aim at making men kinder and better, rather than more polished or more genteel, as those words are usually understood. Precisely in proportion to the observance of these moral principles, too, do we find that books upon manners, or those containing descriptions of society, survive the period of their production; their only claim to immortality in fact depends upon the appeal they make to humanity in general; they are soon forgotten if their authors should have been inspired by other feelings than those so truly expressed by the old Carthaginian: "*Homo sum; humani nihil à me alienum puto.*" Lord Chesterfield's "*Letters to his Son,*" for instance, are now very rarely read; and people generally content themselves with applying to them Dr. Johnson's bitter criticism. From time to time, however, "*Il Corteggiano*" is brought again before the attention of the reading public, and the "*Galateo*" reappears in new editions, translations, or imitations. There must be some reason for these different appreciations of works so nearly analogous in character. To our mind the explanation

consists in this, that the English author wrote entirely from the head, whilst the Italian authors were to a much greater extent inspired by the heart; and, moreover, as the rules they endeavoured to establish were founded upon the study of man's nature, such as it appears at all times, and in all countries, the charm of their writings still survives; whilst Chesterfield, who only wrote with a view to one class of society in a particular age, has passed away with the age itself. After all, good manners proceed from a good heart; and he only is uniformly polite, who is, from habit and principle, kind and considerate. Chesterfield had not even an indistinct perception of this truth: we think that it may be traced—dimly, and perhaps unconsciously on their own parts—in the writings of some of the authors we propose to consider, and we are anxious to call attention to this peculiarity.

We could not avoid recalling the word of the wise man, before entering upon our immediate subject, that "the thing which hath been is that which shall be; and that there is nothing new under the sun," when we met in these early writers, not only passages extracted from their predecessors, but also many tales and sayings, as well as many of the witty things which have been unblushingly appropriated by their successors. A very good essay might be written upon "Plagiarisms, voluntary or involuntary;" and to cite a present instance, passages in Castiglione's or in Della Casa's works might be traced to Theophrastus, Aristotle, Cicero, or Seneca, or even to the Book of Proverbs; just as modern authors have borrowed from them. Molière defended himself from an accusation of this kind of plagiarism, by declaring that "he took his own goods wherever he found them;" but although his genius did transmute the dross of others, as a rule we do not admit that Puff's reasoning, with respect to such borrowings, is quite satisfactory. "That's of no consequence," says the author in Sheridan's "Critic," when accused of copying a line from Othello, "all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit upon the same thought, and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all." A comfortable doctrine, truly! and one which would require to be extended, we find from the perusal of Castiglione's book in particular, to two authors whom we should never have suspected of borrowing from such a source, namely, the authors of "Baron Munchausen," and of "Sam Slick;" the former of whom has copied the tale of the tunes being frozen in the horn, from an anecdote of the "Corteggiano;" and the latter of whom has appropriated, from the same author, the doctrine of the "voluntary" minister, that all the virtues are feminine. At some future period we will return to this curious investi-

gation of the successive adaptations of ideas; for the present observing that the fashionable authors of our own day are particularly liable to accusation on the score of such unacknowledged plagiarisms: but even the best and greatest authors have exposed themselves to the same criticism, and some names would be brought to the bar of public opinion, with respect to which little suspicion is generally entertained. Ovid in his day complained that the ancients had stolen all our good things; alas! they have been very busy of late years, we fear. To revert to our subject, however.

Castiglione and Della Casa were nearly contemporaries, and they flourished at the period when Italy still retained a portion of the independence and of the glory which it had enjoyed during the Middle Ages, and when the surpassing eminence attained by the living painters and sculptors, the poets and historians, the grammarians and the theologians of the Roman church, to a great extent consoled eminent and patriotic Italians for the rapidly advancing political degradation of their lovely but unfortunate country. There are few problems of history more startling or more fraught with moral lessons than the strange series of events which took place in Italy (to which land indeed "the fatal gift of beauty" has been accorded, as Byron said, copying Filicaja's sonnet beginning—

"Italia! Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte!
 Dono infelice de bellezza, ond'hai
 Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
 Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte.")

—between the destruction of the Roman power, and the final establishment of the dominion of the stranger and of the barbarian. It would almost seem as though Providence had designed to punish the Italian race for the crimes and iniquities which it had tolerated or committed during the existence of the powerful nationality created by the old Romans; and that it has been a portion of its inscrutable scheme to render abortive all the subsequent attempts to establish Italian unity. The Carlovingian, the Suabian, the Spanish, and the Austrian dominions were mainly successful because there was no national opposition to them; and, indeed, the various dukes, princes, marquises, and miniature kings, who divided the land into so many turbulent but feeble states, were the most efficient allies of the foreign invaders, by reason of their opposition to the various attempts made from time to time to unite the states of Italy into one compact political body. So long as other nations were distracted by the subdivisions of the feudal system, the immense number of independent republics, or dominions of Italy, appears to have

been rather favourable than otherwise to the development of civilization ; for there can be no doubt as to the position occupied by the free cities of Northern Italy, especially during the interval between the eleventh and the fifteenth centuries. But when monarchy had established its preponderance over feudalism in some of the great kingdoms of Europe, the unity and strength of those kingdoms gave them an irresistible superiority over the divided councils, and the partial efforts of such petty rival states as Genoa and Venice, Milan and Florence, or such kingdoms as those of Naples and Sardinia. Precisely, in fact, as France, Spain, and “that strange beast which has two beaks, in order to devour more” (“*quella strana bestia che per più divorar due becchi porta*”), advanced towards compact national unity, whilst the various communes—for they hardly merit the name of republics—to which Philippe de Commynes so pointedly alluded, and the numerous little states under the Visconti, the Scaligers, the Estensi, the Ezzelini, the houses of Savoy, Anjou, and Monferrato, were suicidally striving for their own shadowy pre-eminence ;—precisely as these opposite tendencies developed themselves did the incapacity of the Italians to maintain their independence against the surrounding nations make itself more and more apparent. Yet there is, and there always has been, a distinctly marked Italian mind ;—there is, and there always has been, since the revival of letters, a distinctly marked Italian literature, as rich and as beautiful as the language in which it is recorded ; and from the days of the Lombard kings, through the troubled times of Dante and Rienzi, constant efforts have been made, noble aspirations have been uttered, with the hope of rousing Italy to claim her place in the family of European nations. To the superficial observer it would seem that the causes which led to the inherent weakness of Italy, in the struggle with the bolder and more rapacious races by which she was surrounded, were by no means so unfavourable to intellectual brilliance as they were to political grandeur ; for that country produced more eminent men in all the walks of art, science, or of literature, about the period of its final ruin, than at any previous or subsequent period. Yet even in this respect do we believe that the connexion between a nation’s political position and its intellectual and moral character, may be traced ; and that even amidst the brilliant crowd of celebrities which adorned the period of the Medici and of the Borgias, may be traced the effects of the last great struggles of freemen to maintain their independence under the shade of their own steeple, and of the events which led to the future subjugation of their land. They who strive earnestly to read the great enigma of man’s destiny here on earth, can often distinguish the key-note to the feelings

of an age under circumstances which are mute to the world in general; and it has, therefore, been always to us a source of deep and earnest study to endeavour to trace in the writings of Ariosto, Tasso, Poliziano, Pulci, Berni, of Vittoria Colonna, Veronica Gambara, of Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Bembo, of our present subjects, Castiglione and Della Casa, or in the productions of Leonardo da Vinci, of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Rafaele, Titian, or Palladio, indications of the manner in which those great creators represented the strange turmoil, and the sad heart-rendings, which must have forced themselves upon their notice whilst contemplating the misery and ruin of their country. The conclusion to which we have arrived is, alas! that the civilization which had been produced by the stormy independence of the little republics, and by the revival of learning in Italy, was accompanied in its latter days, if even it were not distinctly characterized, by a degree of mental and moral corruption, scarcely veiled by extreme refinement; and that the national mind had been thoroughly depraved before its liberties were destroyed. Many portions of the writings of Castiglione and Della Casa, in particular, appear to warrant this opinion, and thus to clothe them with a painful interest beyond that which they would present simply on the score of their own merits as literary productions.

Castiglione himself was a member of the highest aristocracy, even if he were not absolutely of the reigning families of Italy, for his mother was a Gonzaga of Mantua, and a descendant of the celebrated Farinato degli Uberti. He was born on December 6th, 1478, and seems to have entered, about 1503, the service (if that term may be applied to the attendance upon the rulers of their day, which most young Italian nobles then invariably adopted) of Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, who was considered to have held the most refined court in Italy, and to have been admirably seconded in his efforts to maintain that peculiar reputation by his noble and virtuous wife, Elizabeth Gonzaga, daughter of Francisco, Marquis of Mantua, who was thus connected by family ties with our author. Castiglione was early advanced to favour, and was sent to England on an embassy to Henry VII., whom he pleased so much that he conferred on the young diplomatist the order of the Garter, if we may believe the Italian biographies. On his return to Italy, Castiglione followed Guidobaldo, who commanded the Papal troops, in one of the unaccountable wars against the Venetians, which wasted the strength and embittered the local jealousies of his countrymen, precisely at the time when they most needed union in order to resist the stranger. At the conclusion of the campaign, our author was rewarded by his grateful master, and sent to repre-

sent him at the court of Leo X. He there married Ippolita Torelli, renowned for her beauty and talents; but his joy was soon turned to mourning by her sudden death. Clement VII., in order to wean him from his grief, sent Castiglione as his ambassador to Charles V.; and he was at the court of that monarch when the sack of Rome by Bourbon took place, in 1527. It was at first believed, at the Papal court, that Castiglione had not exhibited sufficient activity or ability in allowing this strange outrage to take place, without warning the Pope of the preparations for its execution; and though he cleared his character from the accusation so satisfactorily that both the Emperor and the Pope continued to employ and to honour him, it seems to have produced such an effect upon his mind that it brought him to a premature grave. He died at Toledo, at the age of fifty-seven years, having attained equal eminence in the somewhat incongruous pursuits of an author, a soldier, and a diplomatist. Castiglione's Latin poems were printed in the "*Deliciæ Poetarum Italorum*," under the name of Ranuzio Gheri, and they have been highly praised by Julius Scaliger and by Paolo Giovio. His Italian poems were collected and printed by Aldus, at Venice, 1553. He wrote several polemical treatises upon religious subjects; but his principal title to fame consists in the "*Libro del Corteggiano*," the first edition of which, in folio, was printed by the Aldines, at Venice, in the year 1528, and it would appear, from the preface to the more recent editions published during his own life, that we are indebted to some indiscretion on the part of Vittoria Colonna for the publication of the work in an authentic form.

Let the determining cause of the authentic publication of the "*Corteggiano*" have been what it may, the book itself is a very charming one; and they who desire to obtain an insight into the intimate character of the higher classes of society in Italy, during that very extraordinary period in which Castiglione figured, could not possibly refer to a more correct, or a more agreeable source. In Hallam's "*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*," &c., and in Dennistoun's "*Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino*," an account has been already given of the plan and the development of Castiglione's book; but, without referring our readers to those works, we may state that, in the edition which we have consulted, our author, after a most elegant and feeling tribute to the memories of the departed acquaintances of his youth, proceeds to relate, in the dedication originally addressed to Messer Alfonso Ariosto, that the motive which induced him to undertake the task of writing the book in question, was the desire to explain, for the benefit of his friend, the conduct which ought to be observed by any one who should be desirous

of becoming a finished courtier, or a perfect gentleman. This end Castiglione believed would be most effectually obtained by relating the discussions which took place in his presence at the court of the Duke of Urbino shortly after his return from his embassy into England, and the remainder of the work is occupied by this record.

It would seem that Guidobaldo the duke at the period to which Castiglione refers, had fallen into so deplorable a state of health that he was almost constantly bed-ridden, or, at any rate, that he was in the habit of retiring at an early hour of the evening, and leaving his court to amuse itself as it might think fit, under the direction of his amiable wife, and of his connexion the Senora Emilia Pia, the sister of Ghiberto Pio, lord of Carpi in Lombardy, and widow of Antonio, his own natural brother. One evening the gentlemen in Guidobaldo's service, who were accustomed to meet regularly in the saloon of the duchess, and who numbered in their ranks such men as Guiliano de Medici, Pietro Bembo, Cesar Gonzaga, Ludovico da Canossa, Gasparo Pallavicino, &c., appear to have met with feelings of more than usual exuberance of pleasure, on account of the departure of Pope Guilio II. after a visit of some duration. It seems to have been the custom of these refined triflers to organize a game of some description every evening; and on the particular occasion to which Castiglione alludes, as having given rise to his treatise on the duties of a courtier, the duchess called upon Lady Emilia to decide what should be the game of the particular evening. She suggested that the best course would be for every one then present to mention the game which he or she might deem most agreeable; and that, after everybody had expressed their opinions, a selection should be made; whereupon she turned to the Signor Gasparo Pallavicino, and called upon him to begin. There ensued a friendly squabble between the gentleman thus appealed to, and the fair mistress of the revels; but, after a short time, he was forced to yield, and with all the other parties present, to contribute his quatum to the general amusement. He suggested, therefore, that the game, or diversion, should consist in the discussion of the question as to what quality each person present would desire to meet with in the object of his affections, and also what defect would be most easily tolerated. Cesar Gonzaga, who was appealed to the next, proposed that the subject for discussion should be, inasmuch as everybody was more or less "cracked," that the company should state, in turn, what species of folly each of them would be willing to be guilty of. Fra Seraphino, and one of the Aretinos (whom we suspect, to the disgrace of the court of Guidobaldo, to be *the* infamous Aretino), proposed some

ridiculous nonsense, which was either at once pooh-poohed, or listened to with indifference, as were also the suggestions of Ottavian Fregoso, and of Pietro Bembo. Lady Emily then turned to Federigo Fregoso, who proposed that the assembly should discuss the qualities which were necessary to form a perfect courtier, and that somebody should be selected from the present company to define what constituted that character, whilst every one present should be allowed to question his opinion, or to suggest improvements upon the character so sketched. The Lady Emilia interrupted M. Federigo in the development of his views on this subject, by saying that she thought that the game so suggested should be the game of the evening, and demanded the consent of the duchess, which being given, the Lady Emilia turned to Count Ludovico da Canossa, and called upon him to commence the discussion. After the exhibitions of modesty which are, and always appear to, have been, customary under such circumstances, the Count Ludovico entered upon the description of the qualities which he believed to be necessary to constitute a perfect courtier, and from this discussion the book took its title.

The first qualification the count seems to have considered necessary for his hero was, high birth; for he seems to have been like a true aristocrat, imbued with the conviction that "*noblesse oblige*," and that in every pursuit, the scions of good families are the most likely to attain success. In addition to the advantages of birth, the count proposed that it should be admitted as a rule that the imaginary courtier should possess the advantages attached to a strong natural intellect, a good figure, a handsome face, and a general bearing which should prepossess everybody in his favour. Gasparo Pallavicino here interrupted the orator by stating that, so far from high birth being necessary, many instances might be cited in which men from the lowest positions had forced themselves into notice by dint of their own merit or ability. Of course, Il Conde Ludovico admitted all this; but he sagaciously added, that as they were then examining the best conditions of an imaginary personage, it would be ridiculous to cast aside the adventitious aids thus afforded by nature or by fortune. Then, in accordance with the wild spirit of the age, Castiglione makes his speaker dwell upon the necessity for an intimate knowledge of the use of arms, with the judicious reservation to the effect that he should not use them like a man who obtained his livelihood by his prowess in such exercises, but that he should simply know how to distinguish himself among gentlemen when the occasion might arise. The courtier ought to possess a due share of modest assurance to place his own qualities and recommendations in a

favourable light; and, with a little iteration, to be endowed with a sufficient amount of personal recommendations to enlist on his side the favourable opinions of those with whom he may be in contact. Skill in hunting, riding, the chace, and other manly exercises is held to be necessary for the finished gentleman; but all these various acts are to be performed with a degree of judgment and elegance fitted to secure general sympathy; and, therefore, those exhibitions are to be avoided which would tend to place their author in the ranks of public servants or actors. Above all things, affectation, whether in word or in deed, ought to be avoided, and Castiglione is particularly severe upon those of his countrymen who imitate foreign language and manners upon the strength of a few months' residence in foreign lands. Thereupon our author enters into a discussion as to the necessity for every Italian writer to adopt the Tuscan idiom, and he cites many reasons for an unrestricted use of the local dialects, which at the present day seem supremely unnecessary, especially to a foreigner, because subsequent usage has consecrated many of the phrases and turns of expression, about which the *cinque-cento* authors were sorely divided; and has condemned to utter oblivion many of the idiomatic expressions of the Tuscan authors, which were alone considered classical by the purists of the days in which Castiglione produced his charming work—a work, by the way, characterized by precisely the qualities its author avows so distinctly to be the objects of his ambition, viz., an utter absence of affectation, and a careful use of the best language adopted in ordinary life. It is, indeed, very curious for an Englishman, in the year of grace 1856, to read the arguments by which Castiglione defends himself from the accusation of neologism, on account of his use of the ordinary language of Lombardy and the Marches of the commencement of the sixteenth century; and to notice that he appeals to the authority of (as he writes) Policiano, Lorenzo de Medici, Francesco Diaceto, &c., in justification of his deviations from the style of Petrarch and Boccaccio. The whole of this parenthetical discussion, illustrated as it has been by the subsequent changes of the Italian language, simply proves that there is a constant effort at work in all tongues to modify or adapt them to the wants or to the genius of the age in which they are used; and that, therefore, the common sense of the whole business is, for every author to employ precisely the words or phrases, which shall ensure his being understood by the greatest number of people at the time when he writes, leaving to posterity the task of appreciating his style, if his subject be only worth study. Some of the collateral illustrations, and some of the examples, Castiglione derives from the Fine Arts, connected with literature,

moreover furnish a strange reflex light on contemporary appreciation of merit, which may perhaps serve to console some neglected merits. He places on the same rank as artists, Leonardo da Vinci, Montegna, Rafaele, Michael Angelo, and Giorgio da Castelfranco—the last named of these being now so utterly unknown that his name is not even to be found in Lanzi, or in Bryan's Dictionary of Painters, and he is only slightly noticed by Vasari.

The Lady Emilia Pia interrupted the semi-classical, semi-philological discussion which had been raised on this question of style, and brought back the Count Ludovico to the enumeration of the qualities required for the imaginary courtier. A rather sharp sally follows against the coquetry and affectation of the fair sex, which is conveyed in language but little calculated to raise our opinion of the politeness or delicacy of the age, and then the Count Ludovico proceeds to say that his courtier ought to be essentially "a good and entire character, comprehending under those terms, prudence, goodness, strength, and temperance of mind, with all the other conditions required for a gentleman." Truly, this is a wide field! and then it is extended by requiring that our courtier should be a man of education,—*notwithstanding that the French recognized the nobility of arms only, and ignored all the rest to such an extent that they utterly despised literature.* How strangely does the world alter in a few generations! and yet, in other respects, how immutable it seems to stand! for the very same national force of character Castiglione recognized in the French still survives, whilst the "small valour of the Italians"—as a nation be it observed, for individually they are brave to a fault—he regretted, is still "the true cause of their ruin." But our courtier is not only to be skilled and bold in the use of arms, but he is to be learned in the literary productions of others, and skilful himself as a poet, an orator, and a writer; yet, the while, carefully avoiding any unnecessary display, and rather considering literature as an ornament to arms than as a distinct pursuit. Music is also stated to be a necessary accomplishment of a finished gentleman, together with a general knowledge of the arts of design; and it is assumed that our courtier should have more than a mere theoretical or superficial knowledge of all these pursuits. Castiglione gives a rather interesting illustration of the extent to which he himself had reflected upon these subjects, by some curious speculations upon the relative merits of statuary and of painting, in which there may be observed a fine vein of sound sense running through a confused, tangled mass of verbiage after the fashion of the age, together with several references to the then living Rafaele; and we cannot avoid dwelling upon the strange interest which these

contemporary appreciations of excellence, now universally admitted, lend to books of this kind ! Amongst other observations, Castiglione makes one which we commend to the notice of the admirers of Messrs. Pradier, Gibson, and Marochetti, in their new-fangled notion of painted statuary ; for he declares this to be beyond the true province of the sculptor's art, and we also believe that it should be reserved to the chamber of horrors, or to other vulgar or fashionable exhibitions : *les extrêmes se touchent*. It would, indeed, be desirable that modern courtiers should know something of these subjects, if it were only to prevent our rulers from playing the sad freaks they have lately committed, and to preserve us from the abominations with which we are offended on every side. But it might be here out of place to dwell upon this subject, so we merely record our protest against the revival of this fashion in the present times, and revert to our author, who, at this particular part of his story, makes a sudden change of characters by transferring to M. Federigo Fregoso the duty of explaining how the imaginary courtier was to apply the various qualifications it had been already supposed that he ought to possess,—and thus the first evening of the game was terminated.

Before describing the second evening's amusements, Castiglione indulges in a rather long disquisition upon a subject of very general interest, which inspired him with some eloquent passages ; and has ever since served, even if it did not from all time, to call forth the expression of deep and bitter feelings ; we mean upon the different capacities for pleasure in youth and in age. Ah ! that youth, what a charm it has ! and how, to our young and inexperienced minds, the—

“Meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight do seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.”

But, alas ! since the world began men find as they grow old, “that the things they once have seen, they now can see no more !” So thought Castiglione in 1528, and so most of us who have passed any considerable proportion of their troubled span of life feel now ; and when we meet in the description of the refined courtier the expression of a regret so many of us must feel, it strikes the chord of a universal feeling, and we recognize the “touch of nature which makes all the world kin”—Italians or Englishmen, *cinque-cento* courtiers or members of our self-governing middle classes. After this passing tribute to the feelings of the heart—this regret for the bright days of his youth, in which the conversations recorded in his book took

place, Castiglione proceeds to make his new speaker declare that one of the first qualifications necessary for the proper application of the advantages the courtier was supposed to possess, was discretion in the mode and time of displaying them, together with caution and prudence. Mock-modesty, or a deficiency of self-esteem, appears to have been equal objects of contempt to our author; and he recommends that his imaginary character should lose nothing by diffidence or by retiring pride. Great attention is to be paid to dress and all external indications of rank and position, and all mere physical contentions in manly exercises avoided, as our hero is supposed to enter upon them solely for amusement, without making them a serious object of pursuit. He is recommended to be cautious in the choice of his associates, and to avoid placing himself in contact with low or common people even in the pursuit of pleasure—a piece of advice young men of all ages and countries would do well to follow. Whatever he undertakes, however, the courtier is advised to demean himself as though his then pursuit were neither his profession, nor did he seek or expect any praise for his success therein: to use a modern phrase, he was indeed to be an egregious “snob,” and endeavour to create a more advantageous impression by the skilful manner in which he disguises the labour expended on acquiring social accomplishments, or by surpassing the expectations he had allowed others to conceive from his previous conduct. To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right manner, and in the right place, is in fact the substance of M. Federigo Fregoso’s doctrine; and a careful study of the character of those around him, as well as of the requirements of his own age, station, and pursuit, are supposed to be sufficient to indicate the means for its application. No high motives are appealed to, however; nor is the notion of social duty even alluded to in the early portions of the book. Worldly success, and the manner of securing the good graces of the prince to whose suite he is attached, are alone considered by the parties to the discussion in the first three evenings, to be the objects for which he is to strive; and, indeed, we cannot help remarking that there is throughout the writings of all the Italian authors of the commencement of the sixteenth century a decided absence of moral or religious feeling. The great earthquake of the Reformation was in fact required to revive this nobler portion of their natures in the minds even of the Catholic nations; and however a certain school of English critics may abuse the productions of the latter portion of this century (the sixteenth), and of the following troubled age, it must always present surpassing interest to the true philosopher, on account of the startling violence with which the element of religious faith shook off the semi-pagan Rationalism of the later Middle Ages. The remark-

able want of this vital quality throughout Central and North-Western Europe during the fourteenth and the commencement of the fifteenth centuries, is indeed strangely ignored by the blind admirers of Mediævalism; but both this phenomenon and the ardent faith of the Spaniards at the same period, are to be explained by the conditions of struggle or of repose, observable in either case. The fierce crusades of our Simon de Montfort against the Albigeois produced a local and temporary disturbance of the stagnant waters of religious indifference, under which our ancestors had sunk after the great crusades had been laid aside; but it was not until after the Reformation that men again began to address themselves earnestly to the great question of duty or of faith. The religion of even Dante and Petrarch, still more that of Boccaccio, of Chaucer, Thibault de Champagne, and Charles d'Orleans, of Rabelais and Montaigne, was of a very easy character, and was allowed to trouble their earthly passions or pursuits as little as need be. Amongst the prose writers of Italy at the time in which Castiglione lived, this indifference had attained its maximum; and we are at times startled by the absence of all reference to the highest and noblest motives to human actions. The Courtier, indeed, is supposed to strive to merit favours rather than to seek them; to avoid every vice or impropriety of conduct; but this is to be done in order to acquire favour, and it may be cited as a characteristic illustration of the morals of the day that, the parties to the dialogue discuss for a long time, and without at length arriving at any very clear decision, as to whether he ought to commit a crime if commanded so to do by his prince. Evidently, there was then little necessary connexion between a perfect courtier, and a perfectly good man or a Christian. Are we better in this respect? Alas! we fear not; and the disgraceful eagerness with which the leaders of our society have shown themselves disposed to worship successful villany, proves that amongst them the tone of morals, is in no wise superior to that which prevailed in the times of Henry VII.

Castiglione makes some very sensible remarks upon the imitations of foreign dress and fashions of wearing the hair and beard, which our travelling youths would do well to read; though, of course, these lessons of common sense are not more likely to be profitable now than they were when he uttered them. At all times men have been disposed to adopt the old Latin phrase, and to consider "*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*"—just as some of our modern slip-slop politicians talk of "Continentalizing" England, on the supposition that everything which takes place abroad is better than what transpires here. Castiglione, in this portion of his book, reproves such of his countrymen as imported the habits or the peculiarities of foreign

lands, simply because they were different from those to be met with in ordinary life; and he disposes very quickly of the assumptions of superiority which are in fact only based upon the affectation of singularity, of the preference avowed by some shallow pretenders for foreign habits and customs in order that they may affect to despise those of their native land. In these matters the duty of a gentleman of the present day, like that of the perfect courtier of the Italian courts of the sixteenth century, was, and is, to avoid anything like affectation, either whilst residing at home or abroad; and, therefore, the proper course to be adopted is to conform to the ideas and customs of those around us, observing always that it is a proof of a little mind to seek for notice by singularity in little things; and that after all the most ridiculous blunder a man can make is to affect to be that which he really is not. These remarks must not, however, be construed into anything like a depreciation of a due attention to external appearances, for our author says, almost in the words of Le Sage, and in which we decidedly agree, that as a man dresses so will he be classed by the world in general, for many are likely to see who cannot judge of the merits of a man. Another very essential condition for success, on which our author dwells, consists in the choice of friends and associates; and upon this subject a very charming episodic discussion takes place between M. Federigo and Pietro Bembo (whom we shall have occasion to allude to hereafter in a more decided manner), in the course of which modern friendships are rather roughly treated in comparison with the mythological tales of Orestes and Pylades, Theseus and Pirithous, or the distant histories of Damon and Pythias, Scipio and Lelius. The Courtier is to be learned in all games adopted in society, and anxious at all times to produce a favourable *first* impression upon either sex. He is assiduously to avoid any exhibition of mere animal propensities, and of any habits which are likely to offend the prejudices or opinions of his friends. A knowledge of modern languages is also considered to be necessary; but whatever may be the extent of his education, the courtier is above all things to avoid a display which is likely to be offensive to others, or any tacit assumption by word, deed, or implication of superiority over them. So also in joking: the principles laid down for our imaginary hero's conduct are mainly that he should avoid any exhibition which might be painful to others, and that he should carefully avoid inconvenient displays; for wit is indeed, a two-edged sword, and nothing is so likely to bring down upon a man a host of bitter enemies (witness Yorick) than a careless, and perhaps good-humoured habit of turning everybody to ridicule. It is in this portion of the dis-

cussion that we meet with the tale before referred to, of the frozen words exchanged between the Italian merchants established in the dominions of the King of Poland and the subjects of the Duke of Moscow ; (how some things change in the political world !) and there are also some rather humorous, but very broad tales, such as we should now hesitate to repeat where women were present. Nevertheless, Castiglione dwells seriously upon the danger and impropriety of jesting with sacred subjects ; and it is, moreover, to be observed in defence of his latitude of expression, that all Continental nations, even at the present day, tolerate a licence of speech to which we are but little accustomed in our somewhat Puritanical land. Thus, perhaps, we may explain how even Castiglione himself, could not refrain from relating some histories, which are but little flattering to the cardinals and other princes of the church which he served ; and he makes the noble and chaste Duchess of Urbino, and the equally noble and chaste Lady Emilia Pia, take part in conversations which no Englishwoman would allow to proceed in her presence. But if the language be thus at times objectionable, there are sentiments put into the mouths of some of the speakers to which little exception can be taken, and it would be well for the courtiers of some of the modern states to adopt the principles M. Bernardo, a new speaker, propounded for the relations between the sexes. " Love," he says, " must be admitted to be the most valid excuse for the errors of men or of women ; but a gentleman in love should be in this, as in all other cases, sincere and true ; and he should aim alone at the subjugation of the soul of his mistress, without seeking for any other gratification, or any other reward for his devotion." These principles are explained at some length and with considerable eloquence ; but they did not pass without contradiction, for the Signor Gasparo Pallavicino seized the opportunity they afforded of making a violent attack upon women, to which of course all the ladies present were anxious at once to reply. The Lady Emilia, however, seems to have thought it safer for her sex to appear by its champion : so she selected Giuliano de Medici to undertake the defence of women from the attacks of this slanderer, and she also called upon him to describe, for the third evening's amusement, a model lady fitted to be the companion for the courtier described by Count Ludovico and M. Federigo Fregoso.

Giuliano de Medici began by stating that women should, above all things, avoid the assumption of the masculine character, especially in the manners and habits of every-day life. Then he considered that the court lady ought to have the essential qualifications already assumed to be required for the courtier, such as noble birth, absence of affectation, an agreeable mental

and physical organization, good manners, prudence, absence of pride, envy, vanity, quarrelsomeness; the power to acquire and to retain the good-will of her lord; as well as a degree of skill in the performance of all the exercises to which women usually turn their attention. She ought to be beautiful, but very careful to avoid scandal by word or by deed; and unite with prudence, magnanimity, chastity, and other virtues, the skill requisite for keeping in order her husband's establishment, and providing for her children. A degree of courteous affability, and a readiness to enter into every proper conversation, was required; but then it should be accompanied by gentle manners, modesty, and that reserve which is one of the greatest ornaments of the sex. All this is very pretty, and is no doubt true, as far as it goes: the only objection to be made to the supposed perfect character assigned thus by our author to women is (like that we before made to the character assigned to men), that it is not based upon any high or religious motives, and is evidently considered simply as a means for securing success in a court. Alas! we fear that much of the evil fate of Italy is to be attributed to this deficiency of high moral principle in the higher classes of either sex! and it may be that even the very refinement of their behaviour in unimportant matters may have indisposed the Italian nobles to submit to the privations, annoyances, and daily sacrifices, required to secure and maintain their freedom as a nation. The charms of female coquetry are pretty additaments to a character in itself good and noble; and it is only when so balanced, that they can be prevented from assuming an undue importance. Dancing, music, dress, literature, graceful manners, and charms of person are, no doubt, very desirable qualifications in the woman who is to share the existence of a courtier, or even of any man; but these accomplishments are mainly, addressed to the external world, whilst woman's real sphere is the internal world of her home and family. There may then, we believe, be some lessons to be derived by women from the book of the Courtier, if they desire only to shine in the world's eye; but they must seek for counsel elsewhere, if they wish to become wise or good in a strictly moral sense, or to be, as they were designed to be, the helpmates of their husbands.

There are some very curious illustrations of the state of physical science, at this period, to be found in the arguments which Julianio de Medici advanced in favour of the fair sex; and really if the nonsense he talked about heat and cold were received soberly and seriously as philosophical reasoning, we can understand the point of much of Rabelais's satire, and of Bacon's arguments. Yet these records of former dogmas are interesting, if only as proofs of the extent to which the wisest and best of us

may stray under the influence of fashion; and they ought to make us pause to inquire whether we may not even now be as likely to be mistaken, as were the philosophers of Europe before the announcement of the inductive method of sciences. The metaphysical and the physical philosophy of the age of Castiglione, as may be gathered from the scraps interwoven in the text of the "*Corteggiano*," erred from the readiness of their professors to adopt names and authorities, instead of things. Now, we are often falling into an error of an opposite kind, and we abuse analytical reasoning to such an extent, that we seem to ignore the fact, that nature always proceeds by broad synthesis; and we thus narrow our field of vision to the few appearances we are immediately in contact with, and shut ourselves out from all general, or comprehensive views of external, or of internal nature. But, be this as it may, the Medici proceeds to cite numerous instances of the excellence of the sex he had undertaken to praise; and in reply to the facetious challenge, that his illustrations were all selected from such remote periods that no one could ascertain their correctness, he appealed to the company for their confirmation of his assertion of the superior merits of the ladies of the houses of Montefeltro, Gonzaga, Da Este, De Pij; and, passing from them, he referred to the glorious examples afforded by Anne of Brittany, Queen of France, and of Isabella of Castile, in support of his proposition, that women were perfectly able to set examples for the world's guidance in "true greatness, prudence, religion, honour, courtesy, liberality," and, to quote our author, "every virtue." Isabella seems to have been one of the goddesses of Castiglione's idolatry; nor can it be a matter of surprise, that a character so pure and holy, as that of the Castilian queen, should have excited the enthusiasm of all Southern Europe. It would, indeed, have been difficult to have imagined at any time, or under any circumstances, a better, or a truer representative of a woman's worth in an elevated position. But fortunately, few women are called to be queens, because the few who play such conspicuous parts on the world's stage, lose in fact, their real charm as members of the weaker sex; under all circumstances, too, they are so removed from the daily concerns of life, that they can afford but little instruction to the members of their sex destined to be wives and mothers of families—or even to such as are only required to strut and fret their hours in subordinate positions on the stage of a court; and, therefore, we must consider even the amended illustrations of women's excellence cited by Juliano de Medici, as only bearing indirectly upon the real question. The rest of the third evening's discussion contains, however, so many very equivocal sentiments, and is conducted in a style and language so very

inbecoming the ears of women, that we are startled to find that the ladies even of that strange period could allow it to proceed; and we cannot but consider that, even if our modern punctiliousness be after all somewhat affected and insincere, still it is preferable to err by being righteous over much in these respects, than to indulge in the coarse licence of word and deed, which prevailed universally during the Middle Ages, and which we fear, still prevails in the countries where the Roman Catholic religion is predominant, numerous and glorious though we know the exceptions to be, to the general low tone of morals with which we believe it to be connected. At all times and in all countries, however, the general praise our author bestows upon women, through the mouth of M. Cesare Gonzaga, will be echoed by those who know them best. "Who, indeed," he exclaims, "does not know that without them, no contentment or satisfaction can be felt in any condition of our lives? which, without them, would be rude, and deprived of every kind of pleasure. Who does not know that women remove from our hearts all low and vile thoughts; the pain, and misery, and dreariness of sorrow, which so often accompany them? And if we carefully consider the truth of this matter, we must confess that so far from turning men's minds from great things, they rather urge them forward to their execution; and that the man into whose heart the flame of woman's love has once penetrated, can no longer be a bad man; for he who loves always desires to be amiable, and above all things, dreads incurring any disgrace which may render him less estimable in the eyes of her whom he is anxious to attach to himself." This is prettily said in the original, and what is better, is very true, as are also some of the other short maxims dispersed through this dialogue, which have been developed, by the way, by modern authors without acknowledgment of their source. For instance, Julianio is made to say "he who loves sincerely, speaks little;" that "it is not in our power to love;" that "men's desires do not extend to objects which they know they can never attain;" that "the first duty of the man who desires to be loved, is to love, and to render himself loveable." But, although both the Courtier and the Lady are assumed to be without deceit, and to be perfectly well-bred and discreet, the whole of their characters must be considered to be, we fear, exposed to the accusation of being essentially artificial, and of being devoid of any hearty genuineness, or even as we said before, of any high moral principle, though still they are more like real, true men and women, than the polished gentlefolk who might be formed on the Chesterfield model.

On the last evening during which the little court of the Duchess of Urbino discussed the qualifications of their imaginary

phoenix, the S. Ottaviano Fregoso was called upon to supply any defects which his predecessors had left, and to render him perfect. This he proceeded to do, in a far higher strain than his predecessors, by stating that the object for which the courtier should seek to acquire favour by the end of the arts, graces, and manners previously attributed to him, ought to be in itself great and noble. He should make use of his influence to teach his prince truth above all things, and to guide him strictly in the paths of honour and virtue. There are some passages in Castiglione's book which are so "plain spoken" upon the follies and vices of princes, that we are at first disposed to ask ourselves whether really they could have been written before the great days of revolutions. Thus he says, that no man would venture to attempt a piece of music in society if he were ignorant of that art; and yet princes do not hesitate to pretend to govern large bodies of men without any previous study or education, as though "they knew their stops" instinctively—to quote an expression from our master-poet, who seems, indeed, from many passages in this very play of "Hamlet," to have studied our Italian author. The courtier who would seek to be an honest man, must, he also observes, lead his prince through the arduous path of virtue, and strive to adorn that straight and narrow way in such wise as to allure him to follow it, instead of the broader and easier road which would lead to the misery of his subjects and the shipwreck of his own fame. Some of the sentences uttered by the S. Ottaviano would have figured well in the writings of Franklin or of Bentham, even if both the latter did not borrow from this singularly rich source; for he says—almost in the words of an older Italian, Cicero, by the way—that "laws do not punish so much on account of past errors, as to prevent their repetition in order that the bad example so set may not mislead others;" and that "if good and evil were understood, every one would choose the good, and avoid the evil; moreover, virtue might be called a description of prudence, and a faculty of selecting the good, and vice an imprudence, and a proof of ignorance which leads to error; because men never designedly choose the evil, knowing it to be evil, but are deceived in such cases by a semblance of good. True pleasure is always good, and real pain is always evil; and they seriously deceive themselves who confound the one with the other, and who, in seeking the former, throw themselves into the latter." A very interesting discussion was raised upon these sentiments between Pietro Bembo and Ottaviano; in which Bembo questioned the correctness of the opinion that the choice of evil was a proof of ignorance, because many, even when knowing better, preferred evil; and Ottaviano contended,

that even when the knowledge of the nature and extent of the evil was greatest, the determining motive which led to its selection was based upon a mistaken opinion of its real character. "True knowledge," he said, "would never be overcome by the affections or the passions of the body; and if it were well guided by reason, it would infallibly lead to virtue; if not so guided, to vice." Of the moral, but social virtues, in addition to those already named, the Signor Ottaviano thought to be requisite for a Courtier, we may cite with unlimited approbation, those of continence, temperance, justice, modesty, magnanimity, prudence; and after they had been thus somewhat in detail enumerated, the question was raised (we should be tempted at the present day to say, prematurely), as to whether the government of a good prince or that of a republic were most fitted to secure the happiness of mankind. There is not much depth or solidity in the arguments brought forward by the partisans of either system, who were respectively Bembo, who advocated the cause of republics, and Ottaviano, who advocated that of monarchy; and, indeed, we should hardly have dwelt upon this episode, had it not been that the partisan of monarchy urged one observation of such universal truth, that it may safely be repeated here. It is to this effect, that "true liberty does not consist in living as men desire, but rather in living according to good laws; and that to obey is not less natural, useful, or necessary, than to command, whilst there are some natures as distinctly created for obedience as there are others for dominion." Elsewhere Castiglione foreshadows Filicaia's sonnet and Byron's stanzas, by saying, that "often the wealth of a state is a cause of its ruin; as in our poor Italy, which is, and has been, exposed to the attacks of strangers, on account of its bad governments, and on account of its surpassing wealth;" thus, with natural indulgence for the weakness or folly of his countrymen, keeping out of sight their want of moral courage to force their rulers to perform their duties, or to defend their own interests. And after some curious episodes, by a singular but well-prepared transition, the arguments with respect to the character of a refined courtier were concluded by Pietro Bembo being called upon by the duchess to explain in what manner he could yield consistently to a love which should bring neither blame nor sorrow to him or to its objects. It would seem from the fragments of Bembo's spoken wisdom compared with his published works, that he was, like our Coleridge, an inspired talker, but after all a very specious and shallow reasoner—a man who intoxicated himself and his hearers with words, but who conveyed few sound ideas. Castiglione describes him as launching forth into a discourse composed of most eloquent Platonic descriptions of immaculate

affections, totally unknown to men in their present miserable state; but the whole is conveyed in a style so fascinating, that the reader hangs upon the words recorded, as the auditors seem to have hung upon them when uttered; and there is a singular resemblance to the doctrines of the school of Plato running through this remarkable discourse, which might have furnished Ghioberti with an illustration of his favourite theory of the Italo-Pelasgic analogies of many of that wondrous philosopher's doctrines. Bembo contends that "beauty proceeds directly from God, and is, as it were, a circle of which goodness is the centre, nor can beauty exist without goodness"—"goodness may, indeed, be said to be beauty, and to a certain extent the same thing, especially in the human body,"—and he oddly enough expresses in one forcible, elegant sentence, the sentiment Voiture dilated into a very charming stanza, when he says that "the divinely enamoured Plato declared that his soul came to his lips, and was about to leave his body when he kissed his love." This strange mystical, "moon-shiney" (as Carlyle would say) disquisition is wound up by an eloquent peroration and address to Love, pure and refined as Bembo understood it to be; and insensibly the little court seems to have been so carried away by the fascination of the inspired talker's tongue, that the morning dawned ere it was aware of the duration of its pleasure, and then it separated under the dreamy influences of such discourse, so prolonged to the still calm hours of twilight, never to meet again!

There is something melancholy about this close of the "game of the Corteggiano;" and there comes, as it were, over the mind in reading it, the same kind of impression which is produced by the strangely fascinating wail of an *Æolian* harp. And yet the fourth book, in which this melancholy character is most perceptible, is the one which precisely strikes us as being not only the most fascinating, but also as constituting the superiority of Castiglione's book to the other productions of the same description. There is throughout the whole work, as we said before, a total absence of religious sentiment, as we now usually understand the phrase, and our author might as well have been a Pagan of the Academic school as a native of Catholic Italy, and a servant highly favoured by the head of the orthodox church. In the days "when *Rafaelle* painted and a *Vida* sang," however, this semi-paganism was by no means rare; nor, when we consider that Alexander Borgia and Leo X. were, at this period, in possession of the Pontifical chair, or in fact were supposed to be the visible representatives of the church, can we be much surprised that the religion they were supposed to represent should have lost all hold upon the educated or intellectual

STUDIES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.--

classes. At the time when Chesterfield wrote, a similar phase of moral and political apathy seems to have prevailed; connected, moreover, with a period of reaction from a previous over-excitement of religious feeling, similar to that of the Middle Ages in some of its characteristics; but there was this notable difference between the refinement advocated by the indifferent Castiglione to that advocated by the still more indifferent contemporary of Voltaire and D'Orleans, that the former proposed to himself a model of ideal excellence founded upon a deeply meditated, though it may be mistaken, conception of truth and beauty, whilst the latter only aimed at inculcating the maxims which should secure success in the world. The fourth book of Castiglione's "Corteggiano" is, indeed, the most interesting, and the most worthy of study. It is, moreover, the one which we suspect has the most contributed to the permanent reputation of the work, both on account of the subjects discussed, and on account of the surpassing beauty of the language. This in many cases rises even to poetical rhythm; and there are few prose works in existence that we are acquainted with which can compare with the "Corteggiano" in this very important, but now, in England especially, too much neglected respect.

Faret's book, "L'Honeste Homme; ou, l'Art de Plaire à la Cour," is, after all, nothing but a feeble imitation of Castiglione's greater work, modified to suit the atmosphere of Versailles, or rather, we should say, St. Germain, in the early days of the reign of Louis XIV. There is no more religion in the Frenchman's code of a courtier's duty, whilst there is even less of personal dignity and self-reliance,—as might have been expected indeed from a man who had made himself so useful to Richelieu, and had preserved credit under Mazarin. Success is the god of his idolatry, and the favour of the prince the object of his ambition. Many of the counsels he gives are, no doubt, based upon common sense, and a profound knowledge of the weaker motives of the great world; but neither are they original, nor do they emanate from high motives, and, as such, they cannot tend to raise the character of those who might be supposed to adopt them. The book is a curious one, and would well repay perusal by those who seek to appreciate the intimate character of the epoch in which it was written; but it would hardly justify a lengthened analysis in our pages, and, indeed, it has been here principally referred to because of the vogue it enjoyed at the time of its production, and of the moral thus pointed—of the capricious character of literary fame. Faret's book was originally published in 1630, and it rapidly passed through several editions. In 1650, the edition we have con-

sulted, was published in Paris, and consisted of the revised text, with a Spanish translation by Ambrosio de Salazar, who styled himself secretary and Spanish interpreter of the king, and appears to have been medical adviser of the queen, and who was the author of a well-known work in its day, called the “*Clavellinas de Recreacion*.” Faret himself appears to have excited the ire of the bitter, but by no means scrupulous or fair critic, Boileau; and he is principally known by the following lines, in which he has been “damned to everlasting fame” by that ill-natured sneerer at all worldly success:—

“Ainsi tel autrefois qu’on vit avec Faret
Charboner de ses vers les murs d’un cabaret.”

For our own parts, although we object strongly to the absence of high moral principle throughout “*L’Honeste Homme*,”—which title affords a strange exemplification, by the way, of the distinction existing in French between the same words differently placed, *l’honnête homme* and *l’homme honnête*, between the polite and the honest man,—we cannot refrain from saying, that we differ entirely from those who form their opinions of Faret’s merits from Boileau’s passionate sarcasms. The book we refer to, at least, is well and elegantly written; in an antiquated style, no doubt, and with many far-fetched turns of phrase and obscure allusions. But we must observe that it argues well for its merit that it should have obtained the success that it unquestionably did; and, for many reasons, we suspect that its author must have been a person of a far superior stamp to what Boileau would lead us to believe; for he who could induce Cardinal Richelieu to protect the Comte d’Harcourt, who was the friend of Molière, St. Arnaud, Bois-Robert, and Coeffetau, and who was one of the founders of the French Academy, could have been no ordinary man. Faret, indeed, is said to have drawn up the original statutes of the academy; a task Boileau could never have performed, for that high-priest of “monotony on wire” was only fitted to sneer at real producers. He could produce nothing original himself, and to him may well be applied the line, “*Ben si suol dir, non falla, chi non fa.*”

Della Casa was a man who occupied a far more conspicuous place upon the world’s stage than Faret, or any of the other translators or adapters of Castiglione’s great work. Giovanni della Casa was born in 1503, and was connected by family ties with Alamanni, the Strozzi, Rucellai, and other celebrated families of Tuscany. He studied in Bologna, and also in Padova, where he became acquainted with Cardinal Bembo, then in old age. At first, he intended to enter into the struggle of political life in Florence, and he enrolled himself in one of

the corporate bodies of that town, through which alone access could be had to civic honours; but as he did not advance with sufficient rapidity to satisfy his own ambition, he went to Rome, where, notwithstanding the irregularities of his life, he had two good friends in Alessandro Farnese, subsequently Paolo III., and in his nephew, Cardinal Alessandro Farnese. He here took holy orders, and was shortly afterwards sent to Florence as the Apostolic Commissioner for the collection of the Papal tithes. In 1544, he was promoted to the Archbishopric of Benevento; about 1547, he was sent as Ambassador to the Republic of Venice, in order to induce that government to join the league between the Pope and the King of France. Della Casa seems to have acquired a great affection for this town, as he retired there during some years which he devoted to the study of letters,—his flock the while being, we fear, sadly neglected,—until he was commanded by Paolo IV. to assume the position of Secretary of State. He did not attain the dignity of Cardinal, and some suppose even that the very irregular life he led in his youth, and his very loose early poems, were the grounds of his exclusion. It is hardly probable that this was the case in the first half of the sixteenth century; but, however this might have been, Della Casa seems to have been bitterly disappointed at not being so named to the highest rank in the church; for he died shortly after Paul IV. had passed him over in the first nomination of cardinals under his papacy, notwithstanding the affection with which, on all occasions, he spoke of Casa, his *socius laboris*. Are we to suppose that popes are not more grateful than ordinary princes?

We cannot here enter upon an examination of the Latin or of the Italian poems of Della Casa, nor of the orations or set speeches he made in the discharge of his political duties, which were much admired at the period of their delivery, but which now seem very pedantic and lifeless, based as they were upon an imitation of the style and arguments of Tacitus or Livy rather than upon the wants or circumstances of the age. The student of Mediæval literature would, however, do well not to imitate our compulsory neglect of these very remarkable productions; for he will find in the poems especially, many elegant and charming passages, defaced too often, we are sorry to say, by the licence of their language. Our limits only allow us at present to call attention to the "*Galateo, ovvero de' Costumi*," the work which constitutes our author's principal title to immortality, and has so strongly impressed the imaginations of the inhabitants of Southern Europe, that its name has been adopted as the generic title for all similar treatises upon manners. It has been translated into almost every language of

Europe, and is still the canon for those who affect refinement in the daily intercourse of life amongst Italians or Spaniards. The plot is remarkably simple, for it consists solely in this, that an old man of the middle ranks of society relates to a young relation the rules of conduct he had observed to be most successful; and he cites as an illustration of their application a certain M. Galateo, an esteemed servant of a certain Bishop of Verona, from whose name the treatise itself derived its title. As in the case of Castiglione's book, there is no attempt on the part of the learned archbishop to infuse a religious or high moral tone into the principles he promulgates; and the "Galateo" might almost as easily have been written by a man of refinement educated under the influence of Polytheism, as by a high priest of a purer religion. Many of the doctrines indeed are literal translations or adaptations of passages of Aristotle, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca, Ovid, or Horace; very few, indeed, are inspired directly by the Bible; and though unquestionably Della Casa recommends attention to the feelings of others, and to the minor charities of life, he evidently only considers this to be the wisest course in order to secure the personal goodwill and the assistance of those with whom we may be in contact, whilst he makes no allusion to the obligation which is incumbent upon all of us "to do to others as we would be done by," and which, in fact, constitutes the moral obligation to politeness. Setting aside this objection, we avow a sincere approval of many of the minor laws for social intercourse laid down in this treatise. Politeness is, as Della Casa says, when well understood, "if not itself a virtue, very closely allied to it; and although it is a matter of greater importance to be liberal, firm, and magnanimous, than to be agreeable or winning, nevertheless the charms of manner may often be as advantageous to their possessors as strength of character, it being necessary for us to be in daily contact with one another, whereas the occasions for the exhibition of great virtues are extremely rare:" and thence it is, he says further on, that ill-mannered men are generally speaking, as much disliked as bad men. True politeness he defines to consist in regulating our actions so as to please others, and not for our own gratification. Every action, every trick which might suggest unpleasant ideas must, therefore, be sedulously avoided; and our author cites some curious illustrations of the disagreeable habits of his own times, which still survive both there and with ourselves. Picking teeth in company, whistling—a vile English habit,—washing the mouth after a meal—a vile Continental abomination,—noisy tricks, such as beating what we call "the devil's tattoo," or singing, or sneezing, or coughing with unnecessary violence, are all of

the class of habits Della Casa stigmatizes ; nor, adds he, should these things be thought of small moment because they are amongst the minor observances, for small blows, often repeated, kill, or, as Ovid says, "*Gutta cavat lapidem.*" Attention to dress is recommended, because slovenliness indicates a contempt for those around ; and the fashions of the country and the age we live in should be observed, because singularity in these matters argues that we conceive ourselves to be wiser than our neighbours. All exhibitions of pride are condemned, for pride is said to proceed from a contempt of others, a sure way of wounding their feelings ; and, indeed, says our author, it is prudent in the affairs of the world to treat people with the consideration to which they are entitled by common consent, without stopping to inquire into their real title to such deference, just as we take money at its usual course without attempting to assay it. Abstraction in company is reprehensible ; punctiliousness in exacting deference from others is to be avoided ; indecent or profane expressions are condemned ; as are too constant references to our own private affairs, interests, or affections, and especially all reference to ourselves or our own merits. Discretion, truth, frankness, absence of unmeaning ceremony (which is a species of deceit), and a consideration for the habits, modes of thought, and feelings of those with whom we live are the golden rules of Della Casa's code of manners ; and they are of universal application even after all the boasted advances of modern society. Obstinacy or pertinacity in argument, misplaced jesting, the habit of turning everything to ridicule, or a want of refinement of language, are strongly reprobated ; nor does the mania for learned phrases, or an affectation of superior knowledge, find favour in Della Casa's sight. In conversation, as in everything else, the great principle he inculcates is rather to endeavour to please others than to exhibit one's self, and, therefore, he blames the attempt to monopolize too much of the general attention. Della Casa enters upon a short disquisition as to what constitutes beauty ; for he says that men seek that quality as much as they seek goodness ; but his metaphysics are of a very shallow description—as perhaps they ought to be in a mere treatise upon manners—for he makes beauty consist in the balance and harmony of the details of an object ; and then, he says, that men should seek to attain beauty in all their actions. Understanding that phrase to mean that men should aspire to moral excellence, we agree with our author ; and we also approve the minor counsels he gives—utterly without reference to logical arrangement be it observed, and without having the fear of repetition before his eyes—to the person who is desirous of being considered well bred : such as avoiding the use of scents, of unbecoming

attitudes or exercises, of excesses at table, &c. ; but he adds, and to this we decidedly demur, "that it is better to err with the multitude in such small things, than to do right, alone." In fine, Della Casa inculcates the doctrines, that graceful, winning manners constitute the great charm of society ; and the substance of his argument is to prove that consideration for the feelings of others is the basis of good manners. This is also the key-note to the "*Trattato degli Ufficij comuni*,"—principally borrowed from Cicero's admirable essay "*De Officiis*," by the way—and with the exception of the absence of higher motives, to which we have had occasion so often to allude and regret, we can only find reason for admiration and praise in both these treatises.

It is not surprising that such a work should have constantly been referred to ; nor that it should have been again and again translated. The somewhat exaggerated refinement of the minor recommendations, however, was most adapted to the genius of the Spanish nation, and, therefore, it is that they possess more numerous translations of the "*Galateo*" than any others. Lucas Gracian Dantisco's book, the "*Galateo Español*," is indeed avowedly a literal copy of the Italian original ; but the author has taken some trifling liberties with the text, and has destroyed the charm of style with which Della Casa clothed his lessons of politeness ; his book, or rather the edition of the "*Galateo*" to which we have referred, is, indeed, principally interesting on account of a strange, mystical, rambling set of maxims which he has appended under the title of "*El Destierro de Ignorancia*," and of an attempt to moralize Diego de Mendoza's amusing, but very free novel, under that of "*La Vida del Lazarillo de Tormes Castigado*." It would lead us too far were we at present to attempt to analyze the latter ; and, indeed, the subject of the *Picarresque* novels is too curious for such a cursory notice. It merits a special article, which we propose to give hereafter, and in the meantime we conclude our observations upon the Mediæval authors of Italy and Spain who have treated the questions of manners with the greatest and most permanent success, by saying that they will still repay perusal, notwithstanding the changes which have passed over the spirit of society of late years ; and that many of us might derive benefit from the attempt to apply the doctrines or the precepts they propound. The external character of English society especially is of a harsh and unamiable nature, and our countrymen require more than most other European nations to impress upon their minds the importance of attention to the minor charities and the minor observances to which Della Casa in particular alludes.

GOETHE.

ART. II.—*The Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries.* By G. H. Lewes. 2 vols. London: D. Nutt. 1855.

2. *The Autobiography of Goethe. Truth and Poetry: from my own Life.* Translated from the German by John Oxenford, Esq. *The concluding Books of the Autobiography; also, Letters from Switzerland and Travels in Italy.* Translated by the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M.A. London: Henry G. Bohn.
3. *Conversations with Goethe in the Last Years of his Life.* Translated from the German of Eckermann, by John Oxenford, Esq. London: H. G. Bohn.
4. Article "Goethe," in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*." Vol. X. By Thomas De Quincy. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.
5. Article "Goethe," in "*Passing Thoughts*." By James Douglas, Esq., of Cavers. Part I. Edinburgh: T. Constable and Co. 1855.

"GOTZ VON BERLICHINGEN," "Werther's Sorrows," "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Faust,"—what a host of recollections, emotions, and impulses does the mention of these names call up! What German youth has not wept over or felt mightily impelled by them; to whom in the Fatherland has the study of these masterpieces of genius not formed an epoch in life? Verily, in many respects, does the youth of Germany differ from that of our own island. Almost cradled in a dream-world, their consciousness of self once awakened, they are brought into immediate contact with what rouses every feeling and fancy. Schiller's generous enthusiasm, his lofty idealism; Klopstock's stately temple-song; Herder's eastern grandeur; Wieland's lively pictures; Lessing's cold reasoning; Jean Paul's telling views of men and matters; Körner's odes of liberty and Germany; Uhland's unique ballads; Rückert's eastern gems; Matthison's "Wehmuth" (deep sorrow),—not to speak of the more modern Heine, Borne, Freiligrath, Grun, &c.; above all, the chief of German poets, Goethe, the bard of nature and of man;—what a host of names! But especially do these two, Schiller and Goethe, who even during their lifetime were too often compared with each other, form the poles of the literary aspirations and sympathies of Germany. We have always felt that it was improper to compare the two poets. Even the remark of Gervinus, that Schiller was the poet of youth and of the gentler sex, Goethe the bard of manhood, seems to us only partially correct. For ourselves, we have to confess that ever since we felt the power of song, Goethe was the poet of our choice, although we well remember astounding a very worthy preceptor by a statement of

this preference. Not that we have failed to appreciate the lofty utterances, the inexpressible modulation and sweetness of Schiller's poetry, but that, so to speak, our soul was tuned to the lyre of Goethe. In truth, the two poets play on different instruments. What attracted us to Schiller was his communication of impulse, stirring the soul to its inmost depths. What draws us to Goethe is the truth and reality of his utterances, whether concerning nature or man. His eagle glance searched the inmost depths and reached the loftiest heights,—the most brilliant light. Concerning nature and man he sang what we all felt to be real and true. Crowds of enthusiastic followers owned him as master, because he deciphered a writing which all had perceived but which none could read. He read it, and they felt it to be true. All Goethe's writings are not only based upon actual occurrences, in which he was a principal actor, but they detail actual experiences. None before or after him could so read in the book of nature or of life. Reality unfolded itself to him; but this, which constituted the merit and charm of his writings, was the stumbling-block and rock of offence in his life. He knew men and commanded them; he was above them, he could not sympathize with them. He occupied an eminence of his own on which none could stand without giddiness. His was the region of *intellect*, of the *objective*, of perceiving reality; his was not the region of real *love*, or of heartfelt sympathy. As magician he stood in the middle of a circle which obeyed his wand—he had little communion with it. He could feel himself part of that great universe whose power he realized, whose peculiar beauties he so clearly discerned. Antiquity with its nature-worship, with its gods, Titans, and monuments of an art which deified nature, had unspeakable charms and attractions for him: he was a German Grecian. But man as he was and lived, he knew too well, and consequently commanded too much, to hold communion with. One thing only could have effected this mighty change: it would have been genuine Christianity. We mean neither the maudlin sentimentalism which, despite its elements of truth and sincerity, was, and is, too often merely a morbid imitation or a degeneracy, nor the bellowing, roaring, look-at-me sectarianism, all inflated and hollow, full of narrowness and hatred, of talk and pretension, but without the light, love, and life of Christ. Had he known *genuine Christianity*—had the love of Christ drawn him upward, instead of what almost appears to us a *misanthropy* which prevented any sympathy with the highest aspirations of man—religion and liberty, and which even in love kept him only at *passion*, and never led him to genuine sympathy and outgoing of the soul,—how different would all

GOETHE.

have become! We have called it misanthropy for want of a more suitable expression. A strange word this may appear to some who only remember the "joyous" Goethe, so pleasure-loving and riotous, so stately and polite to all, the director of the theatre, the mad companion of the duke, the gallant, passionate admirer of the beautiful. Yet, withal, these things gave but passing pleasure, he was not happy in them, he sympathized not with them; they held him not; he enjoyed, but he could not love; he knew and commanded, but he could not sympathize; he was kindly, but not a brother; it was nature, its knowledge and worship, but also its loneliness and transitoriness. He was really alone and unsatisfied. All his writings, the chief personages in his dramas and novels (as for example, Werther and Faust)—all, all are the result of the same experience; his greatness and his misery consisted in this—passion and misanthropy, twin sisters, the offspring of his sympathy with nature, his want of sympathy with men; his acquaintance with the natural, and ignorance of the supernatural and spiritual. And thus in the evening of his days he sums up much sad experience in the "Conversations with Eckermann." We could cite a number of passages from them, but will confine ourselves to two:—

"I have ever been esteemed," he observed to his friend, "one of Fortune's chief favourites; nor can I complain of the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and, in my seventy-fifth year, I may say that I never had four weeks' of genuine pleasure. The stone was ever to be rolled up anew. My annals will testify to the truth of what I now say. . . . What really made me happy was my poetic mind and creative power. And how was this disturbed, limited, and hindered by the external circumstances of my condition! . . . A wide-spread celebrity, an elevated position in the world, are good things. But for all my rank and celebrity, I am still obliged to be silent lest I come into collision with the opinions of others. This would be but poor sport if I did not by this means learn the thoughts of others without their being able to scrutinize mine."*

So spake he whom men generally called "Fortune's chief favourite." Or again:—

"It has from olden time been said and repeated that a man should strive to know himself. To this singular requisition, no man either has fully answered or shall fully answer. Man is by sense and custom led outwards into the world, and has a great deal to do that he may know and make use of this. He knows himself only from joy or

* We have quoted "Eckermann's Conversations" from the American translation of Fuller.

sorrow, and is only in this way instructed what to seek and what to shun. Man is a darkened being; he knows not whence he comes, nor whither he goes; he knows little of the world and less of himself. I know not myself, and may God protect me from it!"

—How differently would he have spoken and acted had he known the highest and most blessed spiritual realities!

We are not afraid of being vilified while we give utterance to these sentiments. In some respects we feel, indeed, peculiar difficulty in giving our readers a truthful representation of the life of Goethe. We fear to fall into either of the extremes of forgetting the man in the poet, or of taking a low and contracted view of the inner life of such a man. We shall attempt to perform our task as liberally and yet as fearlessly as we can. Even Carlyle's sarcasm (so approvingly quoted by Mr. Lewes, Vol. II. p. 396), who, "while certain pietists were throwing up their eyes, and regretting that so great a genius! so godlike a genius! should not have more purely devoted himself to the service of Christian truth! . . . said, '*Meine Herren*, did you never hear the story of that man who vilified the sun because it would not light his cigar?'"—shall not terrify us. We believe had he reversed the parable, it would have come nearer the truth. We hold that the highest conception of which man is capable is that of *spiritual truth*; the highest act that of devoting his energies to its *realization*. Art and beauty occupy in comparison a position merely secondary; truth and life are the highest realities of man. Grant that the mantle of Grecian art and poetry had fallen upon Goethe; grant that he read from the book of nature and of man lessons so true and yet so sweet as, like Orpheus, to move stones or to draw around him beasts of prey tamed for a time;—what then? Did he transform them, or did he only soothe them? did he elevate and purify, or merely charm and excite his disciples? What has been the ultimate tendency of Grecian art and poetry, of Italian culture and the worship of nature? The great realities which have revolutionized man individually and mankind generally, whence sprang they? The source of highest action, of deepest love, of lasting happiness, of most perfect endurance, where do we find it? What a dreary world would ours be if it were only taught by and modelled after the Grecians and Goethe. We should lose ourselves in a dream-land; each man either pouring forth of the fulness of his uncontrolled nature, or, subject to such influences, carried along the impetuous stream into the vast interminable ocean. What though here and there a patch of ground were temporarily fertilized, what devastation would not such a flood carry with it! The fit

territory of such a stream is solitude, merely natural grandeur, primeval forests decked with their mosses or lichens, overhanging rocks or stern, naked heights. Foot of man scarce penetrates into it,—dwelling of man is not found there. Say not that we understand not the grandeur of Goethe's poetry. We understand it but too well; it calls up all the echoes of our soul, it searches its inmost depths, it rouses every element of unrest, it hurries on the current of our inner man outwards and onwards. Who would not understand at least some of Goethe's strains! His lyre has every chord which is strung in the soul of man; not any is wanting; and to some or other must every musical soul answer.

It is useless, and worse than useless, to deal in recriminations. If some of our friends call us "Philister,"* because we cherish these experiences, we will not retaliate with the same reproach. We know that they will say that we would measure the eternal with our yard-wand, and reduce it to an arithmetical problem according to the rule of three. Were it of any use, or could such assertions be deemed exponents of truth, it would not be difficult to retort upon our accusers. They have seen, admired, and loved one set of features of the beautiful and the true, and they believe in it: so do we. They hate all unreality, untruth, and hypocrisy—they believe in existence: so do we. But it does not follow that these are the only, or even the highest truths and beauties. We believe there is another power, truth, and beauty, and that the highest—the spiritual. Let us not be met with sneers. To sneer is verily to imitate the Philister, who sneers at all his palm cannot hold, his hat does not cover, and his spectacles do not reveal. There is, O Philister! a blue sky, mountains, valleys, stream and wood beyond your horizon, and beyond the range of your expensive telescope. To speak of "Exeter Hall," "up-thrown eyes," and "lighting cigars at the sun," is, after all, but fudge. It says nothing—at least to any purpose. We are willing to bring the matter in dispute to the issue of *principles*, of *experiences*, of *results*: we are not willing to bring it to that of *dicta* or *witticisms*. We are not afraid to compare eternal spiritual truth with art and beauty, the experiences from, and the results of the one, with those of the other. But we must protest against the worship of an idea, or against hero-worship, more dangerous by far than any other, because individuality, not merely action but soul, is so wholly surrendered in it. Nor is it an answer to this to tell us, that happy were it

* *Philister* is a term used in Germany, especially among students, to designate the uninitiated vulgar (*profanum vulgus*) and the coarsely materialistic—the "shop-keeping element."

if men would surrender themselves to the entire influence and power of others, and especially to that of the artistic and the beautiful. We deny it. That such influences have, and *should* have, their province, we have not gainsaid, but we deprecate their paramount influence, the entire surrender of man to them. Ours is the doctrine of liberty, when every man surrenders himself wholly only to his God, and to highest truth. And what were the consequence of hero-worship in such an instance as that of Goethe? Not to speak of the moral enervation which an exclusive culture of art and love of the beautiful, as breathed in his teaching, must produce, his ideas on men's future, so frequently expressed, are, that the *present* with its joys and occupations should wholly engross us, as if it were possible to banish the future, or to limit its influence upon the present. And is not even this negation of the future—at least, as an object of inquiry and consideration—itsself, a theory, and one too fruitful of consequences? “Enjoy the present moment” is verily not a beneficent or a high principle. Although Goethe shrinks from a cold deism, yet to him Christianity is only *one form* of belief—he receives the Gospels on account of their moral excellency—he venerates Jesus Christ, as he venerates the sun, as a beneficent power, but he disbelieves the historic facts of Christianity, and sets value on *faith*, the mere act of believing, no matter what its object. Indeed, if we have rightly understood some of his conversations, as recorded by Eckermann, he seems to give preference to the Mahomedan element of faith, as being more deep and intense. We can readily understand how one who could so lose himself in the objectively sensuous—embody and represent it only, should have no sympathy with the wants of his fellow-men and their aspirations. That he who believed in immortality merely or mainly on the ground of an unwearied activity of soul which gave him the pledge of a hereafter for its exercise, but to whom nature and God were inseparably identified, so that he need not, could not, and would not, think more of Him than the present offered or demanded, should have thought low of man, or failed to understand and sympathize with his wants and aspirations, need not surprise us. “If a man has freedom enough to live healthy and to work at his craft, he has enough ; and each man can easily obtain this amount of freedom.” Nowhere, more than in Goethe's writings and life, do we become conscious of the eternal unrest of man—of his longings, wants, and activity, all which, to our mind, point not only outwards but upwards, and are only satisfied by our entering into Christ. Again, do we protest that the tendency which in various quarters manifests itself, not only of hero-worship, but of hero-tyranny, shall not repress our utterance of what we feel to be true and

right. There is ever and again not only a coaxing and persuading, but a boring and abusing of men into worshipping a hero, and all he says and does. We are told that unless we do so, we cannot comprehend him; we are too little and too low for it; his motives become sacred, simply because they are his; his actions are measured according to a different, peculiar, and otherwise unintelligible standard, which for want of a better name, we may designate the "hero-worship standard." Now, it strikes us, there may be as much flunkeyism, narrow-mindedness, and unreality in this, as in the opposite "*Philistery*." The essential character of a life changes not with persons; the essential distinctions of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, good and evil, remain the same, whoever be the agent. We can indeed, understand the *modus agendi* of different natures, but we cannot allow that mere genius, knowledge of man, sympathy with nature, and love of the beautiful, entitle a man to disregard all other considerations, or to be installed in all his actions, either as perfect or as a model, or even as not blameworthy. Did our space admit of it, we could say much to the contrary. And yet, we write all this with the full consciousness that as every man should be tried by his peers, so the actions of a great man may not be isolated from his previous history—from his whole inner man and experience. The life of Goethe not only explains his writings, but is their embodiment and application; and although certainly not a model, it is at any rate fraught with deepest instruction, especially to such as who, like ourselves, are almost unbounded admirers of his poetry, alternately kept spell-bound and hurried onward by it. In this respect only would we qualify the statement, that his writings, not his life, exhaust all that can be learned of Goethe.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born on August 28th, 1749, "as the clock sounded the hour of noon in the busy town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine." From his parents he derived many traits of character. His father, Imperial-councillor Goethe, was "a rectangular Frankfort imperial citizen," (for so we would take leave to translate Krause's "*geradliniger Frankfurter Reichsbürger*,") a strange compound of the democratic, the aristocratic, and the imperial; a man very rational and exact, with a good deal of pedantry, method, and calculation. Madame Goethe, or, as she is better known in Germany, Frau Aja, was an impulsive, joyous, vivacious being, full of spirit, sympathy, and excitableness. But we are bound to add (heedless of sneer and abuse), that to our mind, she is wanting in those deeper elements which make men, and especially women, what they should be and what we seek in them. "She was married at seventeen to a man for whom she had no love, and was only eighteen when the

poet was born." Many of her traits as portrayed in her letters, are reproduced in her son. Let the reader judge for himself what were the good and what the evil elements, only we must protest against at least *some* of them being called *charming letters*. "Order and quiet (she writes), are my principal characteristics. Hence, I dispatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulph down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, then I defy any one to surpass me in good humour." Or, again, "I am fond of people, and *that* every one feels directly, young and old. I pass without pretension through the world, and that gratifies men. I never *bemoralize* any one, *always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind and knows how to round off the angles*. In this way I make myself happy and comfortable." And this careless skimming over life merely to catch its passing tints—this treatment of all so as to make oneself merely "happy and comfortable," was, indeed, the ruling tendency, so strong, that "her sunny nature shrank from storms. She stipulated with her servants that they were not to trouble her with afflicting news, except upon some positive necessity for the communication. In 1805, when her son was dangerously ill at Weimar, no one ventured to speak to her on the subject. Not until he had completely recovered did she voluntarily enter on it. 'I knew it all, she remarked, but said nothing. 'Now we can talk about him *without my feeling a stab* every time his name is mentioned.'" A tendency this, which exactly reappeared in the poet. We leave the reader to judge whether in all this multitude of *feelings*, there is much of real *feeling*,—whether it is sentiment or sentimentalism. Mr. Lewes, however, thinks that both Goethe and his mother kept by the *juste milieu*, and he extols the subjection "of the *emotive* to the *intellectual*" in Goethe. We confess that, to our mind, the biographer has not here expressed the whole truth. It was not the *emotive*, but its direction and manifestation which in Goethe was subject to the *intellectual*. He controlled not the storm of passion which uprooted others, but he protected *himself* from its destructive influence. He was not himself impelled by what swept others away. The pleasurable was the grand object, and his intellectuality in its superiority only became an *egotism* which spared not others, but protected *himself*. Regardless was he of the emotive where the happiness of others only was concerned; he could rein in the steed when it bore himself to the brink of the precipice. Superiority of the intellectual only deserves praise, where it is mastery over the emotive generally, in its effects upon others as well as upon ourselves. It is no answer to declare it the destiny and happiness of men to be borne away by *such*

GOETHE.

torrents. We emphatically deny it in the name of human individuality and grandeur. Men are not servile instruments. We can sympathize with the depth and intensity of an affection, such as that of Frederika for Goethe, or that which prompted the saying of an Heloise: "*Carius mihi et dignius videretur tua dici meretrix quam illius imperatrix.*" It is womanly; it is the total surrender of a soul. But we can neither approve of it as Christian, nor can we anyway allow that such feelings may be elevated into a system or acted upon by others.

We are by no means among those who would denounce Goethe as *heartless* and *selfish*. His life, but above all his writings, show that he had heart. Every great individuality is more or less egotistic. Self-consciousness leads to a sense of superiority. But, accustomed to allow that torrent of feeling to rush on unchecked, itself constituting the main element of his greatness; at first obliged, by-and-bye choosing to rein it in wherever he deemed it necessary, and the more easily capable of doing so, because the very extensiveness of his feelings rendered them less intense, his imagination and passion being rather roused than his heart reached, he gradually became more and more crystallized. The deep remorse to which occasionally he was subject, proved that he was not at ease, however in his "*Autobiography*" he may try to present matters; but he rapidly outlived what had been merely passion, and then reason reasserted its sway—and it was a strong sway; he could not bear sadness, and he rushed on to repeat his former experience; he lived in the present merely: the thunder storm was rapidly past, and he would not heed that it had destroyed much that had once been lovely and smiling. Great men, let us repeat it, are not necessarily good men. *He* lived true to *nature*, listened to all its impulses,—at any rate as long as they were really *impulses* to him. But the truth of nature is not the *highest* truth, and beyond it, he could not penetrate. We know not whether the reader will apprehend the distinction, and yet we feel there is a difference. Goethe was not *heartless* and *selfish*; he was full of sentiment and feeling, but his acting was generally heartless and selfish: the flame burnt out, and reason asserted its supremacy too late for others, too early for himself. What at night, had seemed to him glowing, enrapturing reality, appeared at the rehearsal in the morning, only coarse, daubed decoration, and the actors were very *so-and-so* men and women, in their everyday garb, going over their parts. In truth, in the sense in which it applies to Goethe, we almost shrink from the maxim—

"Das wollen alle Herren seyn,
Und Keiner ist Herr von sich!"

It is useless to speculate what Goethe might have been, had Frau Aja been a Caroline Perthes; it is more to the purpose to inquire what he really became. If we cannot for a moment allow a comparison, such as that to which Mr. Lewes sometimes recurs, between Luther and Goethe, we admit that the circumstances of their times, were, in many respects, analogous. Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Rousseau, the French Revolution, Napoleon—what an upheaving of society—what beginnings—what elements at work, inaugurating a fresh revolution of the wheel of time, a new era in the history of man! Amid these throes, appeared the bard of the time, combining the classic and the German. Nurtured amid abundance, if not affluence, he was chiefly indebted for the first impulses of his mind to his mother who cultivated the imagination of the poet-boy by amusing him with stories, which she would break off in the middle, while she stimulated his inventive faculty, by bringing them to the *denouement* which, as she had ascertained, he had excogitated for himself. Wolfgang was a remarkably quick, if not a precocious child. Early, religious doubts began to plague him. He made progress principally in Greek. Only a short time did he spend at school; the rest of his early education was got at home, much of it by the side of his loved and loving sister, Cornelia, the only one of the councillor's children, besides Wolfgang, who had survived. The religious doubts to which we have alluded, seem to have continued their influence on the mind of the young poet. It is matter of intense interest, full of important lessons on the training of inquisitive minds, to become acquainted with his early conflicts. Mr. Lewes and we take, indeed, different views of such subjects. Of course he is at liberty to state, as we are to oppose them. But at the very outset of this subject, we take leave to object to the biographer's plan of diverging into an exposition and defence of his own peculiar views, even where they happen to agree with those of his subject. It is the biographer's duty faithfully to give the experiences of his subject, not to make them the occasion of his own reflections. Thus, in the case in point, when the fearful destruction of Lisbon by an earthquake, excited fresh doubts of the goodness of God in the mind of the religiously ignorant boy, Mr. Lewes gives us his own views, to which we shall the rather object, that our objections at the very outset, indicate the point of difference between us and Goethe's biographer. Whatever "modern culture" may say, the Bible teaches us to take a more solemn view of evil than merely that it is essentially a narrow, finite thing, thrown into the remotest obscurity by any comprehensive view of the infinite; and that any amount of evil amassed together from every quarter, must be held as small compared

with the broad beneficence of nature. But such doubts alternated with more healthy views, and even somewhat peculiar, although by no means quite singular attempts at approaching the Deity : at any rate, we vividly remember enacting the same in our own childhood, such as that of offering a burnt-sacrifice on a small scale. Thus matters continued till 1759, when the French entered Frankfort, and during the two years of their occupation, studies gave place to amusements such as the French theatre. Even at that time, Goethe attempted a play ! After the departure of the French, studies, especially of languages, were resumed, although not very systematically ; and that of Hebrew, coupled of course with reading the Old Testament, awakened fresh doubts in the mind of the ill-directed boy. For a short time, a better influence appeared to be exerted on him. Under the direction of the pious Fräulein von Klettenberg, we find him writing *religious odes*. But in the round of gaieties which had so powerful attractions for him, he became acquainted with a number of young persons, pleasure-loving like himself, but not quite so innocent, as some of the parties were "guilty of nefarious practices, such as forgeries of documents." But, alas ! Gretchen, his centre of attraction among them his first love—inflicted the most painful of all wounds on boyish vanity. When questioned on the subject, she declared, that all along she had merely treated him as a child. A season of juvenile desperation, such as probably most of us have experienced, during which he threw himself into study, determined to become a professor—the great object of German ambition—was soon followed by a return to the enjoyments which he had lately foresworn.

The year 1765 finds Goethe at the university of Leipsic, a "fast" youth, with abundant command of money, little relishing the dry lectures on jurisprudence to which he must listen. At the rector's table, he meets with medical students, and conceives that love for natural science which never afterwards left him. Frau Bohme polishes his manners and criticizes his verses ; Behrisch, and some other young fellows introduce him to "fast" life. Last, though not least, there is pretty Annchen, the daughter of Schonkopf, the restaurant, with whom he falls in love. The affection is returned ; but the inconstant youth teases the girl with groundless suspicions until at last he fairly wearies and worries her out of her attachment. The poet's first play, the "*Laune des Verliebten*," expresses this relation. At the same time his knowledge of, and power over men gained him even at that early period, the confidence of many who sought his aid and advice. This peep behind the scenes is embodied in another play "*Die Mitschuldigen*" (the Fellow-Sinners), of which the moral sufficiently explains the contents : that in this

world of offenders, it is our duty to "forget and forgive among fellow-sinners." It is in many respects a dark picture of life, which this youth draws, and sad is its moral—that of the necessary toleration of vice. Mr. Lewes's remarks on this subject, oblige us to remind the reader of the distinction between a charity which, in the consciousness of guilt, refuses to throw a stone, but at the same time, seeks to *elevate*, as it were to clothe the naked, and that toleration which accepts sin as a fact, but neither seems to hate it nor to strive against it. To us, it appears strange that *such* toleration should be confounded with Christian charity, or its absence denounced as equally opposed to the facts of life, and the injunctions of Scripture. The favourite heathen maxim of that school, "*qui vitia odit homines odit*," is surely vastly different from that conveyed in our Lord's dealings with the adulteress. Strange, that His parting words to her should be so entirely forgotten in the matter: "Go, and sin no more." Charity without this admonition and endeavour, ceases to be a grace, and degrades itself to mere indulgence. It is on grounds such as these that we emphatically object to Mr. Lewes's strain of remark, and equally so to the tone of Goethe's play. Views like these seem to us, in a moral point of view, extremely dangerous. However, as they are connected with the fundamental ideas of the poet on spiritual subjects, they shall find a place here in the language of his biographer. Let the reader judge of them; we need not, and will not, comment on them.

"His constant striving was to study Nature, so as to see her *directly*, and not through the mists of fancy, or through the distortions of prejudice—to look at men and *into* them—to apprehend things as they were. In his conception of the Universe he could not separate God *from* it, placing Him above it, beyond it, as the philosophers did who represented God whirling the universe round his finger, 'seeing it go.' Such a conception revolted him. He animated the universe with God; he animated fact with Divine life; he saw in Reality the incarnation of the Ideal; he saw in Morality the high and harmonious action of all human tendencies; he saw in Art the highest representation of Life."

Goethe's stay in Leipsic was drawing to a close. By Oeser and Winckelmann, he had been initiated in the study of art, and had learned "that the ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose"—an invaluable lesson, not only to the artist, but also especially to the poet. Illness now overtook and followed him to Frankfort. On his recovery, Strasburg was selected by his father for the completion of his juridical studies. We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of copying the description of his appearance at that time, in the twentieth year of his age:—

"The features were large and liberally cut, as in the fine, sweeping lines of Greek art. The brow lofty and massive, from beneath which shone large lustrous brown eyes of marvellous beauty, their pupils being of almost unexampled size; the slightly aquiline nose was large and finely cut; the mouth full, with a short arched upper lip, very expressive; the chin and jaw boldly proportioned, and the head resting on a fine muscular neck. . . . In stature, he was rather above the middle size; but although not really tall, he had the aspect of a tall man, and is usually so described, because his presence was very imposing. Excelling in all active sports, he was almost a barometer in sensitiveness to atmospheric influences."

Add to all this the imagination, readiness, sparkling vivacity, and warmth of a Goethe, and it may well be conceived that to the fair sex especially, he was a dangerous acquaintance. But, indeed, his influence over all classes was almost magical. If jurisprudence was not very diligently studied at Strasburg, he continued his medical pursuits, had some self-discipline, and in the celebrated Strasburg Minster, and in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, found materials for his studies in art and nature. At this period he became acquainted with the writings of Giordano Bruno and Spinoza, and felt more and more drawn towards "nature-worship." Among his acquaintances at Strasburg were Herder and Jung Stilling, with both of whom he was on intimate terms, proving how thoroughly he could adapt himself to all parties; perhaps, also, how little he was really at one with any of them. More tender interests were also attracting him. Not to speak of his strange amour with the two daughters of his dancing-master, we have the tragic story of his connexion with Frederika. A friend had introduced him to the pastor of Sesenheim. In one of his mad frolics, Goethe had resolved to make his acquaintance in the disguise of a poor student of theology. The pastor, whose family is represented as resembling that of the Vicar of Wakefield, had several children, of whom the most lovely was Frederika. The romance of the whole story, but especially the natural charms of the simple, innocent country-girl, captivated him. Her attractions were set off by the peculiar national costume—the short, full skirt, the tight boddice, the beautiful braids of fair hair, and the straw hat. Only sixteen, and so charming in conversation and in song! Goethe became speedily enamoured of her. The simple-hearted girl gave her whole soul to him: he became her accepted lover. But when Frederika came to Strasburg, where her national costume appeared in contrast with the fashionable French dresses of other ladies, and where her country simplicity must have been felt as inferiority by any but a noble-hearted lover, the difference of station between them, and the darkened prospects from a marriage looming in

the distance, became more apparent. Her departure, he confesses, was a relief to him. She herself felt that the end of their romance was approaching! It was, indeed, approaching—one more tender visit to Sesenheim to say adieu. The heart-strings of the poor girl were tearing—she was to be left desolate. Soon after, when he quitted Strasburg, the connexion was wholly dissolved; with what feelings, on his part, his own words shall inform us: “Frederika’s answer to the letter in which I had bidden her adieu, tore my heart. I now, for the first time, became aware of her bereavement, and saw no possibility of alleviating it. She was ever in my thoughts; I felt that she was wanting to me; and, worst of all, I could not forgive myself’ I was guilty; I had wounded, to its very depths, one of the most beautiful and tender of hearts. . . . I turned more than ever to the open world and to nature; there alone I found comfort. During my walks, I sang to myself strange hymns and dithyrambs. One of these, the ‘Wanderer’s Sturmlied,’ still remains. I remember singing it aloud in an impassioned style, amid a terrific storm. The burden of this poem is that a man of genius must walk resolutely through the storms of life, relying solely on himself.”—“A burden,” adds his biographer, “which seems to give expression to what he then felt respecting his relation to Frederika.” We will not venture an opinion either on Goethe’s state of mind at the time, or of its manifestation; but while *he* was plunging into work and pleasure, poor Frederika had a widowed heart in her lonely dwelling. Many offers did she reject, for as she said, the heart which had loved Goethe had not room for another. We are glad that Mr. Lewes does not attempt to excuse the conduct of the poet—he only attempts to explain it. He remarks that Goethe’s attachment, although real, was not deep enough to warrant him in fulfilling his engagement with Frederika, or at any rate, not strong enough to overcome his “egoism of genius,” which dreaded marriage as the frustration of his career. To present it in the light in which most persons will view it, his other purposes were stronger than his love—in the contest of opposing tendencies, it appeared that he loved himself better than Frederika, or rather his imaginary anxieties and his real want of deep affection prevailed over every other other consideration. We do not blame Goethe for breaking an engagement which he felt he had not love to carry out, although we think *it alone* could have made him truly happy; but we blame him for entering on that engagement, and for the motives which induced him to break it off. The “egoism of genius,” or the “tyranny of ideas,” which absorb and subject every other consideration to the one ruling idea, is the saddest monument of man’s fallen

GOETHE.

grandeur. This impetuous rushing onwards—this yielding to every impulse, is essentially selfish and heartless, and in reality, a very cruel and wicked thing, wherever and however it may manifest itself, and cannot in a man of genius appear different from what it would do in any ordinary personage. It is on grounds such as these that we dare not call Goethe the “kindest of men” with Mr. Lewes, nor agree with Mr. de Quincey’s estimate: “His rank and value as a moral being are so plain as to be legible to him who runs. Everybody must feel that his temperament and constitutional tendency was of that happy quality, the animal so nicely balanced with the intellectual, that with any ordinary measure of prosperity he could not be otherwise than a good man. . . . In this estimate of Goethe as a moral being, few people will differ with us, unless it were the religious bigot.” We do not consider ourselves, nor are we commonly considered by others, as “religious bigots,” yet can we as little agree in that sweeping laudation, as we share Mr. de Quincey’s apparently low estimate of the poetic merits of Goethe. But the latter remark by the way. Other circumstances, which we will not at present detail, confirm our view of Goethe’s conduct. Eight years afterwards, he revisited Sesenheim, and was received in the kindest manner; poor Frederika not making “the slightest attempt to rekindle the cinders of love.” And instead of feeling all this with intense pain, he could write to his mistress: “I stayed the night there, and departed at dawn, leaving behind me friendly faces; so that I can now think once more of this corner of the world with comfort, and know that they are at peace with me.” We leave the reader to form his own judgment.

From Strasburg, Goethe returned to Frankfort, a doctor of jurisprudence, with little of law and much of poetry. He had completely forsaken all French literary culture, and imbibed that passionate attachment for Shakspeare which he preserved all his life. A reaction had indeed taken place in Germany. Everything foreign, everything of custom and tradition, was cast off, and young Germany indulged in unlimited nature-worship. Mr. Lewes rightly remarks that “with the young, nature seemed to be a compound of volcanoes and moonlight.” The two extremes of wildness and mawkishness distinguished young Germany, both the result of an entire surrender to mere impulse. Goethe became the poet of that tendency. The two pieces which belong to that period, “Götz von Berlichingen,” and “Werther’s Sorrows,” are the exponents of this twofold manifestation of what is popularly known as the “storm and stress” period. “Götz” is a dramatized picture of the romantic knight-age; interesting as the best monument of a certain literary period, from its intrinsic

merits, its defiance of all traditional rules, and from the characters introduced, all drawn truthfully, although somewhat ideally, because drawn from real life, Goethe himself forming as usual one of the principal *dramatis personæ*:

We next find our poet at Wetzlar, where his disgust for the law is increased by discovering in the "Imperial Court of Appeal for the whole Empire a sort of German chancery." But he found other and more attractive engagements in the family of the steward of the "Teutonic House"—one of the remnants of the ancient order of the Teutonic knighthood, which at that time still possessed property in various parts of Germany. Charlotte Puff—for that is the name of the Wetzlar heroine—was not only an exceedingly attractive, but an equally sensible and well-principled young lady. She was engaged to a young man, at the time Goethe first met her, and was captivated by her. Even when he knew of this relation, he could or would not break the spell which bound him to her. All parties were exceedingly kind to him; Charlotte allowed him to be almost constantly in her house, yet without in the least compromising herself, or encouraging his passion; Kestner, her intended, was not only remarkably free from all jealousy, but would even have ceded his bride, if he had thought it would have made both happy. With Mr. Lewes, we believe this would not have been the case. We agree with him, that "Goethe believed himself to be desperately in love with her, when in truth he was only in love with the indulgence of the emotions she excited." But what is chiefly interesting to us in this dubious relationship is, that it formed the groundwork—although much distorted, specially in his misrepresentation of the character of good Kestner—of "*Werther's Sorrows*:" a book, than which probably none other has at any period excited a more lively sensation among the youthful or the romantic of Europe. But the *facts* of the story are derived from the suicide of a young man in Wetzlar, Jerusalem, who after having cherished an unhappy attachment for the wife of his employer, shot himself—a victim of disappointed love and disappointed ambition. We have already seen how much of Goethe's passion may be set down to real love; as for suicide, although he approved of it in theory, he was not the man to carry it into practice. However, "*Werther's Sorrows*," a work full of poetic sentimentalism—the greatest monument of that extreme of the "storm and stress" period—had an incredible effect on his contemporaries. It will be sufficient, if we say that it formed part of Napoleon's travelling library when on his Egyptian campaign. But Kestner and Lotte—who shortly after Goethe's departure from Wetzlar, were married—felt hurt at this *exposé* and misrepresentation of their characters and relations. From Wetzlar did

Goethe tear himself, under the advice of his friend Merck, whose claims have not been sufficiently acknowledged in Goethe's "Autobiography;" as in general that work, written many years after the events took place, and, we take leave to add, very much with a desire to present his life to the best advantage, instead of being a trustworthy guide, is, as Mr. Lewes rightly expresses it, "almost as much of a stumbling-block as a stepping-stone." On all controverted points it is of very dubious authenticity.

And now, as we have not only to do with Goethe's life, but with it as presented by Mr. Lewes, we shall, for a little forsake our young "literary lion" for his biographer. Goethe is again in Frankfort; he has long forgotten his love for Frederika and Lotte—he is busy flirting, skating, and poetizing. At this moment he adapts the "Memoir of Beaumarchais" to a tragedy,—*"Clavigo."* Mr. Lewes meantime introduces us, in a very able chapter, to German literature generally. He draws a distinction between realism and idealism—between the Grecian and the German element, and ranges the various poets under either of these classes. On the question of the correctness of this distinction we will not enter; but must emphatically protest against the misrepresentations of Christianity which this chapter contains. It is asserted that "the Pagan deified nature, the Christian diabolized nature." Again: "The Greek honoured the body, and aimed at the perfect representation of it, because he deified nature, and strove to approach her as closely as possible. The Christian, on the contrary, despised the body. He looked on nature herself as partaking of the fall, and thereby impure, alien from God." Strange that our author, who guards himself against any possible misunderstanding, by remarking that the realism of the Greeks was not without an admixture of spiritualism, should not have bethought himself of the need of at least a similar *caveat*, when speaking of the church. But, irrespective of the manifest *animus* of such a passage, is it true that the Christian *diabolized* nature, or despised the body? Where can we find more grand and noble views of nature and of man, or more devout acknowledgment of the greatness, goodness, and wisdom of God, than in the Bible;—where a higher honour of the body than in its sanctification and elevation to that high dignity which New Testament admonition and promise assign to it. The truth is, heathenism *deified* nature, and nature only; it honoured the *sensuous*, and drew everything within its range: Christianity elevated everything beyond it. The one drew nature and thought into the sphere of the *sensuous*; the other elevated nature, the body, and every word and work, by drawing it into the sphere of the *super-sensuous*. The contest between the

sensuous and the spiritual, as waged between Paganism and Christianity, was not, as Mr. Lewes represents it, one of *extermination*, but one of *subjection*: they contended for the ascendancy, for absolute sway. In the historic development of this point, we must add, whatever its other merits, Mr. Lewes confounds the monk-religion of the Middle Ages with genuine Christianity. We cannot find room to enter any further on this subject.

Mr. Lewes looks forward to a cessation of the antagonism between idealism and realism; but by means, and in a manner which seem to us equally delusive, i.e., if we understand his reasoning. We quote it without any comment of our own:—

“The contemplation of this antagonism,” he writes, “asserting itself through successive reactions, has thrown some minds into scepticism, others into indifference. The ultimate reconciliation of these antagonists will only be possible when philosophy and art shall have acquired a fixed basis.”

In plain language, the meaning of this school of philosophy seems to us, however curiously it may sound—whatever *is*, *should* be; only let it really *be*: being will ultimately attain perfection.

Goethe had now fairly established an almost European reputation, and from all quarters did the *beaux esprits* gather around him. We find him conversing with Klopstock, journeying in strange company with the well-known trim Lavater and the filthy, sneering Basedow, alternately discussing theology and infidelity; now in company with the Stolbergs, who would carry their return to nature so far as to walk naked; then again corresponding with Jacobi on philosophy. Amid these oscillations, and with a disposition such as that of Goethe, we scarcely wonder that at last he adopted the system of Spinoza as most corresponding with his natural disposition. Mr. Lewes indeed thinks that at that time he perceived the truth of that “passage in the ‘Ethics’ [of Spinoza], where that great thinker, anticipating modern psychology, shows ‘that each person judges of things according to the disposition of his brain, or rather accepts the affections of his imagination as real things. . . . Although human bodies are alike in many things, there are more in which they differ; and thus what to one appears good, to another appears evil.’” We know not to what discoveries of modern psychology Mr. Lewes may refer, but this much we do know, that sentiments like these will, by the generality of thoughtful, earnest men, be deemed, intellectually and morally, a sadly retrograde movement, not to say that they are directly opposed to reason and Scripture; and, in fact, render real morality im-

possible. As little can we, with Mr. Lewes, designate the following "a wonderful sentiment," except in a sense very different from that which he attaches to it: "*He who truly loves God must not require God to love him in return.*" This kind of "disinterestedness"—a feeling which we might have desiderated on some other occasions in Goethe's life—is in reality only a mixture of spiritual unconcern and pride, vastly different from either the love which implies a childlike dependence on a loving father, or from heart-humility. Yet there was a profound difference between Spinoza and Goethe. The one worshipped the temple of nature, the other its music; the one was calm, all-equalizing, the other impetuous. Indeed, although such passages from Spinoza may have singularly attracted the poet, and become germs in him, we do not believe that he ever deliberately espoused the system, or subjected himself to its "revolutionizing" influence, as Mr. Lewes hints he himself has done. He rather glided into it. Side by side with such questions, Goethe still entertains a kind of Christianity, although one destitute of the fundamental truths of the Gospel; and he believes in the individuality, personality, and immateriality of the soul. Without any sure anchorage, it was rather the impetus of his life, than calm study and deliberate conviction, which hurried him into Pantheism.

But Goethe is not merely busy philosophizing and writing—as for example, at his Prometheus—at parts of "Faust;" he has time for other engagements. Besides what we may designate as his minor flirtations, he is once again in love, and this time, if we may believe him, in right earnest. If we were to take his "Autobiography" as our guide, or to credit his statements to Eckermann, "She was the first, and I can also add she is the last I truly loved; for all the *inclinations* which have since agitated my heart were superficial and trivial in comparison." And what, we ask, of Frederika and Lotte—not to speak of Gretchen, Annchen, and all the rest? But then, Lili—or Anna Elisabeth Schönemann, which is the full name of his lady-love—was the daughter of one of the richest bankers, besides being a blonde of sixteen, and a coquette with the usual charms! Lili engaged him in a continual round of balls and festivities of every kind. We cannot do otherwise than conclude that he loved Lili no more than any of the others; indeed, to us she seems wanting in many qualities which might have attracted and secured love. When, at last, after a great number of preliminary difficulties, they were actually betrothed, after a very short time, all parties—Goethe himself included—were willing to break off the connexion.

A decisive era in the history of the

removal to Weimar, where the Grand Duke assembled around him all the celebrities of Germany, and prepared to make of a third-rate capital the Athens of the Fatherland. Goethe was only twenty-six when he first accepted the invitation of Karl August. Soon after he entered his service. The closest friendship, the fullest confidence, marked a relation between them equally honourable to the prince and the poet, and which for many long years, was rather that of intimate companions than of master and servant. Although corrupt at the core, and that to a degree scarcely credible to us, there were many good traits about the court and society of Weimar. Karl August himself, though considerably "animalized," was open, frank, and generous, and what few princes are, really a patron of literature; the Grand Duchess Louise was an admirable woman, who could command even the respect of Napoleon and avert his wrath from her husband, whom he had vowed and "to crush;" the Duke's mother, the Princess Amalia, was a warm-hearted though sensuous personage. Besides a crowd of courtiers, maids of honour, &c., we have "the great men" of the court—Wieland, Musæus, Meyer, Herder, and Goethe; at a later period, Schiller also. Then within very short distance from Weimar, science is represented at Jena by Griesbach, Baumgarten-Crusius, Dantz, Schelling, Fichte, Hegel, Reinhold, Fries, Hufeland, Oken, Döbereiner, Luden, Schultz, &c. Truly no other prince had done more for science and literature than the wild, frolicsome, but warm-hearted Karl August, who had sometimes to sell a diamond ring or an ancestral snuff-box to assist a struggling artist or poet. If, even at present, Weimar is a peculiarly German and retired town, when historic associations have drawn so many to the place where Goethe and Schiller lived, and when railways have rendered communication so easy, the reader may well conceive how it was in 1775. Our alterations have, perhaps, in some respects not always been improvements, and with the rapidity of communication we have as yet chiefly realized only a stimulus to the mercantile tendencies of the age. To our mind this old little German town, watered by the Ilm, overshadowed by a magnificent park, in the immediate vicinity of charming scenery, has something peculiarly attractive. All here is quaint and old-fashioned. The city walls have carefully guarded gates; the variously coloured houses have high-peaked slanting roofs; the streets are rectangular, not lit at night; the seven thousand inhabitants are simple, unpretending, kindly, and desperately "*Philisterish*," a quality of which the modern "bureaucracy" of Germany is at the same time a familiar manifestation and a remnant. Talk of improvements! Why, these things are part and parcel of "*Philisterthum*:" there *must* be a regular passport-

system, an indefinite number of officials who are promoted in regular succession, have long honorary titles, unnumbered systems, very composite words, and very official bows. Why, improvement here would be *contra naturam*, as much as in "a man of the city," or of a sanctioned political or social nuisance. *Chaussées* and diligences there were not in those days; "a post-office was a chimera;" rooms and furniture all primitive; beds in which you were lost or half smothered; few ornaments were used or worn; but there was most substantial and frequent eating and drinking. Manners were sufficiently rough where primitive simplicity was destitute of primitive purity; the magic "Von" (indicating nobility) was the indispensable passport to certain society and offices. Living was very cheap; £70 for a single man being quite a little fortune. Now if the reader can picture all this to himself, together with a life very "*gemüthlich*" and enjoyable, he will allow that despite the want of railways and telegraphs, Weimar was at the time a delightful, quiet retreat. The first months, and even years, of Goethe's stay there were spent in all manner of dissipation, idleness, and mischief, which a singularly idle and dissipated court life could suggest. Making love to every pretty face, skating by torchlight, and fireworks, masquerades, balls, private theatricals, or for hours "standing in the market-place with the duke, smacking huge sledge whips for a wager—such were the occupations of life." Thus, not only valuable time was spent, but the moral value of the poet daily and permanently deteriorated amid orgies which only issued in unbounded intimacy with the grand duke. To the scandal of all his courtiers, Karl August advanced his friend to the post of privy councillor, and gradually promoted him to the highest offices, soon, however, releasing him from such active duties as the poet felt to be uncongenial. Amid all these dissipations we come upon another love affair. By this time Lili is so thoroughly forgotten, that when Goethe gets a letter informing him that she is betrothed, he records, "I turn round and fall asleep!" The mistress of his heart is no longer a girl of sixteen, but Frau von Stein, the mother of seven children, not "a widow, fat, fair, and forty," but a "Hofdame" (lady of the court) of thirty-three, who apparently lives not on very good terms with her husband. For years did she fascinate him, until, on his return from Italy, after an absence of some time, he found that she was really *getting old*. Of the relation between them, and the many letters which passed, we require not to say anything further than that it indicates the general laxity of morals in Weimar, that nobody found fault either with Goethe or Frau von Stein. From this point we need not pursue the life of

Goethe in detail: with the exception of occasional journeys, it is very uniform. Neither can we enter on a criticism of his various productions. In general, we have rather sought to sketch the *man*—let each study for himself the *poet*.

At the age of thirty came new resolutions. He was in reality sick of his enjoyments; he felt that he had almost wasted half his life, and he resolved to employ all his energies "to raise the pyramid of his existence, the basis of which was already laid." Mr. Lewes variously designates this as "crystallization" and "new birth,"—with what justice or truth we allow the reader to judge. All this talk about what "men of genius go through," the "great mountain ridges rent by fissures filled with molten rock, which fissures, when the lava cools, act like vast supporting ribs," seems to us, in every point of view, singularly unfortunate. In reality, the only change we can discern in Goethe is that of setting certain definite objects before him, and concentrating his energies on their attainment. If the reader can discover anything like a "new birth" in this, he and we surely understand both language and life very differently. In the play "*Iphigenia*," we have the first product of Goethe's new resolves. It no longer presents the remains of the "storm and stress" period, but is a dramatic poem, drawn after the Grecian model, but diverging from that model in the plan of its *denouement*, and so far becoming essentially modern. Written, as most pieces at that time, in prose, it was afterwards put into verse during his journey in Italy. At the same time he continued his studies in natural science, which ultimately led to several distinct scientific assertions, for which he claimed the merit of discoveries. One of them was that of the unity of all parts of the plant; according to which the flower is but a modification of the leaf, and the leaf of the grain. Another was an attempt to controvert the Newtonian theory of colour and light, confessedly on erroneous grounds. A third was that the skull of man was in reality only a modified vertebral column. It will readily be noticed that the first and the third of these statements are in reality modifications and adaptations of the same fundamental idea, that of the *unity* of the products of nature. The leaf theory has been much modified since the discovery of an elementary organ, much more simple and universal than the leaf—the *cell*. The other theory, also, has undergone many changes, and, to our mind seems even at present often exaggerated in its details; at least, we have often failed to recognize the identities pointed out to us. Still, without doubt, most important and grand is the idea which Goethe was the first clearly to enunciate, that concerning a general type in the works of the Lord,—an idea which his pro-

found acquaintance with nature imparted to him. To make it attractive to us, it only requires to be clearly enunciated; one general model in the Creator's mind is just another instance of *design*, and its general execution of infinite wisdom and power. It needed not Mr. Lewes's dark hints about its importance in "the science of life," nor his recommendation of the "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*," to convince us of all this. Far less can we approve of these methods of introducing and defending opinions, which, we believe, both reason and science have long laid among the dead. However, as latter discoveries have modified the views propounded by Goethe, so earlier investigators disputed his title to the honour of having been the first to lay them before the world. If Wolff had not clearly stated the idea of a type in plants, Oken expressly accuses Goethe of "mendacious vanity" in claiming to have been the first discoverer of the "vertebral" theory. Impartially examining the question in dispute, we are disposed to concur in Mr. Lewes's opinion, and to allow that the accusation of Oken rests on a misunderstanding and that the palm belongs, not to one exclusively, but to both. How far Goethe may have been guided by the statements of Wolff and of Oken is a secondary question; there is abundant evidence that he was acquainted with them, but to him belongs the merit of first correctly and distinctly enunciating them. It is, however, curious to notice how much time Goethe spent on such investigations, and how much greater value he laid on his scientific discoveries than on his poetic productions. Indeed, he claimed fame, not so much on the ground of what he had written as a poet, but on that of his refutation of the Newtonian system! A strange idiosyncrasy this—often recurring in great men, to attach an altogether disproportionate value to some things, and to disregard that which alone really immortalizes them. Thus, also in early life, Goethe seemed determined to devote his best energies to excel as an artist; only in Italy did he become convinced that he possessed not the power and faculties for this. The same may be said of some, at least, of his scientific researches. Even at Rome, he often wholly forgot the glories of its historical associations, to follow out his inquiries about the typical plant, or to attempt perfecting himself in drawing. His Italian journey had long been an object of longing to him. During his stay in that land of art and poetry, he chiefly gathered materials. Except a few detached pieces, he only rewrote or remodelled there what he had formerly composed, such as the "*Tasso*" and "*Egmont*." On his return from Italy, the relation with Madame Stein was dissolved in favour of another with Christiane Vulpius, the daughter of an unhappy victim of drunkenness, and the sister of

one of the "storm and stress" novel-writers. Christiane, although in a very humble station of life, added to outward charms, tolerable cultivation. But especially she was gay, *naïve*, and frank. Soon she became his mistress, and after the birth of a son, Goethe took her into his own house. Her attractions must have been considerable, and the attachment which Goethe expresses for her is of the most passionate character. The poetry in which he declares it—the "Roman Elegies"—is, however, of the most sensuous character. The beauty of these strains cannot by any means be held as excusing their tone. Nor can the plea which Schiller attempted to set up for them for a moment be held valid. The fallacy that a "poet banishes from himself everything which reminds him of an artificial world, that he may restore nature in her primitive simplicity," and "that he is thereby absolved from all laws by which a perverted heart seeks security against itself," must be evident to every one who has read the "Elegies." The same remark applies to what in many respects is a masterpiece—"Wilhelm Meister." Both many scenes in it, and the tendency of the whole novel, will be repudiated by earnest men generally, who will agree with Novalis in characterizing the spirit of the book as "artistic atheism." Nor can we accept the criticism of Mr. Lewes on this subject. We neither like its tone nor its conclusions. There is, we confess it, to our mind, a degree of what we cannot call otherwise than *levity* about it,—altogether, a spirit in which we do not like to see *moral* or religious questions discussed. We can assure the biographer of Goethe that the patronizing, down-looking spirit of his remarks, when they bear on the opinions of the Christian world, are neither appropriate nor telling. Questions of this kind require above all things to be seriously and respectfully treated.

An interesting phase at this period is the relation subsisting between Goethe and Schiller, whom the grand duke's liberality had brought to Weimar. Schiller, who all his life long had to struggle against difficulties, and ultimately fell a victim to them, was exceedingly useful to Goethe in stimulating him to composition, and leading him more away from pure realism, as, on the other hand, Goethe still more beneficially influenced Schiller. During the great war in which Germany was engaged with Napoleon, the grand duke took the national side, and Goethe was prepared to stand by his master in any extremity which might befall him. Happily such were averted; and Goethe, who was received by the conqueror of the world with marked attention, was completely captivated by this condescension. Whatever may be said in favour of Napoleon, and against the sovereigns who opposed him, or in detractation of the Germany for which

GOETHE.

the people rose in arms, we cannot admire the man who could look on with unconcern while such scenes were enacting, or who would not feel roused by the great questions which then agitated and stirred to its inmost depths the popular mind. Five days after the battle of Jena, Goethe married Christiane. The later history of Christiane is very sad. She seems to have given way to the vice to which her father and brother had fallen victims. Indeed, the connexion with Christiane had occasioned great scandal, not only in Weimar, but in Germany generally. She died many years before the poet. His closing years passed in the midst of a general ovation. From all parts of Germany and from other countries, did crowds of admirers flock around him. His "*Hermann and Dorothea*," and especially that great satire of life, "*Faust*," attracted and dazzled Europe. Let us cast the mantle over his other weaknesses. To the last he was as liable to be captivated by female charms, and to fly from one flower to the other, as he had been in his youth. One after the other his friends had gone to their rest—his parents and sister, the grand duke, Schiller, Herder, his own son, and his wife. Still, his daughter-in-law and some grandchildren were left to him, and serenely did the declining years of his life pass. His last illness overtook him in March, 1832. It was not of long duration. As his end drew near, his thoughts began to wander incoherently. "See," he exclaimed, "the lovely woman's head, with black curls, in splendid colours, a dark background!" His last words were a cry for "*more light!*" What a life, what a death! How impressive a comment does this scene afford; and what a difference between the greatest German poet and the humblest Christian, who cherishes well-grounded hope, and whose end is perfect peace.

If in this article we have spoken less of Goethe's poetry than of his life, it is not—we repeat it—that we are insensible to its peculiar charms. Such works especially as "*Faust*" (notwithstanding all its difficulties), "*Hermann and Dorothea*," &c., must encircle his brow with never-fading laurels—his characters and descriptions are all taken from reality; there is such richness, softness, and truth about them; views so deep and broad, and poetry so majestic and lofty, as cannot be studied without profound admiration and even profit. Despite sneers, we might almost feel tempted to apply to him the words of Wordsworth concerning Burns:—

" Oh! had he never stooped to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice;
How had devotion loved to name
That bird of paradise!"

In conclusion, it only remains to say something of the respective merits of the books of which we have put the names at the head of this article. To Goethe's "Autobiography" and the "Conversations with Eckermann," we have frequently referred, and the names of the books sufficiently indicate their contents. Mr. Douglas's, of Cavers, article on Goethe, in the "Passing Thoughts," contains many striking remarks; but is of too fragmentary a character to be considered a satisfactory sketch of his writings. De Quincey's article in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" is, like all De Quincey's productions, sparkling, and furnishes an excellent sketch, especially of the earlier part of Goethe's life. But Lewes's "Life and Works of Goethe" will always remain the standard book on the subject; and that not only when compared with English but also with German biographers of the poet. Its style is lively and fascinating; it contains accurate, full, well-selected information, philosophical criticism, and it is written with manifest enthusiasm, and less of hero-worship than could have been expected when the subject was Goethe, and the fundamental views are so much in accordance with those of the biographer as in this case. The book, indeed, possesses sterling merits. We say this the more emphatically, as we have frequently had occasion to object to some of the leading sentiments on religious and philosophical questions, and in general, to the tone which our author adopts on such questions.

ART. III.—*The Lost Solar System of the Ancients Discovered.* By John Wilson. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans. 1856.

2. *Analytical View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia.* By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., and E. J. Routh, B.A. Pp. 442. London: Longmans. 1856.

THE paramount importance of scientific research is daily becoming more and more apparent. Consequently, too great stress cannot be laid on the imperative necessity for each one of us to make himself acquainted—not conversant—with the practical bearings of every fresh result arrived at by such investigations. To the theologian, science affords a confirmatory proof of the basis of his belief in one God the creator of all things, and testifies in the most positive manner to the authenticity and genuineness of Divine revelation. Newton himself regards this as the very highest end of the truths discovered by his patient and minute examination of the laws which govern the universe; and the worthiest encomium that can be passed

on that great philosopher is, that he employed his faculties to demonstrate not only the principles by which the system of worlds composing the universe is upheld, but also the agreement between natural and revealed religion. Commercial men must feel that they are dependent on science for the means of improving as well as carrying on the machinery by which they are enabled either to manufacture raw material into elegant fabric, or to transport their productions by sea or by land. To science and her devotees we owe the loom, the printing-press, the steam-engine, and, indeed, numberless mechanical appliances. From scientific men we have learnt how to make gas to light our streets and houses, and, moreover, how to protect the mining population from dire catastrophes resulting on the explosion of "choke-damp." Do we not, metaphorically speaking, snatch fire from heaven, and, by the adoption of the simplest contrivance, deprive lightning of all its terrors? And, indeed, are we not able to convey our thoughts over land and under water with almost the speed of thought? But for chemistry, even now, we might be on the eve of wasting the valuable sewage of our towns, which, our Liebig and our Taylors have taught us, will cause the land to yield increased supplies for its ever-increasing population. Science is always pregnant with facts of practical and everyday-life importance; and he acts most unwisely who neglects any one of her teeming instructions.

We are not, however, about to consider the sciences generally. We confine our attention to the mathematical branch, and propose further to reduce our subject by investigating but one portion of it. Nevertheless, we may *en passant* remark, that, as a study, no one subject can compare with the Mathematics, for inducing habits of order and reflection, for forming accurate and astute reasoners, and for preparing the mind to grapple with all questions that may afterwards be presented to it. We shall endeavour to give some interesting and useful information in a popular form, studiously avoiding any approach to symbolical calculations or mathematical language.

Science, we have shown, is applied to practical undertakings. We must now reverse the process, and endeavour to trace from the monuments of antiquity the state of science among the ancients. History furnishes us with many statements of their having attained to no slight advancement in civilization; but we have to deplore the non-existence of any intelligible written records of the progress they had made in knowledge. As a rule, intelligence was to be found only among the priests. The people were superstitious, and regarded with reverential awe an amount of knowledge which we should consider as very ordinary information. In the absence, then, of written works, the prin-

ciples of science were handed down by tradition from one generation to another. Consequently, in the lapse of time, all that had been acquired was lost. Nothing, at least, remained, save the imperishable monuments made of stone carefully preserved from decay. From such spare material it is no easy task to form a system, to unthread the labyrinthine passage of centuries through which we have come, and to force our way into the inmost recesses of dead men's minds. Such, however, is the power of truth, that from the pyramids and tecalli of old, Mr. Wilson thinks himself able to form a probable conjecture that the laws of gravitation which Newton is said to have discovered by the falling of an apple, were not till then unknown, but that, having been eclipsed by the black ignorance of the dark ages, they were again brought to light by the gigantic powers of mind which Sir Isaac possessed, and *employed*. Kepler's laws, which embody the principles of astronomy in a few simple words, are to the effect, first, that the planets move in ellipses round the sun in one focus; secondly, that lines drawn to the sun from them, describe areas proportional to the times of their revolution; and thirdly, that the squares of the times vary as the cubes of the distances. The last of these principles requires to be modified, as it has more lately been demonstrated, that the law holds only if the mutual actions of the planets on each other are neglected, which, in the case of the earth and of others, produces a sensible effect. Without entering minutely into an examination of the monuments of antiquity, which, as Mr. Wilson supposes with some degree of probability, were erected to embody the laws of nature and the results of astronomical observations, it would be difficult to convey an adequate notion of the reasoning on which he founds such conclusions. As one instance among many, we may observe that he thinks he detects in the structures of the temples at Palmyra and Edfou a proportional relation to the elements of the orbit of the planet Neptune; and, as another, that he fancies he discovers in these ruins a trace of a planet, to us still unknown, and yet more remote from the sun. The calculations by which Mr. Wilson arrives at some of his conjectural conclusions, should not, without due caution, be accepted; for we notice, that as a rule the lengths of the sides of these antiquities are made to agree with the distances of the planets, only by the introduction of different arbitrary multipliers. Now, unless these be chosen on a fixed and intelligible plan, there is, in fact, no reason why those same lengths might not represent anything, from a cow's tail to the distance of the moon. On similar grounds we reject those of Mr. Wilson's results which go to establish the theory that the first of Kepler's laws was known to the ancients; for it is evident, that, if twice the

side of a cube represents the least diameter of a planetary orbit, and four times the side the greatest diameter, then three times the side must represent the mean diameter. If, therefore, Mr. Wilson is unable to explain his reasons for preferring the supposed multipliers 2, 3, 4, to any others, his theory that the elliptical orbits of the planets were recognized by the ancients, falls to the ground; and we must observe, that no notice whatever is taken by him of this most important consideration. The circumstance, however, that such results can be arrived at by any means, is, to say the least of it, curious; and, when this is effected, not simply in one or two cases, but in all the numerous instances adduced, a high degree of probability is given to facts meant thereby to be established. The closest approximation between the supposed system of the ancients and the system of modern days, is traced in the first of Kepler's three laws; for we find but slight and imperfect indications that the periodic times of any of the planets were known to the fathers of science; and therefore we may conclude that they were equally ignorant of the relations between time, area, and distance, which are embodied in the other two.

It is, *primâ facie*, more satisfactory to turn from these laws to the simpler law of gravitation, which, indeed, on the clearest evidence, as, at least, Mr. Wilson contends, is found to be engraven, as it were, in the obelisks and pyramids. No effect can be produced without a cause; and it is apparent, that a body set in motion would continue to move in a straight line, unless some other force than that which originally impelled it, caused it to deflect from the right line. This principle interprets the phenomenon, that a ball thrown by the hand describes a curved line, and ultimately returns to the earth. The power which causes this deflection from the straight line, is called *gravity*. The obelisk, —sometimes called “the finger of God,” which is made of one block of durable stone, figurative of the eternity of the laws of gravity and of the unity of God,—represents the laws of motion when a body falls near the earth's surface; for the distances described are proportional to the squares of the times elapsed during the descent, and the abscissæ of the axis of an obelisk vary as the squares of the corresponding ordinates: “Pliny, speaking of two large obelisks in his time, one of which stood in the Campus Martius, and the other in the Circus Maximus, the latter being the Lateran obelisk, says, ‘The inscriptions on them contain the interpretation of the laws of nature, the results of the philosophy of the Egyptians.’” But the obelisk, without any inscription, affords, it is contended, the same information. The pyramidal and hyperbolic temples represent the laws of gravitation when a body is sup-

posed to fall from a planetary distance to the centre of force ; for the attractive force varies inversely as the square of the distance, and the same relation subsists between the elements of the structures. The Burman solid hyperbolic temples are, for instance, symbolical of the law of the velocity of a body gravitating to the centre of force ; while the Egyptian pyramidal temples are typical of the time corresponding to that velocity ; the pyramid represents the variation of the time, the pagoda that of the velocity. The one is reciprocal of the other ; and both are symbols of the laws of gravity. The obelisk, the pyramid, the pagoda, and the hyperbolic solid, have, then, each a distinct meaning. They are “temples, around which the race who erected them, before history commenced, knelt and looked through nature up to nature’s God. The Sabæans worshipped these symbols of the laws of gravitation, which govern the glorious orb of day, the planetary and astral systems, the grandest and most sublime of the visible works of the Creator. The knowledge of these laws, and of the magnitude, distance, and motion of the heavenly bodies, inspired man with the most exalted feelings of reverence towards the Great First Cause.” In Abyssinia are found pyramids, pitched upon their points, with their base uppermost ; and, as it is improbable that they could have been so formed in the beginning, may they not, asks Mr. Wilson, “have been formed by the ancients to represent the law of the time of a body falling from the heaven to the earth ?” To the antiquary, the question of most interest is, at what period, or in what country, the *first* pyramid was constructed as a monument of the science of astronomy, dedicated as a temple to religion, or as a mausoleum for a king ? And, as a clue to the solution of this mystery, it may be remarked, that the Babylonian standard of measurement has evidently been used in the construction of almost all these buildings.

“The adoption of the Babylonian standard, based on a knowledge of the Earth’s circumference, to the monumental records of science, proves that the Druids of Britain, the Persian Magi, the Brahmins of India, the Chaldees of Babylonia, the Egyptian hierarchy, the priests of Mexico and Peru, were all acquainted, as Cæsar says of the Druids, with the form and magnitude of the earth ; or, as Pomponius Mela states, with the form and magnitude of the earth, and motion of the stars.

“Hence it is evident that the world had been circumnavigated at an unknown epoch, and colonies formed in the old and new world, all making use of the same standard in the construction of their religious monuments. So the Babylonian or Sabæan standard may be said to have been universal.”

Here we must pause to examine the result arrived at by Mr.

Wilson; and, lest it should be supposed that, in the preceding observations, we have misrepresented his conclusions, we retrace our steps and proceed to show, that, by the method of construction he gives of an obelisk, that erection is neither more nor less than a solid generated by the revolution of a parabola round its axis. "If," says he, "at the end of the descent a straight line be drawn perpendicular to the axis, and made equal to the square root of the axis, this line will be an ordinate, and equal the square root of the axis." The self-evident proposition contained in the latter clause of this construction, it is needless to draw attention to; for, as the ordinate has been made equal to the square root of the axis, it must necessarily remain so. Mr. Wilson then goes on to say, "Since the ordinate varies as the square root of the axis, and time varies as the square root of the distance, the ordinate will represent the variation of the time of descent, and the axis that of the distance described. . . . Thus any number of ordinates may be drawn, and each made equal to the square root of the axis. When the extremities of these ordinates are joined by straight lines, the area included by these lines, the axis, and the last ordinate, will be an obeliscal area." Now, first of all, the ordinate which is by construction equal to, is immediately afterwards said to vary as, the square root of the axis; and then, the fact that the time of descent of a body subject to the force of gravity varies as the square root of the distance described, is ingeniously taken to be precisely the same variation; viz., one of equality (if we may be allowed such an expression). Whereas, the formula which represents the relation between the force, the time, and the distance, is

$$s = \frac{1}{2} f. t^2,$$

and f , the accelerating force of gravity, is nearly equal to 32.2 feet. Observe, then, that y , the ordinate, is made equal to the square root of x , the axis; or,

$$\begin{aligned} x &= y^2 \\ \text{and, as above,} \quad s &= \frac{1}{2} f. t^2 \\ &= \frac{1}{2} \times 32.2 \times t^2 \end{aligned}$$

which is clearly not the same relation. Then, in the second place, we may remark, that the figure, as constructed, would be a parabola; for the equation to a parabola is $y^2 = 4mx$, where m represents the focal distance. If, then, we give a particular value to m , and let it equal $\frac{1}{8}$, we obtain $y^2 = x$, the same relation between the ordinate and abscissæ as in the construction of the obelisk given by Mr. Wilson.

As curious interpretations of symbols, we may instance that the parabolic curved lines, in which the hair of the head is not unfrequently arranged in the most ancient marbles, is supposed

by Mr. Wilson to be symbolical of infinity, or of the path of a comet, or indeed of a comet itself, or *stella crinita*. And the impression of Buddha's foot, which is similar in shape, by the addition of circular orbs placed round the focus (the sun), represents both the cometary and the planetary systems. The assumed accuracy of these representations is the only guide we possess for their examination; and it is highly probable, that these marks were never intended to typify the laws of nature, but only to express, as in modern sculpture, the correct likeness of human beings. But, even allowing that the sculptures in question admit of a symbolical interpretation, the supposition proves beyond all doubt, that the ancients were unacquainted with the laws which regulate the universe.

Although we are disposed to dispute the averments of Mr. Wilson, whether as regards one race of men or another, so far, at least, as the scientific value of his evidence is concerned (for it matters nought whether the Sabæans regarded their pyramidal and hyperbolic temples, or their obelisks, as symbols of divinity or not, so long as these monuments do not embody, in geometrical forms, the laws by which the celestial bodies are governed), we cannot but marvel at the wonderful development of practical mechanics, by which these structures were raised, some in one huge, but, at the same time, beautifully chiselled block of stone, from the quarries, and conveyed to their ultimate destination. Indeed, in many other respects, the most ancient works of art equal, if not surpass, our own. Our Crystal Palace, for example, may be contrasted with the solid glass obelisk which stood, according to Pliny, in the temple of Jupiter Ammon; with the porcelain pagoda at Nankin, or with "a cast-iron pagoda still standing, and said to be 1700 years old." The bell for the clock-tower of Westminster Palace, finds its parallel in that at Mengoon, near Ava, which is twenty inches thick, twenty feet high, and thirteen feet six inches in diameter, and has been computed to weigh upwards of 500,000 lbs. Vast engineering difficulties too, must, it is clear, have been overcome. We find, for instance, a record of a subterranean passage beneath an artificial canal, with which the palace of a Javanese chief was surrounded. The Lake of Zumpango, in Mexico, also, was drained, first by a tunnel 20,000 feet in length, and ultimately by an enormous canal; and, while there is abundant evidence that the ancients dug canals or bored tunnels, the Tolteicans in Central America have left traces of viaducts and bridges, made rudely to be sure, but nevertheless made. Originally, most probably, arches were constructed without a key-stone; as in several Egyptian edifices, where large bricks were placed horizontally, so that the upper course passed beyond the lower.

Indeed, as civilization advanced, perfect arches were thrown over without any framework to support them, the process being as follows: "A brick, presenting its broad surface to view, is placed with its edge on the buttress, where is to commence the spring of the arch; another is made to adhere to it by means of a very strong cement, made of gypsum peculiar to the vicinity of Tunis, which instantly hardens: on this brick is placed another in the same manner, and thus they proceed until the arch is complete." The most finished and remarkable method of constructing an arch is to be found in some of the Chinese ruins, where the stones of the arch are wedge-shaped, their sides forming radii which converge to the centre of the curve. What, then, has been our advance in the arts of civilization? The art of printing alone seems to be a discovery of the modern time; for, according to Mr. Wilson's researches, almost all other discoveries have been preceded in their respective paths. From what hidden recesses this diligent compiler has raked up some of his facts, we neither know nor care; for on what principle should conclusions be drawn from such a hearsay anecdote as the following?—

"A remark on this subject was once made to us by a Hindoo, which is so curious that we here record it: 'The Hindoos, who watch and reflect on the proceedings and achievements of you Europeans, say that all your actions resemble those attributed in our *Poorans*, or religious poems, to giants and demons. Thus, it is said in the Ramayun that Rawun had taken several of the gods prisoners, and made them his household servants. The god Agni (fire) was his cook, and dressed his food; the god Wayoo (wind) was his housemaid, and swept his chamber; the god Waroonu (water) was his gardener, and watered his trees; and so with the rest. You, too, have mastered and imprisoned these elements, and made them serve you. The wind works your ships; the ether (gas) lights your houses; you have harnessed the fire and water to your carriages and your steamers; they work in your mills, and coin your money.' "

In passing from the consideration of ancient science (the most *systematic* account of which is to be found in the sacred books of the Burmans, wherein the universe is said to be composed of an infinite number of systems that touch each other at the circumference, the angular spaces between them being supposed to be filled with cold water) to modern science, it will not be out of place to institute a comparison between the two works before us, which unfold these distinct subjects. And we may premise that the chief difference between the treatises is to be attributed to the different education of their authors. The "Lost Solar System" forcibly reminds one of the contents of the portfolio of a literary man; and no fairer conception can

be given of that work, than by describing it as containing all the scraps of antiquarian and modern statistical information with which the author, or compiler, has met in an evidently long course of reading, arranged in the order in which they were originally found (that is, in no order at all), and interspersed with numerical calculations which, as intended for proofs, would disgrace the "wooden spoon" of any year, in the university of Cambridge. Setting aside, for the moment, the question whether Mr. Wilson has or has not discovered "the lost solar system of the ancients," this curious *omnium gatherum* abounds with instances of scraps of intelligence over and over again repeated. We must avow that we have failed to perceive his intention in introducing such facts as the following into a work confessedly treating of ancient times: the dimensions of Southwark Bridge, of the Himalaya, of the Gipsy Queen, and of the newly arrived Chinese junk; for, be it remarked, that these *petits morceaux* are lugged in by the shoulders, and thrust into unconnected paragraphs—*rudis indigestaque moles*—neither assisting in the demonstration, nor set in comparison with other statistics. In justice to Mr. Wilson, nevertheless, we will allow, that, had the matter he has collected with all the assiduity of a *chiffonnier*, been arranged with the method of those gatherers of refuse, much of it would have been valuable to students of antiquities. Nay, more; we honestly believe, that, with a little more pains-taking, even his demonstrations might have been made, we do not say conclusive and convincing, but clear and intelligible.

On the other hand, we have the ability and experience of Lord Brougham, assisted by the freshness of Mr. Routh, engaged in the production of a connected history of Newton's "Principia," and in exhibiting the direct relation in which any one of its books stands to the others. It would be well, by-the-bye, if the whole fifty or sixty separate subjects of mathematical study, were similarly dealt with by equally masterly hands. His Lordship never has to confess, as has Mr. Wilson on several occasions, that he has not had access to the proper fountains of intelligence. No; on the contrary, the noble philosopher is quite *au fait* on the subject of which he treats. His familiarity discovers itself in the ease with which all the historical information is introduced; while the expertness of his coadjutor is not less visible in those parts of the volume which are devoted to the more recent improvements in analytical methods—without a thorough knowledge of which, Mr. Routh could never have attained his exalted position in the university. There is no longer any doubt, that the course of training which students undergo in the older universities, is best adapted to produce able and well-read men. The almost deadly strife for place

ANCIENT AND MODERN MATHEMATICAL

(for we remember to have heard of a man whose life was positively endangered by the jealous ambition of his rival for the position of senior wrangler) tends more than aught else to excite that spirit of emulation which, in fact, is causing the honour-examination at Cambridge to become yearly more searching; and the undergraduates themselves, at Oxford as well as at Cambridge, spare no pains or expense to gain the highest distinctions which those universities can bestow. Without stopping to canvass the merits of different systems, we gladly acknowledge that the University of London, in its bold endeavour to combine the advantages of a polite education with proficiency in learned subjects, has been rewarded with a very encouraging degree of success. It is at these seminaries that the boy becomes the man, acquiring habits of self-reliance, and, at the same time, of humility: for while, on the one hand, he must fight his own way, he quickly discovers, on the other hand, that he has many equals and several superiors. To the aspirant senior wrangler, "the analytical view of Newton's *Principia*" will be of incalculable worth. It well deserves to be received as a companion text-book to the treatises which are now read in preference even to some portions of Sir Isaac's great work. It will be found to throw considerable light on the chain of reasoning by which the primal truths of modern astronomical science were established. We can give but a brief sketch of the manner in which the masterpiece of the great philosopher is exhibited by the noble commentator and his distinguished collaborateur.

Newton's "*Principia*" commences with the theory of limiting ratios, and geometrically represents the analysis of the differential calculus. Leibnitz conceived the generation of quantities to proceed by the constant addition of one indefinitely small quantity to another; Newton, by the motion of others. In the first, the *difference* is arrived at, when, in the limit, the one quantity equals the other; in the second, the *fluxion* is found when one line moves up to another, and ultimately coincides with it. The authors of the "*Analytical View*" observe:—

"The first book treats of the motion of bodies without regard to the resistance of the medium that fills the space in which they move; and it is principally devoted to the consideration of motions in orbits determined by centripetal forces, and to examining the attraction of bodies. The second book treats of the resistance of fluids, chiefly as affecting the motion of bodies that move in them. The third book contains the application of the principle thus established, to the motions, attractions, and figures of the heavenly bodies."

It is at once evident what immense assistance is derived from

such a passage as the preceding. In the simplest style, and in the fewest possible words, the reader is put in possession of the exact connexion between the three books; and the student can thus appreciate before-hand the importance of the course he is commencing. The fundamental proposition is, that, if a body be acted upon by a centripetal force, the line drawn from the body to the centre of force, describes plane areas which are always proportional to the times of the body's motion, and conversely. The application of this proposition and of its subsequent corollaries to the motion of the heavenly bodies, is readily made. By Kepler's laws we learn, that the planetary orbits are ellipses; that they describe round the sun in one focus areas proportional to the times; and that the squares of the periodic times are as the cubes of the mean distances. Newton shows that these bodies are retained in their paths by a force varying inversely as the squares of the distance. This directly leads to the subject of gravitation; and it is demonstrated that the moon's motion is consequent on gravity only, although the proportion of the centripetal force which keeps her in her orbit, is not exactly in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance. Hence, the great discovery of the law which governs the universe is unfolded in the very commencement of the "Principia."

We have here assumed that Kepler's laws are established. This, however, Newton goes on to show, treating at great length of the sections of the cone which, by his subsequent propositions, are seen to be the most important of all curves. The motion of a body acted on by a centripetal force which varies as the distance, is proved to be in an ellipse; and, if this law of force held good between the planets and the sun, as it does between the centre and the surface of each planet, the whole number of planets would revolve in equal periods round the sun. Let the law of force be changed, and vary inversely as the square of the distance; and the body will describe an ellipse round the centre of force, which will now be in the focus. This is the law which pervades the universe. As an immediate corollary to the preceding, it follows that no curves but conic sections can be described by bodies acted upon by a centripetal force varying inversely as the squares of the distance. This, indeed, may be considered as the establishment of Kepler's first law; and, by similar processes, the other two are confirmed.

Proceeding onwards, we are initiated, in the fifth and sixth sections of the first book, into the practical utility of astronomical observations; for the geometrical propositions therein contained, are designed to show how to construct the orbit of which we have obtained the elements, or in which, at least, we have obtained three points. Indeed, as Lord Brougham re-

marks, "The intimate connexion between the purely geometrical parts of the 'Principia,'—the fifth and sixth sections of the first book,—and the most sublime inquiries into the motions of the heavenly bodies; those motions, too, which are the most rapid, and performed in space the most prodigious,—may suffice to show the student, how well worthy these mathematical investigations are of being minutely followed." Now that we know the orbits, the object is, to find the position of the body at a given time; and this is the next point treated by the philosopher. At this stage there intervenes a merely mathematical investigation, which is of no practical utility. The law of force is made general, instead of particular as in the preceding; and, consequently, the curves described are no longer limited to sections of the cone. Then, again, returning to problems of practical importance, the investigator considers the effect of a force besides the centripetal force, being applied laterally; and this, we learn, produces a variation in the axis of the orbit. The axis of the earth's orbit thus revolves in a period of about 109,060 years; but Sir Isaac regarded this as indicating a deviation from the law of the inverse square of the distance so very minute as not to alter sensibly the form and position of the orbits thence resulting. The motion of bodies along given surfaces, not in planes, passing through the centre of force, or, in other words, eccentric (i. e., capricious) motion, comes next; and thus, step by step, we are conducted to the consideration of complex motion. The path described by two bodies mutually attracting each other, will be the same as if, instead of their acting on one another, some third body, placed in their centre of gravity, acted upon each of them with the same force with which they act each on the other. And, if a third body be introduced, as in the case of the Sun, Earth, and Moon, neither of the two latter bodies describes an ellipse round the Sun; but they revolve round each other and round their centre of gravity, that centre itself describing an elliptical line. All these conclusions require slight corrections or adjustments, consequent on the disturbances exerted on each planet by the rest; and to the consideration of these Sir Isaac now applies himself. The motion of the Earth's orbit, we have seen, takes about 109,060 years to complete a revolution. So the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit has been slowly decreasing, and will continue to decrease down to a certain limit, from which it will then begin to increase. We may here introduce a noteworthy inference from Newton's proposition on the attraction of a hollow sphere, which exhibits great power of mind on the part of the writers:—

“ We may here stop to observe upon a remarkable inference which may be drawn from this theorem. Suppose, that in the centre of any planet, as of the Earth, there is a large vacant spherical space, or that the globe is a hollow sphere; if any particle or mass of matter is at any moment of time in any point of this hollow sphere, it must, as far as the globe is concerned, remain for ever at rest there, and suffer no attraction from the globe itself. Then the force of any other heavenly body, as the Moon, will attract it, and so will the force of the Sun. Suppose these two bodies in opposition, it will be drawn to the side of the Sun with a force equal to the difference of their attractions, and this force will vary the relative position (configuration) of the three bodies; but from the greater attraction of the Sun, the particle, or body, will always be on the side of the hollow globe next to the Sun. Now, the Earth’s attraction will exert no influence over the internal body, even when in contact with the internal surface of the hollow sphere; for the theorem which we have just demonstrated is quite general, and applies to particles wherever situated within the sphere. Therefore, although the Earth moves round its axis, the body will always continue moving so as to shift its place every instant and retain its position towards the Sun. In like manner, if any quantity of moveable particles thrown off, for example, by the rotating motion of the Earth, are in the hollow, they will not be attracted by the Earth, but only towards the Sun; and will all accumulate towards the side of the hollow sphere next the Sun. So of any fluid, whether water or melted matter, in the hollow, provided it do not wholly fill up the space, the whole of it will be accumulated towards the Sun. Suppose it only enough to fill half the hollow space, it will all be accumulated on one side, and that side the one next the Sun; consequently, the axis of rotation will be changed, and will not pass through the centre or even near it, and will constantly be altering its position. Hence, we may be assured that there is no such hollow in the globe filled with melted matter, or any hollow at all, inasmuch as there could no hollow exist without such accumulations, in consequence of particles of the internal spherical surface being constantly thrown off by the rotating motion of the Earth.”

The subjects treated of in the second book of the “*Principia*,” are confessedly not of so great importance as those which have been reviewed; and we feel the less compunction in passing by it, because, on the whole, it is not considered so satisfactory as the first book; and the recent improvements in analysis, which the present authors have introduced into the corresponding portion of their volume, would be of little interest to the general reader. It needs scarcely to be remarked, that we do not say this in depreciation of Sir Isaac: far from it. All the advances made by his successors are but the consequences of his original discoveries, and a continuation of inquiries which he began, and which, perhaps, could not have

been prosecuted without him. The subjects of which he treated were, at all events, entirely new. Curvilinear motion and the laws of attraction were altogether unknown, or, at least, unexplored; and yet, even with the aid of modern improvements, subsequent investigations have been obliged to accept his fraction $\frac{21}{8}$ as the most accurate ascertainable value of the ellipticity of the Earth's figure. And, although the science of Mathematics was not far enough advanced in his day to enable him to investigate completely the motion of sound, yet, in a wonderful manner, he solved to a certain degree the simpler case of the motion of air in a tube. By the aid, however, of a most elaborate and refined analysis, mathematicians are now making rapid strides towards gaining the mastery over questions and difficulties which were then supposed to be impossible of solution. How neat, for instance, is the symbolization introduced by Mr. Salmon in his Conic Sections! And again, how elegant the manipulation of differential equations by the separation of the symbol from the function! These are novelties of to-day: but they have one disadvantage, to which Geometry can never be exposed. Analysis is simply an abstraction; Geometry is a figured idea, and, as such, is better adapted to the ordinary human capacity, unable, for the most part, to interpret the meaning of an analytical expression, unless of the simplest possible nature. It is easy enough to use the tools, and to solve mathematical problems which require only an analytical result; but where an interpretation is necessary, few attempt it; and, what is more, the senate-house examination rarely demands it.

The world is not governed by chance, but is regulated by fixed and unalterable laws: yet, many events of ordinary occurrence are not regarded as resulting from any law. Rain, snow, and hail, wind, thunder, and lightning, are so common that we almost disregard them. As to either storms, or even seasons, the laws have not hitherto been discovered which regulate, and must regulate, their approach and succession. Here, indeed, is a wide field for future observation. These atmospheric changes may be dependent on certain relative positions of the heavenly bodies, and may hereafter come to be predicted with as great confidence as an eclipse of the sun or the occultation of a fixed star.

ART. IV.—*Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in the year 1842, and to Oregon and North California in the years 1843-44.* By Brevet-Captain J. C. Fremont. Printed by order of the Senate of the United States. Washington. 1845.

2. *Notes of Travel in California, including the Arkansas, Del Norte and Gila Rivers.* From the Official Reports of Captain Fremont and Major Emory. New York. 1849.

3. *Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika und deren Territorien.* Von Karl Weichardt. Leipsic. 1848.

4. *Life, Explorations, and Public Services of John Charles Fremont.* Boston. 1856.

THE struggle now going on in the United States would seem to indicate that an important change is coming over the American mind. The Presidential election there offers a truly novel spectacle. For many years past, we have been accustomed to see the elections to the highest dignity of the Union carried on in the worn-out tracks of antiquated party-feeling. Now, however—for the first time in the history of the Great Republic—a powerful portion of citizens have seceded from the trammels of obsolete political cliques, and turned their eyes upon a man not conspicuous by any share he has borne in petty party intrigues, but distinguished rather by the prestige of science and romantic adventure. It would appear that a feeling is growing up among the people beyond the ocean, that the Commonwealth is much in want of some new element wherewith to refresh and invigorate itself. Formerly, when a candidate for the Presidentship was put forward, the first, almost the only question with the party that supported him was, whether he fully came up to the requisites of this or that narrow programme. In the present juncture, a great section of the American population have boldly cast aside that restricted standard, and resolved to offer the Presidentship to a “fresh man,” who represents the principle of human liberty in its broad sense, without being tied by special engagements. The name of that man is scarcely known in the political arena of the United States. Yet, apart from that bustling scene, his renown is famous throughout the two hemispheres. It is a name which has become a household word for everything daring and adventurous—a name adored by the youth of America, and honoured by all disciples of human progress. It is the name of a dauntless pioneer of civilization, whose foot has become familiar with those mysterious mountain-ranges hitherto hid from the eye of science—a traveller over deserts interminable, penetrating the secrets of nature in search of new high-

FREMONT THE PATHFINDER.

ways for commerce—an explorer of boundless prairies where, before him, only the wild beast and the red savage wandered. In a word, it is FREMONT, the "Pathfinder," the hero of the Rocky Mountains,—he whose gallant deeds, in the cause of science, read to our fireside reason like the dazzling pages of fiction. A heavy debt his country owes him. Her banner of stars his bold hand planted on the snow-clad summits of hitherto inaccessible peaks. With a handful of braves, he gained and offered her the "Golden Empire" of California, and opened up grand routes for her triumphal progress from the east to the west. This chosen child of progress now stands on the steps of the Capitol, a competitor for the highest functions his country has to offer.

It may be said—and indeed it has been said—that there is danger in trusting the destinies of a country to a man whose experience as a politician is so recent and untried. No doubt there is some reason in this objection. But be that as it may, in the present state of things Fremont is *a necessity*, for he alone is able to cement the discordant and medley parties of American progress into a bond of union against the phalanx of slaveholders. If Fremont's views stood out in more glaring relief,—if he was a member of that "notorious circle" of statesmen who have hitherto monopolized the political life of the Union, his candidature would have but little claim to the wide-felt sympathy it now enjoys. The very fact that he stands aloof from the squabbles of clique and faction renders him the more acceptable to the different sections of the friends of freedom. True, this has some disadvantage, in so far as Fremont, to a certain extent, represents the unknown. But how much greater a disadvantage it would be if the disunion of the Liberal camp gave an easy and undisputed victory to the upholders of slavery! The great want of the Republic, at this moment, is a President of thoroughly patriotic inspirations,—honest, and beyond the shafts of calumny,—devoted to the integrity of his great country, and who is prepared to take his stand unyieldingly at the side of human freedom. In short, a leader representing the idea of progress on its broadest basis, and under whose administration the sound part of the Republic would have time to gather its forces, and to re-establish unity and harmony. There is no doubt but that Fremont would supply this want; that his character is pre-eminently adapted to this patriotic vocation. His whole life has been a series of sacrifices and acts of devotion to his country's welfare. If, therefore, on November the 4th, his name should come forth triumphant from the electoral urn, a new and better era may confidently be expected for the Transatlantic Republic.

A sketch of the career of a man destined to play so conspicuous a part in the election struggles of the United States, can hardly fail to be interesting. Unfortunately, in the whole of the "literature on Fremont," which has recently sprung up, there is scarcely a work to be found which does full justice to the varied fate and daring exploits of the Pathfinder. There is certainly no lack of writings extolling his fame and advocating his election in terms the most enthusiastic. But a full and accurate biography of the man and his merits has yet to be written. It is, therefore, from his own sketches and reports, and from various other disjointed sources, that we must draw the materials for a biography. Still, so replete with remarkable events and incidents is the history of his career, that even a meagre outline is sufficient to attract universal attention.

From his earliest youth, the life of Colonel Fremont has been a series of adventures. The very story of his birth is stamped with that spirit of romance which every subsequent chapter of his life has increased and rendered more captivating to the imagination. The tale of the chequered fortunes of his family runs thus: In the early part of the present century, during the despotic reign of Napoleon, a Frenchman, from the neighbourhood of Lyons, fled to avoid persecution for some political offence. This fugitive from the clutches of his oppressors embarked secretly for St. Domingo; but the ship that carried him being captured by an English cruizer, the crew and passengers were made prisoners, and landed at the British Antilles. There, for some time, the unfortunate exile pursued a life of labour till another, and this time successful escape cast him on the soil of the United States. Fortune, there, for once smiled upon him, and gave him as a wife the fair daughter of Colonel Whiting, the head of one of the "first families" of Virginia. We will not enter into the love-passages of that romantic union, nor describe the many impediments that lay in the way of the gallant suitor. It is sufficient to say that the intrusion of the penniless and unknown French refugee into the exclusive circles of the Virginian aristocracy was viewed with no favourable eye by the "leading families" of the state; and thus the native soil of his loving partner became very soon too hot for the luckless exile. Packing up what little he had to pack, he emigrated into the Indian territory, far away from the traces of civilization, taking with him his faithful wife who, true woman as she was, bore every privation by his side. In the midst of this arduous journey, at Savannah, in Georgia, in the year 1813, she gave birth to a child, John Charles Fremont, the subject of this sketch.

The parents, soon after the birth of John Charles, started

again from their temporary resting-place, and wandered into the country of the Choctaw and Creek Indians. It appears that the elder Fremont, besides the domestic reasons that induced him to leave the inhospitable circles of Virginia, had an unconquerable disposition to migration, and an absorbing desire to study the peculiarities and manners of strange races. Thus it was that the man on whom the eyes of the Union are now directed, spent among barbarous tribes the morning of his life. The red-skin woman became his nurse, and her wild tongue he prattled in his infancy. His first impressions were formed amidst the grand solitudes of the virgin forest and the boundless plain of the prairies; and his earliest youth passed away roving over the hunting-ground of the Indian. This was a fitting introduction to the career of the "Pathfinder."

Approaching manhood, we see young Fremont within the pale of more cultivated life. His father, after all his wanderings, having found a resting-place in the grave, the widow went to reside in Carolina, and sent her boy to Charleston College, to devote himself to the study of mathematics. In later years, we find Fremont a successful teacher of that science. Towards 1833, he held the situation of professor of mathematics on board the American sloop of war, "Natchez," in which capacity he served for two years, during the cruise of that vessel on the coast of South America. Afterwards he received a similar appointment on board a United States' frigate; but this monotonous occupation does not appear to have been altogether to his taste, and he consequently left the navy, devoting his talents entirely to civil engineering. The migratory disposition and love of adventure he had inherited from his father, drew him to a wilder scene for his activity. The spell was upon him; he could no longer resist the noble impulse that urged him onward, and he set out for those savage regions where the native Indian life was yet to be found. In 1837 and 1838, we see him busy in the territory of the Cherokees, drawing up topographical maps, and studying the customs of his barbaric hosts. The United States at that time had an eye upon the districts of the Cherokees; they wished to drive that tribe to the other bank of the Mississippi. It may be imagined that the aborigines, under these circumstances, were not most amiably disposed towards the white man. Indeed, one of the expeditions of Fremont, which was undertaken in company with a gallant German backwoodsman, promised to end tragically enough for the two daring pioneers of science. Late one evening, the travellers found themselves suddenly amidst a tribe of hostile Indians engaged in a noisy revel. Tomahawks and scalping-knives were speedily produced; and the white men only owed their lives to that quality of compas-

sion common to woman, civilized and uncivilized. The squaws of the tribe hid them in bundles of maize from the vengeance of their savage lords, and set them free when the men were lying down insensible with the "fire-water" they had drunk. This hairbreadth escape from the most frightful death, instead of deterring Fremont, only acted as a further incentive to seek new dangers in more distant and more desolate regions.

His desire was shortly gratified, and a wider field offered for his activity. At the recommendation of the government of the United States, he took part in the expedition of the renowned French engineer, Nicollet, for the survey of the basin of the Upper Mississippi. There Fremont, who served as a second-lieutenant of engineers, had ample opportunity to prepare himself for greater enterprises. As though fully convinced of the destinies that awaited him, he inured himself to every hardship and privation incident to camp-life, and became a proficient in the many self-reliant contrivances necessary to the man that would traverse the untrodden wilderness. He soon rendered himself distinguished among the companions of his toil, not only by his ability as an engineer, but also by his success as a prairie sportsman. His deadly rifle and sure eye at the buffalo-chase were the talk and envy of the little camp. The part he took in this expedition of Nicollet brought his name for the first time prominently before the public. On his return to Washington, he drew up, in company with the German Hassler, those famous maps by which he gained the applause of the scientific world, and gave brilliant promise of greater deeds.

It was at this period of his life that he wooed and won the fair daughter of the well-known American senator, Colonel Benton, and carried off "Little Jessie," in spite of paternal opposition. Colonel Benton entertained the idea, not uncommon with other obdurate parents, that a second lieutenant, in a corps where promotion is very slow, and who had no other means of support but the insufficient pay of a subaltern, was not, in a prudential sense, a very eligible son-in-law. Taking this view of the question, the stern father resolved on banishing the unwelcome suitor; and, cunning strategist as he was, procured for Fremont a commission for the survey of the Moingonan River, in Iowa, the banks of which were infested by the Sacs and Foxes, two ferocious Indian tribes. No doubt, this commission was meant as a sort of Uriah's errand. But fortune willed it otherwise; and after a lengthened ramble along the banks of the Indian-haunted river, the obstinate second-lieutenant returned in safety, only, however, to find the old colonel still inexorable. Thus reduced to extremities, Fremont settled the affair, by proposing an elopement and secret marriage, which

FREMONT THE PATHFINDER.

were duly performed. The father then gave in to the *fait accompli*, and entered into the most friendly relations with his gallant son-in-law ; but he never even alluded to the elopement and clandestine performance of the marriage rites. Only some ten or twelve years afterwards, he once confessed to a friend, that "Little Jessie, at the time, understood her husband better than her father did."

This abduction of the daughter of old Benton is invested with a still more romantic character, when we remember that, by a curious chance, Fremont, in his early youth, had nearly fallen a victim to the hand of the fierce senator. The little episode to which we allude is this : The father of Fremont, one day during his migrations, was tranquilly refreshing himself with his family, in the parlour of an inn at Nashville, in Tennessee, when their composure was suddenly disturbed by the discharge of fire-arms in the next room, and the whiz of bullets through the door, some of which passed in dangerous proximity to the head of young John Charles. The pistols had been fired by Colonel Thomas Benton, in a "political difficulty" with General Andrew Jackson, the victor of New Orleans, and afterwards President of the United States. Fortunately, the deadly missive took no effect ; and young Fremont was preserved from the stray senatorial bullet. This semi-tragical scene had a fitting *dénouement* in later times. The two combatants, Benton and Jackson, became fast friends ; while the boy Fremont, who had well-nigh fallen an accidental sacrifice to old Benton's violence, made himself his son-in-law. The whole history is redolent of the peculiarities of "American life."

But let us hasten to describe the Five Great Expeditions of Discovery, the performance of which has created the world-wide fame of Fremont, and placed his name by the side of Humboldt, Mungo Park, Audubon, Barth, and other illustrious travellers. Happy as his marriage proved—the charms of home and family were unable to keep long in their rosy bondage this man of enterprise. The scientific impulse being all-powerful with him, he soon grew weary of repose, and slighted the tranquil pleasures of his own hearth. The restless genius pined to be away in those far-off regions, which report had invested with a fabulous interest. The mysteries of the immense tracts of land between the Mississippi and the Pacific, attracted his ambition. These territories, yet unvisited by science,—where Nature sat alone, unintruded on but by the red-skin, or the adventurous trapper,—were to be laid open to the hundred arts of civilization and the commerce of the world. The great task proposed was, to explore that Cimmerian range, the Rocky Mountains,—to define the passes that lead through them towards the Great Ocean,—and to

lay down, by accurate surveys, the routes across the Western Desert. To this object, Fremont henceforth devoted all his energy. His ambition was to be the Pathfinder of the vast unexplored regions of the North American continent.

It was in May, 1842, that Fremont started for the first of his memorable expeditions. His survey, this time, was to embrace the country between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, along the line of the Kansas and the great Platte, or Nebraska River. The company he took with him consisted principally of Creole and Canadian *voyageurs*, who had been trained to a life in the wilderness in the service of the fur companies. Twenty-two chosen men composed the daring band. The son of Colonel Benton also, a boy of twelve years, was of the party, under the special charge of Fremont. The German topographer, Charles Preuss, joined their ranks; and to his extraordinary skill and enthusiasm in the prosecution of the service assigned him—that of sketching the topographical features of the country—Fremont has always borne the highest and most grateful testimony. Then there was Christopher Carson, celebrated throughout America for his exploits as a mountaineer, trapper, and bear-hunter; known, by every one in the United States, as “Kit Carson,” the hero of the prairie: he acted as guide to the expedition. A man of apparently the most peaceable and temperate habits; of small stature, fair complexion, and mild blue eyes, this Kit Carson is the ideal of a western hunter and *coureur des bois*. He possesses what the Americans call “the prairie and mountain qualities” to the highest degree. His power of scenting the game is as acute as any hound’s; he is as terrible with the scalping-knife as any red man. He rides as if he were one with his steed—a true centaur. He has a perfect knowledge of the manners of the Indians, having himself been married to a red-skin woman. In such company, Fremont entered upon his first voyage, wandering westward through the country of the Pawnee Indians, along the river Platte, into the present territory of Nebraska.

It must be owned that the impediments to this expedition were of uncommon magnitude. At every turn, the travellers found the savages astir, and ready to oppose the small caravan. In the few scattered government forts, erected on the borders of the prairie, tales were told and reports were circulated of recent fearful massacres of white men by the surrounding barbarous tribes. The advance of the expedition, under these circumstances, was but slow. Every night, the camp had in a manner to be fortified, by erecting a sort of breastwork, constructed of the cars, and sentries posted. At last, any further pressing forward appeared to many an act of madness. Fremont was com-

FREMONT THE PATHFINDER.

pelled to hold a council with his company, and to offer every one the choice of returning, who should not feel inclined to take further part in the unavoidable perils before them. Yet such was the influence of the courage of Fremont, that one man only withdrew from the hardy band.

The further the adventurers advanced, the more infested they found the country with swarms of hostile Indians of the Cheyenne, Grös Ventre, and Sioux tribes. The company was in daily danger of being cut to pieces by the savages; and but for the presence of mind and experience of several of the guides, shown in their conferences with the red-skins, such a fate would no doubt have befallen them. The majority of the *voyageurs*, although their whole life had been spent in prairie expeditions, were appalled by the perils with which they were now surrounded, and felt strongly disposed to return. It was only the unyielding determination of the "Pathfinder," and the confidence he inspired in those around him, that kept the troop together. The nature of the situation, however, may be judged from the fact, that Kit Carson, at Fort Laramie, *made his will*. It was deemed prudent, also, to leave the son of Colonel Benton behind, at that garrison; for, from this point, the risks increased in so fearful a ratio, that the company had to be in a state of constant preparation for death, if not in expectation of it. At the last moment of leaving the Fort Laramie, Fremont was waited on by a deputation of old Indian chiefs, who, in a half-supplicating, half-menacing strain, urged upon him that it was utterly impossible to advance. "You have come among us," said one of the old warriors, "at a bad time. Some of our people have been killed by the whites, and our young men, who are gone to the mountains, are eager to avenge the blood of their relations. Our young men are bad; and if they meet you, they will believe that you are carrying goods and ammunition to their enemies, and they will fire upon you!" A warning letter was also handed to Fremont, signed by Otter-Hat, Breaker-of-Arrows, Black-Night, and Bull-Tail, four native chiefs. In this document, he was again admonished not to trust himself farther into the country.

The intrepid resolution, evinced by Fremont on this occasion, is truly remarkable. There was ample justification had he concluded to return. Indians, traders, hunters, his own people, the stoutest hearts among them, joined with one voice in imploring him not to expose himself and them to what they regarded as certain death. But he, unappalled, persisted in his determination; and, as usual with him, the future justified his resolve. To the red-skin chiefs assembled, he spoke with the picturesque language those wild orators delight in. He told them that he

and his companions had "*thrown away their bodies*," and had made up their minds to "fight or die, but not to turn back, come what might." "This decision, at Fort Laramie," as an American writer justly observes, "was the turning-point of Fremont's destiny. If he had yielded to the fears that had overcome all other minds, failure would have been stamped upon him for ever. But as it was, he won the glory of inflexible and invincible resolution in the hearts of his admiring followers, and gave to the savage, and all others who dealt with him, an impression they ever after retained—that he was, indeed, a Brave, and that nothing could prevent his accomplishing whatever he undertook."

The travelling company, proceeding farther on their journey westward, found an agreeable relief to the conflicts with the red-skins in the chase of the buffalo. Of these hunting scenes, the diary of Fremont contains some graphic descriptions, from which we select a specimen:—

"A few miles brought us into the midst of the buffalo, swarming in immense numbers over the plains, where they had left scarcely a blade of grass standing. Mr. Preuss, who was sketching at a little distance in the rear, had at first noted them as large groves of timber. In the sight of such a mass of life, the traveller feels a strange emotion of grandeur. We had heard from a distance a dull and confused murmuring, and when we came in view of their dark masses, there was not one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker. It was the early part of the day, when the herds are feeding; and everywhere they were in motion. Here and there a huge old bull was rolling in the grass, and clouds of dust rose in the air from various parts of the bands, each the scene of some obstinate fight. . . . As we were riding quietly along the bank, a grand herd of buffalo, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river, where they had been to drink, and commenced crossing the plain slowly, eating as they went. The wind was favourable; the coolness of the morning inviting to exercise; the ground was apparently good, and the distance across the prairie (two or three miles) gave us a fine opportunity to charge them before they could get among the river hills. It was too fine a prospect for a chase to be lost; and, halting for a few moments, the hunters were brought up and saddled, and Kit Carson, Maxwell, and I started together. They were now somewhat less than half a mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation, a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hard gallop, riding steadily abreast of each other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense that we were sensible to nothing else. We were now closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already

FREMONT THE PATHFINDER.

in rapid motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the motion had communicated itself to the whole herd.

"A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about; and then dashed on after the band a short distance; and turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to stand and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards, we gave the usual shout (the hunter's battle-cry), and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction, in their heedless course. Many of the bulls, less active and less fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied solely with the hunter, were precipitated to the earth with great force, rolling over and over with the violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust. We separated on entering, each singling out his game.

"My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the West under the name of Proveau, and, with his eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and, rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun; and, checking my horse, I looked around for my companions. At a little distance, Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and, while I was looking, a light wreath of white smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hills, towards which they were directing their course, was the body of the herd, and giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes, and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffaloes were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely still as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body, that I could not obtain an entrance,—the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering with a noise heard above everything else, and my horse darted into the opening. Five or six bulls charged on us as we dashed along into the line, but were left far behind; and, singling out a cow, I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent, and left the place quiet and clear. Our chase had led us into dangerous ground. A prairie-dog village, so thickly settled that there were three or four holes in every twenty yards square, occupied the whole bottom for nearly two miles in length. Looking around, I saw only one of the hunters, nearly out of sight, and the long dark line of our caravan crawling along, *three or four miles distant!*"

The good humour with which the privations and fatigue of camp-life were borne by Fremont, and the zeal with which, in spite of them, he pursued night and day his scientific labours, are beyond all praise. After his people had composed themselves for the night, and silence and slumber had fallen upon the camp, it was the invariable practice of the commander, when the condition of the atmosphere, the state of the weather, and the aspect of the heavens allowed, to get out his instruments, take astronomical observations, and determine and record the latitude and longitude.

“ My companions slept rolled up in their blankets, and the Indians lay in the grass near the fire ; but my sleeping-place generally had an air of more pretension. Our rifles were tied together near the muzzle, the butts resting on the ground, and a knife laid on the rope to cut away in case of alarm. Over this, which made a kind of frame, was thrown a large india-rubber cloth, which we used to cover our packs. This made a tent sufficiently large to receive about half of my bed, and was a place of shelter for my instruments ; and as I was careful always to put this part against the wind, I could be here with a sensation of satisfied enjoyment, and hear the wind blow, and the rain patter close to my head, and know that I should be at least half dry. Certainly, I never slept more soundly.”

In pursuance of his perilous journey, Fremont met, on the 28th of July, a troop of peaceable Indians, who gave a very discouraging picture of the country that lay before the travellers. They were informed, that the scorching heat and a plague of locusts had so entirely destroyed all vegetation and animal life, that not a blade of grass or a buffalo were to be seen in the regions they were about to enter. But, in spite of this prospect of starvation, Fremont still marched on, and at last reached the Wind-River Mountain, that large and gigantic knot of rocks from which the Platte and the Missouri flow towards the Mexican Gulf and the Atlantic Ocean, while from the same lofty region the Colorado dashes forward to the Californian Gulf, and the sources of the Columbia river pursue their course to the Pacific. Arrived at this point, the scenery became of a colossal and magnificent character. After the dreary journey over the parched prairie, the travellers beheld, with enthusiastic amazement, the gigantic accumulation of snowy mountains, whose peaks, high up into mid-air, were clad with a glittering vesture of silvery brightness. This grand spectacle of Alpine scenery—these lofty domes of snow, stretching up into the clouds—farther down, the beautiful lakes set like jewels in the mountains—and to complete the enchanting character of the scene, thickets and groves clustered at the base, made our

FREMONT THE PATHFINDER.

travellers feel that bountiful Nature, by this magnificent panorama, had amply repaid them for the sufferings they had undergone.

Unfortunately, however, at this juncture, a sad disaster befell the party. In crossing a swift and dangerous current, the only barometer belonging to the party got broken! Fremont thus was deprived of his weapon in the cause of science. To him, a great part of the interest of the journey lay in the scientific exploration of these mountains, of which so much had been said that was doubtful or contradictory; and now that at last their snowy peaks rose majestically before him, the only means he possessed of benefitting science was taken from him. To increase his misfortunes, the provisions had melted down to a few pounds of coffee and macaroni, and some junks of buffalo meat, which they were obliged to cook in tallow, and to salt with gunpowder. Bread there had been none for a long time. Game was but rarely to be seen. Last, but not least, the travellers were now in the territory of the ferocious Blackfeet Indians, from whom they were in hourly expectation of an attack. Still Fremont triumphed over the difficulties. First of all, he caused a stockade to be erected on the edge of a little thicket, so that one section of the company might there keep watch whilst the other could ascend the mountains. Further, by a most sagacious contrivance, he succeeded, after many fruitless efforts, in reconstructing a new barometer: the pleasure this gave him may well be imagined. On the 12th of August, he began his mountain journey, properly so called. The difficulties experienced during this ascent of the highest summit almost baffle description. After the most exhausting toil, the travellers often found themselves at the brink of a precipice, from whence they had once more to retrace their steps, and to recommence the journey, jaded and dispirited. Foaming torrents, roaring cataracts, and deep abysses frequently barred the way, and rugged chasms and cavernous recesses yawned beneath the feet of the daring wanderers, like the jaws of death. One of the company, by the slipping of a block of ice, was thrown some hundred feet down a precipice; but, by a miracle, escaped with only a few contusions. Fremont himself, on these forlorn heights, fell sick with excessive fatigue and the rarity of the air. Still, ill and giddy as he was, he crawled on, putting hands and feet in the crevices. During the night, the bare granite served for his bed, and he started afresh with the rising of morn. At last he reached the highest peak, which stands out—a solitary cone—above a vast field of ice and glaciers. By the barometer it was found to be 13,570 feet above the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. On this elevated point, the

mind became overawed by the profound solitude and terrible silence that reigned around. All traces of animated life had at this altitude disappeared. The explosion of a pistol produced the usual report; but the sound expired almost instantaneously. There was *but three foot of room* on the top of the towering cone. On this precarious slab, from whence it seemed a breath could hurl the rash intruder into the abyss, Fremont fixed a ram-rod in a crevice, and planted the flag of the United States to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. He had reached the highest elevation of that great Sierra—the Rocky Mountains; and, since then, that lofty summit has borne the name of Fremont's Peak.

On the same night he set out with his party on the return. Even then he was not free from disaster; for in the journey home he had the mortification of seeing, at the passage of a river, almost all his instruments, journals, topographical and astronomical notes, engulfed in a moment in the boiling stream. However, he succeeded in fishing up the greater part, and the loss to science was repaired as well as the circumstances would admit. His further journey home was marked by no notable incident. On October the 17th, Fremont reached St. Louis, and thence hastened to Washington to report himself to the chief of his corps. The objects of the expedition were attained. The South Pass was explored; all the questions relating to the astronomy, geography, botany, and meteorology of the country were solved; and the routes designated through which numberless caravans are now passing to California. At the order of the Senate, the account of this interesting expedition was printed and translated into foreign languages. Fremont had conquered for himself a great name.

We now come to his Second Great Expedition. After a short repose, he started anew, early in spring, 1843, to survey a tract of a thousand miles, hitherto a blank in geography. His object, this time, was to connect his discoveries of the preceding year with the surveys of Commander Wilkes, and to explore that vast inner basin, now called the Utah Territory, in which at the present moment the Mormons are located. This large region was enveloped in a delightful obscurity; the trappers relating of it tales replete with superstition and terror, that left a large field for the exercise of imagination. Fremont made up his mind to explore it with a chosen band of some forty men—American, French, German, Indian—among whom Kit Carson and Preuss again enrolled themselves, together with a few Delawares. He followed the river Platte and Sweetwater, proceeded along the southern border of the South Pass, through the Rocky Mountains, and arrived in August at the picturesque

FREMONT THE PATHFINDER.

valley of the Bear River, the principal tributary of the Great Salt Lake. Who shall describe the feelings that agitated the breast of Fremont when reaching at last that immense inland sea! The followers of Balboa felt no greater enthusiasm when, from the heights of the Andes, they beheld for the first time the great Western Ocean. In his joy at beholding these vast waters, which stretched in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the range of vision, Fremont knew of no danger. In defiance of whirlpools and other undefined terrors, which the Indian and hunters' stories associated with the mysterious lake, Fremont boldly entered upon its exploration in a frail bateau of gum-cloth, which was inflated with air, and intersected with seams badly pasted together! In this insecure vessel he paddled for days over the briny deep, braving the sudden squalls that infest it, in the dauntless pursuit of his scientific labours.

On September 12th, he started from Salt Lake, pursued the course of the Snake River, and came in sight of the Columbia on the 25th of October. In this journey he met the German naturalist Lüders, who, by the carelessness of the Indians that rowed his boat, was drawn into the midst of the rapids of the Columbia, and lost all his instruments and papers. From thence Fremont proceeded on through the unexplored region between the Columbia river and California, which embraces the Central Basin of the Continent between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. A great part of this territory was absolutely new to geographical, botanical, and geological science—a complete *terra incognita*, of the most rugged aspect. Fremont traversed it right and left, and on November the 25th stood at Fort Vancouver, with the calm waters of the Pacific at his feet.

Having thus marked out a great overland communication, he commenced his return voyage, making a detour to the south. It was generally believed until then, that, besides the Columbia, there was another powerful river, called Buonaventura, coming from the Rocky Mountains and flowing into the Great Ocean. Fremont journeyed over a territory of more than a thousand miles in search of it, but found the existence of the Buonaventura River in that region to be a myth. He then explored Southern Oregon, entered Upper California, and after having experienced the greatest sufferings during a hard winter in the wilderness, he pushed on in advance with a few companions, and arrived, on March the 6th, at Sutter's Fort, "Nova Helvetia," where he hastily provisioned himself, to return to the main body of the expedition, which had been left behind. He fell in with them on the second day near the Rio de los Americanos; finding them in the most forlorn and pitiable state. The men were all on foot, weak and emaciated. Out of sixty-seven horses and

mules, thirty-four had died. The sufferings of the party, on this occasion, is pretty evident from the fact of the very Indian guides themselves having deserted, and two of the veteran trappers of the company *having grown insane* from their misery.

Somewhat recruited by the supplies so opportunely brought by Fremont, the expedition pursued its way southerly along the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, and subsequently struck into the Desert and Utah Territory. Here, again, they were in danger of falling victims to the red-skins. The Indians continually prowled about the party, insulting and defying them, and attempting to carry off some of the straggling men or horses. On one occasion the savages approached the camp, and stole a number of horses. 'Three of Fremont's followers—Carson, Fuentes, and Godey—resolved on a pursuit to recover the booty. The horse of Fuentes, however, soon breaking down, he was forced to return; but the two others continued the chase of the red-skins. Fremont, in his diary, thus relates the result:—

“ In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians, as well as the horses. They informed us that, after Fuentes left them from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and towards nightfall entered the mountains into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians; giving the war-shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the number which the *four* lodges would imply. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long-bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar, barely missing the neck; our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad who was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had a ball through his body, *sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttering a*

hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain side she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. . . . They were now masters of the camp. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest which the annals of Western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present."

This is one of the horrible incidents characterizing life in the wilderness. A short time afterwards, a Mexican man, and a boy of eleven, who had escaped a massacre of their companions by the Indians, appeared in Fremont's camp. In the course of his expedition, Fremont came to the very spot where the bloody deed had taken place; and he gives us this description of it:—

"The dead silence of the place was ominous; and galloping rapidly up, we found only the corpses of the two men; everything else was gone. They were naked, mutilated, and pierced with arrows. Hernandez had evidently fought, and with desperation. He lay in advance of the willow, half-faced tent which sheltered his family, as if he had come out to meet danger, and to repulse it from that asylum. One of his hands, and both his legs, had been cut off. Giacome, who was a large and strong-looking man, was lying in one of the willow shelters, pierced with arrows. Of the women, no trace could be found, and it was evident they had been carried off captive. A little lap-dog, which had belonged to Pablo's mother, remained with the dead bodies, and was frantic with joy at seeing Pablo; he, poor child, was frantic with grief, and filled the air with lamentations for his father and mother. *Mi padre!—mi madre!*—was his incessant cry. When we beheld this pitiable sight, and pictured to ourselves the fate of the two women, carried off by savages so brutal and so loathsome, all compunction for the scalped-alive Indian ceased; and we rejoiced that Carson and Godey had been able to give so useful a lesson to these American Arabs, who lie in wait to murder and plunder the innocent traveller."

Similar scenes occurred afterwards. One of the travelling party had straggled away, and was murdered by the savages. Not many days after, the place where he was butchered was discovered by his companions. Traces of blood upon the beaten-down bushes marked but too plainly how desperately he had struggled with his foes; and the marks on the grass proved that he had been dragged down to the river, to conceal all vestiges

of the murder. This melancholy sight made a deep impression on even the most callous *voyageurs* of the expedition.

Yet, though the arrow of the Indian, and the pangs of hunger and fatigue assailed the camp, Fremont never lost courage. After a perilous expedition of fourteen months, he returned in safety to St. Louis, his name, henceforth, being illustrious among the benefactors of mankind.

In January, 1845, President Tyler, with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States, conferred upon Lieutenant Fremont a brevet commission of captain in the corps of Topographical Engineers. Towards the end of the same year, Fremont started on his Third Expedition. This was the last under the authority of government. It terminated in operations and results so remote from its design as a mere exploration, and led to such extraordinary and complicated events, that the publication of a full report has been as yet necessarily postponed. The object of this third voyage originally was, to inquire anew into the topographical characteristics of Oregon and California, with a view of finding out the shortest possible route from the western basis of the Rocky Mountains to the mouths of the Columbia. The result of the expedition, however, was *the conquest of California, with the aid of Fremont*, and the annexation of that "Golden Empire" to the United States!

The Pathfinder went out in 1845, by the northern head-waters of the Arkansas—then the boundary line of the Union—to the south side of the Great Salt Lake, and thence directly across the Central Basin towards California, by a route of which he was the first explorer. Upon reaching the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, he divided his party, naming a certain pass at the point of rendezvous. Unfortunately, a similarity of name created confusion. His companions wandered far on to a distant pass; and Fremont in vain remained waiting and roaming for them in the wild and mountainous country, frequently fighting for life with the aborigines. Finally, he abandoned the search, and went down to the Californian settlements. It was at a time when the Mexican authorities in California looked with a jealous eye upon the United States' settlers, who had fixed themselves in the country. Fremont, in order to avoid all ill will or suspicion on the part of the Mexicans, waited on the Prefecto at Monterey, stating he had not a single soldier of the United States' army in his party, and that his sole purpose was a scientific survey, with a view of ascertaining the best mode of establishing a commercial intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific regions. He requested permission to winter in the country, recruit his company, and continue his explorations. His request was granted. Shortly afterwards, to his amazement he was informed that he

was to be driven out of the country by force, or sent as a prisoner to Mexico! This breach of good faith astounded Fremont; he could with difficulty believe in such treachery. A detachment of Mexican dragoons arriving, however, to enforce the order of expulsion, left him no room for doubt. He then at once boldly resolved, with his sixty men, to fortify his position, and erected on its highest point a staff on which he unfurled the flag of his country. A vigilant watch was kept from the lofty peaks and crags, and every preparation made for battle. But the Mexicans shrunk from the encounter. Then Fremont, who did not intend to originate any hostile movement, left his entrenchment, moving down into the San Joaquin valley, and by a series of marches turned up through North California, towards Oregon and the Columbia river. There a United States' messenger, who had long been in search of Fremont, overtook him at last, informing him, in the name of the government at Washington, that he was to return to California. On the following night, a tragedy occurred in the camp, which had nearly ended in the death of Fremont, by the tomahawk of the savage—a fate that befell several of his unfortunate companions.

Fremont, after all the others in the encampment had long since fallen asleep, remained awake. He had received letters from home which called back reminiscences and started associations that kept his mind in a musing mood. The embers of the camp-fire were dying out; the moon shone brightly above, but impenetrable darkness reigned in the forest. About midnight, on a sudden the horses exhibited signs of uneasiness. Fremont, not wishing to disturb his exhausted men, took a revolver in his hand, and stealthily crept out, examining all parts of the encampment. The horses had become quiet again; all was in profound stillness. Dismissing the idea of danger, he returned to his resting place, and yielding himself to fatigue, at last fell into sleep. Meanwhile the moon had gone down below the trees, and the obscurity was complete. What followed, we give in the words of Kit Carson:—

“This was the only night in all our travels, except the one night on the island in the Salt Lake, that we failed to keep guard; and as the men were so tired, and we expected no attack now that we had fourteen in the party, the colonel did not like to ask it of them, but sat up late himself. Owens and I were sleeping together, and we were waked at the same time *by the licks of the axe that killed our men*. At first, I did not know it was that; but I called to Basil, who was that side: ‘What’s the matter there? What’s the fuss about?’ He never answered, for he was dead then, poor fellow,—and he never knew what killed him. His head had been cut in, in his sleep; the other groaned a little as he died. The Delawares (we

had four with us) were sleeping at the fire, and they sprang up as the Tlamaths charged them. One of them, named Crane, caught up a gun, which was unloaded; but, although he could do no execution, he kept them at bay, fighting like a soldier, and did not give up until he was shot full of arrows, three entering his heart; he died bravely. As soon as I had called out, I saw it was Indians in the camp, and I and Owens together cried out, 'Indians!' There were no orders given; things went on too fast, and the colonel had men with him that did not need to be told their duty. The colonel and I, Maxwell, Owens, Godey, and Stepp, jumped together, we six, and ran to the assistance of our Delawares. I don't know who fired and who didn't; but I think it was Stepp's shot that killed the Tlamath chief, for it was at the crack of Stepp's gun that he fell. He had an English half-axe slung to his wrist by a cord, and there were forty arrows left in his quiver, the most beautiful and warlike arrows I ever saw. He must have been the bravest man among them. from the way he was armed, and judging by his cap. When the Tlamaths saw him fall, they ran; but we lay, every man with his rifle cocked, until daylight, expecting another attack. In the morning we found, by the tracks, that from fifteen to twenty of the Tlamaths had attacked us. They had killed three of our men (besides Basil and the Delaware, a half-bred Iroquois, named Dennie), and wounded one of the Delawares who scalped the chief, whom we left where he fell."

The message brought to Fremont from Washington, was of the highest importance. It was a verbal one, and ran to the effect that, "a rupture between the United States and Mexico being not improbable, it was the wish of Government that Fremont should remain in a favourable position to watch the state of things in California, and to conciliate the feelings of the people, with a view of making them available against Mexican dominion." The complaints which the United States' settlers in California had against the Mexican authorities, were indeed manifold. It was said that Mexico intended an utter expulsion of all the United States' colonists from California, and that, in order to accomplish this more effectually, the Indian tribes had been made to participate in the conspiracy, and instigated to burn and destroy the crops and houses of the Americans. Under these circumstances, Fremont did not hesitate to decide on the course he ought to pursue. Throwing up, before his company, his quality as a United States' officer, he declared he was resolved to make war on his own account upon the Mexican authorities. *His force then consisted of sixty-two men.* Calling around him some hundred of American settlers, he forthwith organized a small army. He then first marched against the Indians, with such celerity, that no notice of his approach could be sent forward; found the savages engaged in their war-dance, in black paint and white feathers, preparatory

FREMONT THE PATHFINDER.

to their meditated attack upon the settlers; he fought them at once, and routed and drove them into the river and the woods. Subsequently attacking Sonoma, he took a number of Mexican guns. On the 5th of July, amidst a great concourse of people, he declared the country independent, and unfurled the flag of the free state of California—a grizzly bear on a white field. In September he was appointed Governor of California, by the United States' Commodore, Stockton.

The usual ingratitude that awaits public benefactors did not, however, neglect to visit him. The courageous explorer and gallant warrior was made the victim of a conflict for authority between two officers of the Federal Government. Commodore Stockton and General Kearney, pretending both to the right of command, and Fremont obeying, of course, only the one that had appointed him governor, he was, incredible as it seems, placed under arrest, and conducted, a prisoner, over the vast territory he had been first to reveal. A court-martial found him guilty of "mutiny" and "disobedience," and divested him of his commission as lieutenant-colonel. And as misfortunes seldom come alone, another melancholy event followed this sentence. His aged mother hearing that he was tried on charges touching his life and honour, sunk under her anxiety, and died the day before Fremont would have been able to comfort her in person.

Public testimonials did not fail to come as a consolation for the injury Fremont had been made to undergo by the sentence of the court-martial. The President of the United States himself offered to re-instate the wronged man. But in a spirit of noble indignation, the explorer refused the proffered conciliation, and "determined," as an American writer says, "to retrieve his honour on the same field where he had been robbed of it." He set out in 1848, for a new expedition which, in sufferings and adventures, surpassed all he had yet experienced. Without any Government commission, as a mere private individual, Fremont started in October, 1848, for this voyage, at his own risk and expense, and supported only by the advances of several public-spirited and liberal men. His leading idea always had been to complete and consolidate the union and intercourse of the Atlantic and Pacific regions. He, therefore, went out, in this Fourth Expedition, to ascertain whether the establishment of a "National Railroad" from the Mississippi to California, would not meet with too great practical impediments. His project was to follow the line of the Southern Kansas, to ascend the Del Norte to its head, descend on to the Colorado, and to advance, across the Wahsatch Mountains and the Central Basin, to the settled parts of California, near

Monterey. This expedition, unlike the preceding ones, was entered upon by Fremont at a time when his mind was occupied with plans for domestic quiet and withdrawal into private life. "I do not feel," he writes in one of his letters, "the pleasure that I used to have in these labours, as they remain inseparably connected with painful circumstances, due mostly to them. It needs strong incitements to undergo the hardships and self-denial of this kind of life, and as I find I have these no longer, I will drop into quiet life." And in another letter—"I have an almost invincible repugnance to going back among scenes where I have endured much suffering, and for all the incidents and circumstances of which I feel a strong aversion."

Still, with all these depressing influences, the scientific impulse upheld Fremont's energy. We again behold him ready for the field. Misfortune, however, this time willed it so, that he engaged as a guide an old trapper, who, though he had spent some twenty-five years in trapping various parts of the Rocky Mountains, proved to be perfectly ignorant of the region through which the expedition was to proceed. He misled the travellers into passes choked up with snow, and thus wasted valuable time in needless misery, seeking to recover the right track. Even along the river bottoms the snow was already belly-deep for the mules. The cold, in ascending the St. John's Sierra, was extraordinary; at the warmest hours of the day the thermometer (Fahrenheit) stood in the shade of only a tree-trunk at zero. The party pressed up towards the summit, the snow deepening; and in four or five days reached the ridges which form the dividing grounds between the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. Along these naked ridges, storms rage nearly the whole winter, and the winds sweep across them with remorseless fury. On the first attempt to cross, the company was driven back, having some twelve men variously frost-bitten, face, hands, or feet. Fremont was compelled to encamp somewhere about 1,200 feet above the sea. Westward, the country was buried in deep snow. A few days sufficed to destroy his fine troop of mules; the courage of the men was failing fast—despondency prevailed in the camp. One of the men, Proue, laid down in the trail and was frozen to death, although it was a sunshiny day, and he had with him means to make a fire. Some of the party, who had been sent to the Spanish settlements, were found by Fremont on the twenty-second day of their journey; *he did not recognize their features*,—so deep were the changes starvation had wrought in them. Soon also Manuel, the Cosumne Indian, gave way to despair, and implored Haler to shoot him.

"About ten miles below the camp, Wise gave out, and then threw

away his gun and blanket, and a few hundred yards farther, fell over into the snow, and died. Two Indian boys, young men, countrymen of Manuel, were behind. They rolled up Wise in his blanket, and buried him in the snow on the river bank. No more died that day, none the next. Carver raved during the night, his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself eating. In the morning he wandered off from the party, and probably soon died. They did not see him again. Sorel on this day gave out, and laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition, and snow-blind, remained. These two did not probably last till the next morning. That evening, I think, Hubbard killed a deer. They travelled on, getting here and there a grouse, but probably nothing else, the snow having frightened off the game. Things were desperate, and brought Haler to the determination of breaking up the party, *in order to prevent them from living upon each other. . . .* They accordingly separated. With Haler continued five others and the two Indian boys. Rohrer now became very despondent; Haler encouraged him by recalling to mind his family, and urged him to hold out a little longer. On this day he fell behind, but promised to overtake them at evening. Haler, Scott, Hubbard, and Martin; agreed that if any one of them should give out, the others were not to wait for him to die, but build a fire for him, and push on. At night, Kern's mess encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention, according to Taplin, to remain where they were until the relief should come, and in the meantime *to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. . . .* Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up, and remained with Kern's mess. Mr. Haler learnt afterwards from that mess that Rohrer and Andrews wandered off the next day and died. They say they saw their bodies. In the morning, Haler's party continued on. After a few hours, Hubbard gave out. They built him a fire, gathered him some wood, and left him, without, as Haler says, turning their heads to look at him as they went off. About two miles farther, Scott,—you remember Scott, who used to shoot birds for you at the frontier,—gave out. They did the same for him as for Hubbard, and continued on. In the afternoon, the Indian boys went ahead, and before nightfall met Godey with the relief. Haler heard and knew the guns which he fired for him at night, and, starting early in the morning, soon met him. I hear that *they all cried together like children.* Haler turned back with Godey, and went with him to where they had left Scott. He was still alive and was saved. Hubbard was dead,—still warm. From the Kern's mess they learned the death of Andrews and Rohrer, and, a little above, met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before."

We will not give more of the harrowing details of that Iliad of misery and heroism, endured and displayed in the noble cause of science. Fremont, as heretofore, continued his journey

undaunted. He arrived at Santa Fe, and proceeding down the Rio del Norte, struck across the country of the fierce Apaches to California, which he reached in March, 1849. He was enthusiastically hailed there by the people, who, in 1851, elected him a member of the Senate of the United States.

His public services as a senator were of short duration ; but, even during that brief epoch, he accomplished an extraordinary amount of work, which was designed to complete the organization of the whole system of administration in California. We may observe here, for instance, that the railroad, now in process of extension from San Francisco towards the mountains, follows the line marked out in one of Fremont's bills. Moreover, if the "Pacific Railroad," as proposed by Fremont, was completely established, the diplomatic difficulties connected with Central America would lose much of their importance ; for then the stream of migration would pre-eminently proceed along this route, avoiding the line of the much talked-of Isthmus.

After the close of the session, Fremont, in returning to California by the Isthmus, was unfortunately attacked by the Panama fever, which left him for a long time paralyzed by a neuralgic affection. On his health being restored, we find him, in 1852, at his Mariposa farm, engaged at the order of the Federal Government, in supplying the famished Indian tribes with large provisions of food, and thus, according to the testimony of the entire delegation from California, removing the cause of a threatened Indian war. Yet, though Fremont had thus rendered a public service, the Secretary of the Interior refused, for three years, to honour the drafts Fremont had drawn on the State while executing his duty. Only by a special act of the Thirty-third Congress, this just debt was at last discharged. Soon afterwards, on a journey of recreation to Europe, Fremont was harrassed by a yet more disagreeable monetary difficulty. While Governor in California, he had drawn upon the Secretary of State of the United States, in order to obtain supplies for the troops under his command. These drafts were not honoured at Washington ; and, remaining unpaid, appear in course of time to have passed from hand to hand. In 1852, Fremont, arriving in London, was unexpectedly, at the instance of some of the holders of these drafts, arrested while stepping out from the Clarendon hotel and handing his wife into a carriage, on their way to dine with a friend. He was hurried to prison, and only released the next day by the interference of the United States' Minister, and by Mr. Peabody, the well-known American merchant, giving the necessary bail. This annoying occurrence was one of his rewards for having saved California to his native country.

During the voyage to Europe, the indefatigable traveller drew up the plan for a Fifth Expedition. The problem of the practicability of a trans-continental communication still occupied his mind; he wished, therefore, to explore the Coochatope Pass, with a view to the construction of a common road or railroad through it. In August, 1853, he started upon this voyage; but so great a length of time elapsed before anything was heard of him, that the conviction gained ground he had met, at last, the fate he so often braved. It was not before April, 1854, that his safety was ascertained. From his letters we see that, on the 3rd of December, he had entered the mountain regions on the Huerfano river; that he had gone through the Coochatope Pass on the 14th of the same month, with but four inches of snow on the level; but that, subsequently, in the neighbourhood of the River Grande, difficulties once more had risen up before him in so appalling a form as to vividly recal the scenes of the Fourth Expedition. After indescribable sufferings by the pangs of hunger, and the attacks from ferocious savages, he safely reached once more the glittering banks of the Sacramento, having escaped on his way, as by a miracle, the poisoned arrows of a horde of red-skins. This was the last expedition of the wonderful man who had proposed to himself, as the ambition of his life, to become the Conqueror of the Farther Wilderness.

Such is an outline of the scientific career of Fremont. A few words only remain to be said concerning his doings since the end of 1854. The absorbing idea, as before observed, which upheld him in all his expeditions, was that of the establishment of an overland communication, and, for the furtherance of this aim, now that he has dropped into "quiet life," his exertions are still continually directed. One of his letters to the *National Intelligencer* closes with these words:—

"It seems a treason against mankind and the spirit of progress which marks the age, to refuse to put this one completing link to our national prosperity and the civilization of the world." Europe still lies between Asia and America; build this railroad, and things will have revolved about; America will lie between Asia and Europe; the golden vein which runs through the history of the world, will follow the iron track to San Francisco; and the Asiatic trade will finally fall into its last and permanent road, when the ancient and the modern Chryse throw open their gates to the thoroughfare of the world."

In the present year, when the struggle between the Free State party and the Slave-Interest in Kansas assumed such formidable proportions, Fremont, for the first time, appeared in public as the champion of unfettered labour, in opposition to the advocates of human bondage. He declared boldly for Robin-

son, the Free State Governor of Kansas, with whom, when in California, he had contracted a personal friendship. To this energetic defender of liberty he addressed, on the 17th of March last, a letter which may be instructing as it has probably contributed to bring Fremont forward as a candidate for the Presidency:—

“I had been waiting,” Fremont writes, “to see what shape the Kansas question would take in Congress, that I might be enabled to give you some views in relation to the probable result. Nothing yet has been accomplished; but I am satisfied that, in the end, Congress will take efficient measures to lay before the American people the exact truth concerning your affairs. Neither you nor I can have any doubt what verdict the people will pronounce, upon a truthful exposition. It is to be feared, from the proclamation of the President, that he intends to recognize the usurpation in Kansas as the legitimate government, and that its Sedition Law, the Test Oath, and the means to be taken to expel its people as aliens, will all directly or indirectly be supported by the army of the United States. Your position will undoubtedly be difficult, but you know I have great confidence in your firmness and prudence. When the critical moment arrives, you must act for yourself—no man can give you counsel. A true man will always find his best counsel in that inspiration which a good cause never fails to give him at the instant of trial. Your action will be determined by events as they present themselves, and at this distance I can only say that I sympathize cordially with you; and that, as you stood by me firmly and generously when we were defeated by the Nullifiers in California, *I have every disposition to stand by you in the same way in your battle with them in Kansas.*”

In June, the candidature of Fremont was formally decided on by a convention of the Republican party at Concord, in the State of New Hampshire. In the same month, the National Convention of Republicans at Philadelphia adopted and ratified this nomination. Since then, his chances have grown from day to day; though the recent unexpected intrigues which the Buchanan and Fillmore party have concocted together in several of the states, are unfortunately calculated to somewhat diminish his prospect of success. But whatever the issue of the contest of November 4th, the sympathies of all friends of freedom throughout the world are with the gallant Pathfinder, whose name, as a man of science, is already inscribed on the brightest pages of the history of the United States. To speak in the words of an American author: “His 20,000 miles of wilderness explorations, in the midst of the inclemencies of nature, and the ferocities of jealous and merciless tribes; his intrepid coolness in the most appalling dangers; his magnetic sway over enlightened and savage men; his vast contributions to science; his controlling

energy in the extension of our empire; his lofty and unsullied ambition; his magnanimity, humanity, genius, sufferings, and heroism,—make all lovers of progress, learning, and virtue, hope that Fremont's services will be rewarded by high civic honours."

ART. V.—*The Earnest Minister: a Record of the Life and Selections from Posthumous and other Writings of the Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley, Gloucestershire.* Edited by Edwin Paxton Hood. London: Snow. 1856.

A FEW years ago we were strolling with an old college-friend about the neighbourhood of Stroud in Gloucestershire, reasoning about "fixt fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," instead of enjoying like sensible men the rich, soft beauty and deep repose of some of the loveliest scenery in England with the sunlight of an August evening resting upon it, when suddenly our "high argument" was happily broken through by the appearance of a quiet-looking, lame gentleman in sober black, who was walking slowly and thoughtfully along the road, and who, when we met, was introduced by our friend as Mr. Parsons, of Ebley. We had often heard of him as a sturdy agitator, a teetotaller, an anti-slavery man, anti-corn-law lecturer, and a vehement apostle of discontent and dissatisfaction with the present state of things in general, both in church and state; we had read, too, some of the hard, strong things that he had written, and were pleasantly surprised by the gentleness and quietness of his manner. Had we never seen him, we might have found it difficult to believe what his biographer tells us of the womanly tenderness of his heart, and the tranquillity and beauty of his home-life. But ever since that casual meeting by the roadside, we have always thought of Benjamin Parsons as uniting like other men whom it would be easy to mention, what we are compelled to call unseemly violence and harshness in public life, with a private life enriched with the kindest affections and most genial sympathies. Mr. Hood's biography confirms this conviction.

Mr. Parsons's life was worth writing. He was a man of remarkable powers; he did a remarkable work, and in a remarkable way. Mr. Hood must forgive us, however, for saying that, interesting and pleasant as are some of the disquisitions that he has woven into the biography of his friend, his book would have been both more readable and more useful, if he had just told us the facts of Mr. Parsons's history, and left us to moralize for

ourselves on such matters as the advantages of autobiography, the biography-mania, preaching, and the literature of Puritanism. But we thank him for enabling us to understand with considerable clearness what kind of a man the late minister of Ebley Chapel really was, and what kind of a work he did. Many a young minister, who has to labour in rough and discouraging circumstances, may read the book with profit.

Benjamin Parsons was born at Nebley, a little hamlet hidden among the beautiful hills of Gloucestershire, February 16th. 1797. His ancestors on both sides were English yeomen—a race whose vigorous and substantial virtues have gone a long way to win for England its greatness and renown. His father and his mother were both excellent Christian people, and he was born and bred under the healthy influences of the hearty religious life which, through George Whitfield's labours, existed in many of the farm-houses of Gloucestershire at the close of the last century. When Benjamin was born, there was sorrow in the house; for, through some injustice and caprice on the part of the landlord, his father had received notice to quit the farm, and the cattle and farming implements had been sold off a day or two before. The sad-hearted farmer was rather troubled than rejoiced by the birth of a son in the midst of his calamity: he found comfort in reading a sermon of Whitfield's on the blessing pronounced by Moses on Benjamin, and so he determined that Benjamin should be the name of his boy.

By the time he was six years old his father was dead; and when he was fifteen, his mother died too. The education of the fatherless boy, however, had not been neglected. He had been sent, through the kindness of some friends, to the parsonage-school at Dursley, and afterwards to the Black School at Wotton-under-Edge, to which he was introduced by Rowland Hill. After leaving school, he was apprenticed to a tailor, who was a deacon of the church at Frampton-on-Severn. Here he remained seven years, and a still longer time passed before he formally united himself with the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, in which he remained till the close of his life. In his twenty-fifth year he entered Cheshunt College; left Cheshunt in 1826 to preach at Ebley; and at Ebley, though strange to say, he was never regularly appointed to the pastorate of the place, he continued to work for nearly thirty years. Here he was the busiest of men. He had soon established classes for reading, elocution, geography, English grammar, Latin, Greek, and mathematics. He lectured on—we are afraid to tell our readers how many subjects; but Astronomy and the Corn Laws, Provident Societies and Logic, Chemistry and the French Revolution, Dietetics and the English Consti-

tution, are only specimens of what the indefatigable man discoursed upon to the people at Ebley, and to delighted audiences in the neighbourhood. When a church-rate battle had to be fought at Ebley, he was there to fight; when a ministerial conference on the Corn Laws had to be held at Manchester, he was there to speak; and on his pony "Dobbin,"—which, by the way, he groomed himself—he cantered about the neighbouring counties, while the League was in its glory, addressing large audiences, and sitting down—to quote the words of country newspapers, which his diligent biographer has hunted up—"amidst the most tremendous applause, cheer on cheer echoing along the hall for a considerable period." And with all this, he was keeping up his Hebrew at home, working the institutions of Ebley Chapel with wonderful success, writing and sometimes winning prize-essays, and fighting away with his pen in local newspapers, in vigorous pamphlets, in well-known periodicals, and sometimes in regular treatises, on behalf of all the animating enterprises to which it was his delight to consecrate his toil.

What was done through his labours at Ebley, our readers may learn from the two following extracts; the first describing Ebley Chapel as it was when Mr. Parsons became its minister, and the second, what in the course of twenty years he made it. Some of our readers may need reminding that Stroud, the neighbouring town, is famous for the west of England broad-cloth,—an article which, we believe, the Yorkshire manufacturers do not or cannot rival in quality, though in a slightly inferior texture, the North, as usual, is able in price to drive the West out of the market; the population of Ebley, therefore, is partly manufacturing as well as agricultural, and the congregation there is chiefly composed of working people belonging to both these classes of industrial occupation. When Mr. Parsons became the minister—

"The first entrance to the chapel-yard consisted of a few broken rails and some old-fashioned stepping stones. Potatoes grew in front of the chapel-house. The roof of the chapel was out of repair and incapable of being mended; and if visited by a rainy day, it was necessary to have a tub in the centre of the chapel, to catch the rain that fell through the roof during the time of divine service. The pews were without any order, had never been stained, and, in winter, formed a haunt rather for mockers than a retreat for worshippers. Many years had passed away since any paint was bestowed on the building. And the chapel-house was of a piece with the chapel: it is true its lower domains consisted of a kitchen and a parlour, but you had to go through the former to reach the latter—a route not the most picturesque, although very direct. Over these rooms were four others, a study and three bed-rooms, and the one appropriated to the servants had a ladder in the centre, which took the voyager up

through a trap door into some dark attics, which, although windowless, were sometimes used as bed-rooms by those who looked after the minister's and kept the chapel house. No part of the house had been painted except the parlour. The rain dripped and poured sometimes into every bed-room in the house. 'Often,' said our friend to us, once, 'have I been kept awake a good part of the night by the water dropping on the floor. At such times I thought of the saying of the wise man—"a contentious woman is a continual dropping."' Stepping outside the house in those days, you found the burying-ground in a worse state than the front of the chapel. It had no protection, unless a few split palings, which had never been either planed or painted, could be called so. The gates were broken up and gone. What is now the vestry was a stable. The doors were rotten and half taken away. Where the drawing-room at present stands, was an abominable and unhealthy cesspool; and what is now a beautiful lawn, at the back door, was covered with a dung-heap, and some unsightly conveniences without doors and the roofs fallen in. Then, in those days, they were under the necessity of making a vestry every time it was needed. It was situated within the present vestry, and was made by hanging some black cloth from the front of the gallery."

By-and-bye the energetic minister stimulated the people to enlarge the chapel-house until it became a very commodious and pleasant-looking manse; to paint and beautify the chapel, light it with gas, and build besides fine schools; and said he—

"Travellers tell us that our premises have a very picturesque appearance. The school-room is said to be a handsome building, somewhat in the Grecian style, and together with the chapel, the chapel-house, the burying-ground, and garden, present a very pleasing picture, and especially so when the children are seen practising their thousand gambols in the play-ground or around the walks."

It was a great wish of Mr. Parsons to get some land adjoining the school for little gardens where the elder boys might get some knowledge of gardening, and some taste for flowers. After some difficulties the land was procured, and he tells us—

"We immediately laid out the land rather tastefully with serpentine gravel walks, turf edges, flower borders, and evergreens, and at once allowed the children free access to the whole."

We believe that this improvement in the external circumstances of the chapel was only a fair representation of a far more important improvement in the condition and character of the people. We read in Mr. Parsons's own narrative of the earlier part of his life, of boys who were employed in the factory all day, rising at five o'clock on cold winter mornings, getting the key of the school-room, and while their teacher was dressing, spending the time in social prayer, and then working at their

THE EARNEST MINISTER.

own self-improvement till the factory-ball rung; and of the school being lighted up till between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and occupied by young people engaged in the same honourable endeavours to supply the defects of their early education. No wonder that the people have become remarkable for their intelligence and activity; and that the man who had done so much for them was warmly loved and deeply respected.

In the spring of 1854, symptoms of physical feebleness which had appeared before, began to occasion serious anxiety to Mr. Parsons's friends. During the whole of the year he continued to decline, and on the 10th of January, 1855, he sunk to rest.

We have already expressed our conviction that in the advocacy of his favourite principles, his zeal sometimes became violence; we wish we could feel with his biographer, that his genuine respect for the masses of the people—a respect to which they have a right, and without which no man can expect to do them any good—never betrayed him into something very like the pernicious flattery of their prejudices and pride, which characterizes the common herd of demagogues. But is it true that the “fustian jackets and smock frocks” have among them “the largest amount of plain common-sense?” We do not find it so. Is it true, as Mr. Parsons said, that it was “the fustian jackets and smock frocks” that made the anti-slavery movement respectable and influential, or was it, as we had always believed, the middle classes of the community that did it? Was it really honest to tell the labouring people that it was one of the blessings of their existence, that they had “escaped the calamity of a university education?” Mr. Parsons could talk to the people in a vigorous, straightforward style when he chose, could tell them their faults to their face in a very manly and emphatic way; but he sacrificed, we are sure, much of the influence he might have possessed with the wealthier and less radical portion of the community; he injured his usefulness with the working people themselves, by descending too frequently to the vulgar arts which constitute almost the only claim of some popular leaders to distinction.

We have already exceeded the limits we had prescribed to this article, and yet have left undiscussed some questions of considerable interest and importance, which are naturally raised by Mr. Parsons's history. We should be glad to speak of his work at Ebley as a remarkable illustration of the power of Voluntaryism, where it is vigorously worked, even in the most unfavourable circumstances, and to consider the opinion which is rising up in many quarters, even among Independents themselves, that Connexionalism is the only ecclesiastical system that meets the necessities of scattered rural populations. It would

be a still more interesting question, whether, admirable as was the energy of Mr. Parsons, and important as was the work which it enabled him to accomplish, he presents a type of what it is desirable that our ministers generally should be? There is no great danger, we confess, of most of them emulating his wonderful activity; but is it desirable that they should think of the multifarious secular engagements to which in his zeal he devoted himself, as constituting a legitimate part of their ministerial work? We confess that to us the work of evangelizing even a village, and of watching over the spiritual life of even a small church, seems enough for one man to do; and we also think that whatever amount of apparent popular influence may be gained by engaging actively in popular agitations, and however real that influence may be in a few exceptional cases, a minister's real spiritual power will be greater if he devotes his main strength to purely spiritual work. We do not mean to imply for a moment, that there are none in the ministry, who should give their spare energy to secular public life, or that Mr. Parsons mistook *his* duty in his lectures and speeches; but we do say, that the time is coming—if it has not already come—when the political struggles in which Christian ministers have been accustomed to involve themselves, the purely literary and scientific lecturings which of late years have constituted so important a part of the work of some of our best men, may, and should be, left in the hands of Christian laymen. And we say further, that the atmosphere of popular agitation is not the atmosphere most favourable to that devoutness of spirit by which a minister should be distinguished.

But we must close with expressing our thanks to Mr. Hood for his book, and the honest and profound respect which—notwithstanding some faults and some errors, of which we have spoken, and to which his warmest friends were not blind—we entertain for the unselfish, laborious, and successful man whose life he has written.

Brief Notices.

Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament. Part the First. By Alfred Barry, M.A. London: Parker. 1856.

MR. BARRY has attempted, and not altogether without success, to supply a want which we should imagine most ministers of cultivated and thoughtful congregations must have often felt. He tells us that

his object was "to give what might be strictly an 'Introduction' to the willing study of Scripture itself, to suggest a few leading principles, to indicate, where necessary, the bearing of the chief difficulties which perplex a thoughtful reader, but most of all, to trace the evolution of the great scheme, which gives to the whole of the Bible so true a unity." The book is not filled, therefore, with learned illustrations of the mere circumstances of the Old Testament history, nor does it bristle with arguments about authenticity and genuineness. It is written to make the Bible more interesting and more useful, by making it more thoroughly intelligible to its friends,—not to crush the objections of its foes. Mr. Barry has evidently been a diligent student of Professor Maurice's writings, and intimates tolerably clearly that he heard his lectures at King's College. Like the ex-professor, Mr. Barry accepts without apology, with hearty faith, and in a spirit of earnest admiration, the contents of those wonderful books in which are recorded God's earliest revelations of Himself to man. And we are sure that the vigorous study of the Old Testament itself will do far more to win for it universal trust than the keenest and most learned investigation of its external evidences. We do not mean to imply for a moment that we have any fear about the final result of the controversy, even when confined to the inferior region; but we are sure that when men rise from hard and dry reasonings about the books, to a thoughtful study of the books themselves, it will be almost impossible for them not to say, these books came from God. Though we think Professor Maurice's philosophical studies have led him far astray in his interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, we think that his two books on the Old Testament, especially the earlier one, have made all Christian people his debtors.

While in the earnestness and cordial interest he manifests in the study of his subject, Mr. Barry has derived manifest and important benefit from his old professor, we deeply regret that his book is seriously injured by the influence of Mr. Maurice's theory of sacrifice. We do not think, indeed, that Mr. Barry is quite satisfied with that theory. There are admissions in his book which Mr. Maurice would hardly be disposed to make; but we miss what we think is absolutely essential to any scriptural or really profound view of the doctrine of sacrifice—a clear and firm recognition of vicariousness.

This is only the first part of the "Introduction:" it descends to the close of the patriarchal period, and includes a chapter on the book of Job. Some such book as this, lower in price, and free from the serious defect to which we have referred, would be invaluable as the text-book for a Bible class composed of educated and intelligent young men.

Sacrifice, or, Pardon and Purity through the Cross. By Newman Hall, B.A. Pp. 228. James Nisbet and Co.

THIS little work is a manual—a brief and compendious treatise on a great and important subject, on which the most learned divines have

written more at large. As such it may be recommended to the young and others who have not time or taste for more elaborate productions. Another recommendation is, that it meets the popular errors of the times, and is adapted to guard the reader against the plausible reasonings of certain theologians. One of the most dangerous inlets of false doctrine is the practice of admitting a truth and then explaining it away; like the Pantheist, who tells you that he believes in the being of God, but when he explains what he means by God, shows that he understands nothing more than a certain virtue or power living in plants, animals, &c. Certain writers affirm that the death of Christ was indeed a true sacrifice, but that it was not expiatory,—that it is an acknowledgment of sin on the part of the penitent, but not an *atonement* for sin. By claiming the mercy of God as a father, and overlooking his justice as a sovereign, we corrupt the sacred oracles as truly as if we affirmed what is essentially false. The profile of a face may give its true expression, but the profile of a theological truth is a misrepresentation and an error. On the subject of the Atonement, some writers, instead of appealing to the Bible, appeal to consciousness. Instead of asking what saith the true and faithful witness, they rather inquire what saith human reason. Upon such authors, Mr. Hall completely turns the tables, proving that consciousness *increases* the difficulty instead of removing it. (Pp. 68, 69). He notices the objections which have been urged against the scriptural doctrine of sacrifice and atonement, and furnishes the reader with satisfactory answers. (See page 82) We could point out many striking passages on the several branches of the subject, but must refer the reader to the treatise itself, which will, we think, amply reward a careful perusal.

Rationale of Justification by Faith. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.

THIS little book is intended to maintain and illustrate the importance and value of the truth, which evangelical theologians are recognizing more and more clearly, namely, that the testimony of man's moral nature is in favour of the Christian atonement,—not against it. The author imagines that popular preachers have made the *theory* of the death of Christ for human sin too prominent, and the *fact* too subordinate, so that, while the intellect has been busily employed with the evidences of the truth of the doctrine, the heart and the conscience have not been made to feel its moral power. He firmly protests against the misconception, that by appealing to the moral nature of man in confirmation of the teaching and testimony of the Apostles, he is guilty of setting up nature and reason, and putting down the Bible: arguing that, if the traces we can discover in Egyptian remains of the presence and bondage of the people of Israel in Egypt, and the marble records recently dug up at Nineveh, are welcomed as valuable evidence of the truth of the inspired history, the cravings of natural conscience and the facts of man's moral history

may surely bear witness to the truth of the inspired doctrines. There is very much in the book that is equally true and beautiful, but the author—who is too modest to give his name—has hardly enough reading and literary accomplishment for the efficient making out of his theory; or, if he has, he must have written in haste. We have no space to discuss some half-dozen questions about which we should not be at all prepared to agree with what seems to be the opinion of our unknown friend. We must be satisfied with thanking him for much that we thoroughly approve, and with expressing our very sincere regret that he did not develop his thoughts more fully before he published them.

Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève. Août, 1856. Tom. XXXII. de la 4me Série, No. 128.

WE notice this number of the “*Bibliothèque Universelle*,” for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to a paper bearing upon the subject of Goître and Crétinism, whose phenomena, it will be recollected, we recently detailed at length. The paper we refer to, is entitled “*Des Climats de Montagne considérés au point de vue Medical; par le Docteur H. C. Lombard.*” It embraces a very interesting detail of the influences of elevated climates on the human system, both in health and disease; and especially dwells upon the effects of elevation, in inducing modifications upon diseases to which man is liable, and increasing their virulence, while notice is also taken of certain redeeming properties. We earnestly recommend the attention of those interested in Goître and Crétinism to a consideration of the facts brought forward, from which it will be seen that Crétinism is not to be studied *per se*, but in connexion with many other pathological and physical phenomena.

Sermons. By the late Dr. Newton. With a Sketch, &c. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row.

DR. NEWTON—better known by the more familiar appellation of Robert Newton—was for a long succession of years one of the most distinguished preachers of the Wesleyan connexion. Richard Watson, whom he survived twenty-two years, was a man of greater intellect; Dr. Clarke, of more learning; and Dr. Bunting was more remarkable for his didactic vein;—but Dr. Newton was *the preacher*. And, if we must judge by the extent of his pulpit labours in all parts of the kingdom, from Land’s End to Berwick-upon-Tweed, he was the most eminent evangelist of the present century. Dr. Newton departed this life just twelve months after he had preached his last missionary sermon, in the City Road Chapel. He died on the same day with his friend Montgomery, the poet of Sheffield. Their names will long be cherished in the Christian Church; the one, as having been eminently useful by oral instruction—by the living voice of the animated preacher; the other, by the labours of his pen; the one, as

a minister of the New Testament; the other, as the most distinguished Christian poet of his age. The former has turned many to righteousness, and the latter will animate the piety of Christian congregations, perhaps to the end of time. Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. We must remind the reader that these Sermons were not intended by their author for the press. They were made to be spoken, not read, and are adapted to the purpose for which they were designed. Still it is to be lamented that the author had not left behind him some work on which he had poured out his whole soul, and which would have been valued, not merely as a memorial of the preacher, but for its own intrinsic excellence. We mean not by these remarks to depreciate the volume,—far from it. Many readers will peruse these Sermons with deep interest, especially those who had the happiness of hearing and knowing the preacher. Though not great in an intellectual point of view, there is in them a sublime simplicity worthy of admiration. Their charm consists in that warm, lively spirit of Christian love and zeal which breathes through them.

The Tongue of Fire, &c. By William Arthur, A.M. Published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co. London.

THIS work reads like the production of a retired missionary. It has all the glow, zeal, holy passion, and fire, to be expected from a man who has gone forth with his life in his hand to the ends of the earth to proclaim the gospel of the kingdom to men sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. No man is qualified for such an office who does not feel with the apostle, that "it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." The same zeal which carried him forth, animates him when he returns, and leads him to inquire why ordinary ministers are not equally successful with the Apostle.—why modern churches are not as eminent as those planted at Thessalonica and Philippi. In doing which, he writes a treatise on "The Tongue of Fire." He asks, what was the tongue of fire? Was it not possessed by the first preachers? Might it not be obtained at the present time? What would be the consequence to the cause of religion if that acquisition were made? Is not the absence of the tongue of fire the cause of all that we lament in the present state of the Church? We love to read the utterance of such feelings, even though some error of reasoning may be involved in them. We love them for their own sake; nor should we cease to be pleased with them, though somewhat checked and subdued by the expectation that perhaps our young preacher or missionary may afterwards find that old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon. The object of the work is to delineate the state of the Church in the Apostolic age,—to show the cause of the great success with which the labours of the Primitive Church were crowned. He finds it to be the extraordinary effusion of the spirit of faith, holiness, zeal, and love, which was enjoyed by the first Christians. And the great inquiry of the writer is—Cannot

BRIEF NOTICES.

this be renewed? Might not Pentecost times be returned? What is to hinder it? What other cause can there be than that which exists in ourselves? The inquiry is conducted in an admirable spirit, and will suggest many useful thoughts, even to those who may not adopt all his practical conclusions. We wish we had room for copious extracts. The work is written in a pure, eloquent, and animated strain. On the subject of the mystery of communion with the divine spirit and the reality of supernatural influence, our author observes, "The mystery involved in the Lord's communicating one with another. He is of infinite intelligence; He planted the ear; He gave man speech: for him, therefore, to communicate with any spirit existing, must be easier than for the sun to shine." (P. 166). The author has some excellent observations on the true method of preparing and delivering sermons (Pp. 320—325), which we would commend to the attention of our young preachers. Though there must always be some exceptions, arising from personal peculiarities, we believe that Mr. Arthur has suggested the true view of the matter, in so far as the subject is capable of being reduced to practice.

The Church and the People. Twelve Sermons, Preached at St. Luke's Church, Berwick Street. By Henry Whitehead, M.A., Curate of St. Matthew's, Westminster. London: William Skeffington. 1856.

THESE twelve sermons have little more connexion with the title of the book than any other twelve sermons addressed to an ordinary congregation would have. There is, indeed, through the volume frequent allusion to the Church as the best friend of the people, and from its tone we gather that Mr. Whitehead is cordially interested in the welfare of his parishioners; but on the problem, in as far as it is such, "The Church and the People," these sermons cannot be said to enter. Indeed, we must confess, that to us they appear meagre and destitute of clear or broad views concerning "the one thing needful." Take for example, Sermon IV., preached at a time when the cholera was committing its frightful ravages in the parish,—when "within 250 yards of the Broad Street pump, a radius reaching beyond St. Luke's Church, nearly 700 persons died of cholera in the first fortnight of September, 1854. During that time the church was opened every evening, at eight o'clock, for Divine Service, which was remarkably well-attended by the inhabitants of the district." Now, on such an occasion, if ever, we should have expected a plain and earnest call to flee to the Saviour for acceptance; but instead of such dealing, what have we in the sermon in question as the lessons to be learnt from the dreadful visitation? That in future the parishioners were to live in peace and amity as good neighbours—that they were to pray, and not to laugh at each other for being religious—that they were regularly to come to church, and to stick by the ministrations of the officials of St. Luke! Scarce a word of the

most important of all lessons—to learn Christ. Alas! were there not, if not more important, at least more primary lessons to be derived from such a visitation? Had Mr. Whitehead, instead of dwelling on these things, confined his teaching to the distinctive doctrine of the Cross, his other objects would, we think, have been none the less surely attained. If our author will allow us to offer advice, we would say to him—We notice with pleasure that he can write plain and terse sermons, but we earnestly desiderate to find in them more of plain Gospel-dealing—of that truth which alone can make wise unto salvation. We do not say that there is an entire *absence* of such teaching in the little volume before us; but we say that it is not by any means either sufficiently prominent, distinctive, or primary.

Early Rising, a Natural, Social, and Religious Duty. By the Author of “What can’t be Cured must be Endured.” Northampton: Abel and Sons. 1856.

THIS neat little book is an acceptable contribution, given in an earnest and Christian spirit. “Early Rising” needs no commendation from us. Though perhaps not “early risers” to the full extent desiderated by our author, we have sufficient experience of the “natural, social, and religious” benefits derived from the practice, to recommend it to all professional men. Sure we are, that we could not have got over the half of our work, both from want of time and from want of strength, if we had not adopted the practice of rising at an hour at least comparatively early. We have been much pleased with the manner in which the author treats his subject, and earnestly recommend the book, especially to our young and student readers. Appended is Wesley’s Sermon on “Redeeming the Time.”

Nomos: An Attempt to Demonstrate a Central Physical Law in Nature. Pp. 198. London: Longmans. 1856.

GRAVITATION, electricity, magnetism, heat and light, what are they? The treatise before us furnishes an answer to this searching inquiry,—an answer which, however, supposes, contrary to our received notions, that space is filled with a resisting medium, which contravenes the undulatory theory of light, which constructs a novel explanation of lunar and solar tides, which opposes the idea that the form of the earth is due to its original fluidity, which upsets the groundwork of geological science, and which abolishes the repellent character of electrical currents. Nevertheless, the writer has thought out a complete and simple system, by which he endeavours to explain all natural phenomena. The point from which he starts is, the consideration of electricity; which, if we correctly interpret him, is one of the signs of that central power which governs the universe, while the accompanying phenomena of light and heat are the other two. Thus, then, the sun’s powerful attraction, the sun’s glorious

BRIEF NOTICES.

light, the sun's genial heat, become to his mind but the signs of a central law residing in nature. "The attractive forces which are associated with electricity and magnetism, and which play so important a part in chemical changes, may prove to be only varying aspects of that force of attraction which is supposed to be neither electrical nor magnetical, nor chemical—even the force of gravity." In order to establish his theory, the writer takes us first to the laboratory, and, in an able and ingenious manner, shows that the phenomena of electricity submit themselves to the law of chemical action; and that magnetism, light, and heat are mere modes of electricity. The experiment of a magnet revolving round a conductor, is explained by referring it to currents of electricity traversing the intervening space at right angles to each other; and, if we mistake not, this it is which the author puts forward as his theory of the power that "keeps the planets in their way." This force, he represents, is still regulated, like the law of gravity, by the inverse square of the distance; while, he adds, even "the ellipticity of the earth's orbit may depend upon those variations of sol-terrestrial action, which are consequent upon the alternate exposure of land and water to the sun;" the law of the laboratory, which produces the orbital movement, also necessitating rotation upon the polar axis. The atmosphere of atmospheres which fills abyss, is subject, he tells us, to the observed law of our terrestrial atmosphere, becoming rarer and still more rare the farther it is from the sun; and, "if we assume that space is filled with a medium whose powers of resistance are inversely proportionate to the distance from the sun, the rate at which the planets move is no objection to the idea that these movements may be explained upon the principles which have been employed in explaining the movements of the earth." This theory would involve the principle which initiates as well as maintains the rotatory and translatory movements of the heavenly bodies; and that even with the atmospheric resisting medium, which, indeed, is necessary to the motion. Tides and comets are explained as due to heat. On the latter subject, the writer is more systematic than most, giving a feasible explanation of the various appearances which accompany these celestial wanderers. To explain the tides, his method requires that the moon's rays should communicate *heat*; but, if we do not know that such is actually the case, would not the duality formed by a cold ray from the moon, equally well explain the rise and fall of tides, if consequent on contraction or expansion of the earth? This able treatise, the production of a powerfully thoughtful man, equally versed in chemistry, astronomy, and geology, well merits the undivided attention of scientific men. In the practical science of comparative anatomy, we find distinct evidence that God has created all animals (man not excepted) after one fixed general plan, of which the several classes are only infinite variations; and the same kind of law may pervade the inanimate world,—a law, moreover, susceptible of endless sub-division in its manifestations.

Benoni; or, the Triumph of Christianity over Judaism. By the Rev Wm. Barth. From the German. By Samuel Jackson, Esq. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

A VERY nice little story of one of the "secret Jews," who lived and suffered in Spain during the time of the Inquisition—giving an account of the ultimate conversion of the Jew, and of the benevolent undertakings of Edine Champion, in Paris. There are some needless digressions, and the *one* story is in reality *two*; but the interest throughout is well sustained. A suitable little book for children.

Review of the Month.

AFFAIRS IN AMERICA ARE DAILY ASSUMING A MORE ALARMING ASPECT. Not only did the conflict in Kansas result in the success of the Pro-slavery party, but the elections in that state have had a similar issue; the Anti-slavery party having declined to vote, and their opponents having consequently become masters of the field. The motives of the former were doubtless dependent upon a confident hope, that Mr. Fremont would be elected as President, without their incurring the danger of supporting him. This event, the Pro-slavery party regard as most probable; and in anticipation of it, Mr. Preston Brooks, notorious as the brutal assailant and almost the murderer of Mr. Sumner, in his place as representative, boldly advocates the disunion of the Southern States from the Northern, and insists that the Southern States, in their independent capacity, should impose the institution of slavery upon every new state. The press goes to still greater lengths. The *Richmond Examiner*, a leading democratic paper in Virginia, and devoted to Mr. Buchanan's interest, has just issued the following paragraphs: "Until recently, the defence of slavery has laboured under great difficulties, because its apologists (for they were mere apologists) took half-way grounds. They confined the defence of slavery to mere negro slavery; thereby giving up the slavery principle, admitting other forms of slavery to be wrong. The line of defence, however, is now changed. The South now maintains that slavery is right, natural, and necessary, and does not depend on difference of complexion. The laws of the Slave States justify the holding of white men in bondage." Another Richmond paper, the *Enquirer*, Mr. Buchanan's own recognized organ in the leading Southern State, follows thus: "Repeatedly have we asked the North, 'Has not the experiment of universal liberty failed? Are not the evils of

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

free society insufferable? And do not most thinking men among you propose to subvert and reconstruct it?' Still no answer. This gloomy silence is another conclusive proof added to many other conclusive evidences we have furnished, that free society, in the long run, is an impracticable form of society; it is everywhere starving, demoralizing, and insurrectionary. We repeat, then, that policy and humanity alike forbid the existence of the evils of free society to new people and coming generations. Two opposite and conflicting forms of society, cannot, among civilized men, co-exist and endure. The one must give way and cease to exist, the other become universal. If free society be unnatural, immoral, unchristian, it must fall, and give way to a slave society—a social system, old as the world, universal as man." The democratic organ in South Carolina, and the leading newspaper of the state, speaks thus: "Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the labouring man, whether white or black. The great evil of Northern free society is, that it is burdened with a servile class of mechanics and labourers, unfit for self-government, yet clothed with the attributes and powers of citizens. Master and slave is a relation in society as necessary as that of parent and child; and the Northern States will yet have to introduce it. Their theory of free government is a delusion." Alabama thus gives in her adhesion to the democratic doctrine in the *Muscogee Herald*: "Free society! we sicken at the name. What is it but a conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-fisted farmers, and moon-struck theorists? All the Northern, and especially the New England States, are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. The prevailing class one meets with, is that of mechanics struggling to be genteel, and small farmers, who do their own drudgery; and yet who are hardly fit for association with a Southern gentleman's body-servant. This is your free society, which the Northern hordes are endeavouring to extend into Kansas." Here is a recent proposal, issued by one of the New York papers, which support Mr. Buchanan. The *Day Book* would deal thus with immigrants from Europe, and poor people in general in the State of New York, whose children must be educated by the State, if at all: "Sell the parents of these children into slavery. Let our legislature pass a law, that whoever will take these parents, and take care of them and their offspring, in sickness and in health—clothe them, feed them, and house them—shall be legally entitled to their service; and let the same legislature decree, that whoever receives these parents and their children, and obtains their services, shall take care of them as long as they live."

Meanwhile the minds of the people in this country have been horrified by details of the manners of the Slave States in America of which we should be thankful to see an authentic refutation. The first is signed by Mr. Gladstone, who gives his address, and thus openly exposes himself to contradiction. His testimony refers to the blood thirsty designs of the Pro-slavery crusaders into the state of Kansas. The second has excited still more public attention. It details a succession of duels, each of which we believe, issued fatally, which took place in a railway train in the state of Georgia. The editor of

the *Times* declares, that he had withheld the statement from publication, until the fullest inquiry had been made as to the respectability and the sanity of the writer. The latter appears to have been a wise precaution, as one part of it is nearly incredible; namely, the murder in cold blood of a boy in the railway carriage, who bewailed the death of his father, who fell in one of the duels which took place as the train stopped at one of its appointed stations. The narrative was at first universally regarded as a hoax, but the author, in consequence of the bitter remonstrances of Americans resident in this country, has at last re-asserted the facts, giving his name as George Arrowsmith, and his address as Indian Chambers, Liverpool. Up to this hour, his statement remains unrefuted. If it be true, the Southern States of America are in danger of losing their place on the map of the civilized world.

WE QUOTE FROM THE "TIMES" THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS SUBSISTING BETWEEN THE NAPOLITAN GOVERNMENT AND THE WESTERN POWERS.—"The publication of the long-expected article in the *Moniteur* gives a definite shape to intentions that have been delayed long enough to be discredited. Its purport is what we were able to announce substantially six weeks ago, and what we have now for some time stated in its most precise form. The Court of Naples having haughtily rejected the counsels of England and France, and resolved to persevere in measures of rigour likely to compromise peace and order in Europe, the Western Powers will immediately break off diplomatic relations with it. To guard against unjust constructions, they declare that this is not an act of intervention or of hostility. It may, however, be so understood by some of the classes whom the domestic policy of Naples keeps in a state of ignorance or estrangement. There is one class in Naples that can hardly be said to be accountable, representing as it does the brutality and wantonness of despotism. The mob of the Lazzaroni is the body-guard of the King; and, as such, it has ever shown itself ready to take up his quarrel with the educated classes and with foreigners supposed to agree with them. Such combinations have not been uncommon, and they constitute the lowest forms of tyranny. Should these people, therefore, proceed to outrages, and should the safety of British or French residents at Naples be seriously threatened, the Western Powers will send their squadrons directly to Naples, then and there to proceed as may be found necessary for the protection of their subjects. As the actual presence of the squadrons in the Bay of Naples would be an infringement of the customary rights of that State, and a defiance of its regulations, it will not be resorted to unless it be found necessary. The squadrons, however, will approach sufficiently near to assure his Majesty and his faithful Prætorian Guard that they are actually in existence, and ready to come nearer if provoked to do so."

THE "MONITEUR," WHICH IS THE EXPONENT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE, AFTER RECOGNIZING THE FRIENDLY ACCEPTANCE OF THE DECISIONS OF THE PARIS CONGRESS BY GREECE, BELGIUM, AND THE PAPAL SEE, CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING SIGNIFICANT PARA-

GRAPHS: "The Court of Naples alone haughtily rejected the counsels of France and of England, although given under the most amicable form. The rigorous and compressive measures which for a long time have been turned into means of administration by the Government of the Two Sicilies, keep Italy in a state of agitation, and compromise the peace of Europe. Convinced of the dangers arising from such a state of things, France and England had hoped to avert them by wise counsels given at an opportune moment; those counsels have been discarded; the Government of the Two Sicilies, closing its eyes to evidence, has thought fit to persevere in a fatal course. The ungracious reception given to legitimate observations, an unjust suspicion cast upon the purity of intentions, an insulting language in reply to wholesome advice, and, finally, an obstinate refusal, no longer permitted the continuation of friendly relations. Complying with the suggestions of a great Power, the Cabinet of Naples endeavoured to extenuate the effect produced by its first reply; but this semblance of condescension was only an additional proof of its resolution to take no heed of the solicitude of France and of England for the general interests of Europe. Hesitation was no longer warranted; it became necessary to break off diplomatic intercourse with a court which had itself so deeply altered the character of that intercourse. This suspension of official relations by no means constitutes an intervention in the internal affairs of Naples, still less an act of hostility. As, however, the safety of the subjects of the two Governments might be endangered, to provide for such a contingency they have assembled a combined squadron; but they have refrained from sending their ships to the waters of Naples, to avoid giving rise to erroneous interpretations. This simple measure of eventual protection, which in no manner partakes of a menace, cannot either be considered as a support or encouragement offered to those who endeavour to upset the throne of the King of the Two Sicilies." It remains to be seen whether an English squadron at Malta and a French squadron at Ajaccio will compel the King of the Two Sicilies to moderation and obedience. The representatives of the French Government quitted Naples on the 27th, and we presume that the officials of the British Government were not long in following their example.

THE CASE OF ARCHDEACON DENISON HAS NOW BEEN BROUGHT TO A CONCLUSION WITH THE EXCEPTION OF AN APPEAL OF WHICH HE HAS GIVEN NOTICE TO THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL. It would be idle to enter into the metaphysics of transubstantiation; we, therefore, confine ourselves to the essence of the judgment as delivered by Dr. Lushington on the behalf of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which is in the following terms: "We have thought fit to decree and declare that the said Ven. George Anthony Denison, by reason of the premises, ought by law to be deprived of his ecclesiastical promotions, and especially of the said archdeaconry of Taunton, and of the said vicarage and parish church of East Brent, in the county of Somerset, diocese of Bath and Wells, and province of Canterbury, and all profits and benefit of the said

archdeaconry, and of the said vicarage and parish church, and of and from all and singular the fruits, tithes, rents, salaries, and other ecclesiastical dues, rights, and emoluments whatsoever belonging and appertaining to the said archdeaconry and to the said vicarage and parish church; and we do deprive him thereof accordingly, by this our definitive sentence or final decree, which we read and promulge by these presents." Upon this decision the *Times* has the following observations: "We will simply transcribe the 29th Article of religion and a passage from Mr. Denison's sermons: 'Article XXIX. *Of the Wicked which eat not the Body of Christ in the use of the Lord's Supper.*—The wicked, and such as be void of a lively faith, although they do carnally and visibly press with their teeth (as Saint *Augustine* saith) the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, yet in no wise are they partakers of Christ; but rather, to their condemnation, do eat and drink the sign or sacrament of so great a thing.' Mr. Denison says: 'By all who come to the Lord's table, by those who eat and drink worthily, and by those who eat and drink unworthily, the body and blood of Christ are received.' The question at issue in this cause is whether these two passages are compatible or not. The Archdeacon says they are, and Dr. Lushington, delivering judgment for the Primate, says they are not. The defence made by the Archdeacon is, that the articles must be understood in a sense to agree with other documents of equal authority in the Church of England. So he appeals to the Prayer-book and the Church Catechism, and even summons the Homilies to his aid. As these documents, too, may be supposed to admit of further elucidation, he quotes the writings of the Reformers and other divines of the Church of England, as well as other passages from St. *Augustine*, besides that quoted in the Article, and a great deal more. He succeeds, of course, in proving an immense diversity and inconsistency of expression in those whom it would be more comfortable to find speaking one language: but, after all, it only comes to the hackneyed sarcasm against the Church of England that she has a Popish prayer-book, Calvinistic articles, and an Arminian clergy. There needed no Denison to bring to light the old sores that have rankled in ten thousand, or rather ten million consciences before he was born. That, then, is his defence. Dr. Lushington meets it by observing that it was a legal, not a theological question, he was called on to decide. The charge against the Archdeacon was, that he had published words contradictory of the 28th and 29th Articles, which it was no business of his to defend. Had the words of the Articles required any explanation,—did they admit of the least doubt,—were they not absolutely and singularly clear and express, then there might be some occasion to appeal to other documents and writings, with a view to ascertain, not the doctrine, but the meaning of the Articles. In this case, however, there could be no doubt whatever as to the meaning of the two Articles. It was wholly unnecessary, then, to go beyond the text of those Articles for their interpretation. Archdeacon Denison's words were equally clear and self-explained. The two passages thus so plain

were as plainly contradictory, and there was no alternative but to pronounce the sentence of deprivation against Archdeacon Denison, who, of course, appeals,—with the certainty of a similar judgment in any court in this land.”

Books Received.

- Abuse of the Decalogue (The). Pp. 31. T. H. Gregg: 24, Warwick Lane.
- Adams (Edwin, T.C.B.). The Geographical Word-Expositor. Pp. 158. Longmans & Co.
- Alford (Henry, B.D.). Greek Testament. Vol. I., pp. 835; Vol. II., pp. 687; Vol. III., pp. 408. Rivingtons.
- Anti-Slavery Advocate for October. W. Tweedie.
- Bailey (Thos.). Records of Longevity. Pp. 399. Darton & Co.
- Beamish (Rev. H. H.). Reconciliation by Blood, the Great Axiom of Revelation. Pp. 93. Wertheim & Macintosh.
- Beverley (R. M.). The Redan: a Poem. Pp. 104. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
- Bibliotheca Sacra and American Biblical Repository for October. Trübner & Co.
- Brewer (Rev. Dr.). Guide to Scripture History. Part I., The Old Testament Pp. 479. Jarrold & Sons.
- British Quarterly Review. No. XLVIII. Jackson & Walford.
- Cambridge in the Seventeenth Century. Part II., Matthew Robinson. Pp. 239. Cambridge: University Press.
- Christian Union Tracts. Nos. 1 & 2. Wertheim & Macintosh.
- Church of England Monthly Review for October. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
- Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part I., Genesis, Psalms, St. Matthew. Bagster & Sons.
- Craddock (Thos.). Influence of Christianity on Civilization. Pp. 217. Longmans & Co.
- Educator (The). No. 2, New Series. Ward & Co.
- E. H. W. Marian Falconer; or, Stars in the Darkness. Pp. 472. Bath: Binns & Goodwin.
- Ellis (Joseph). Progress of Photography: a Lecture. Pp. 64. H. Ballière.
- Evangelical Christendom for October Office: 7, Adam Street, Strand.
- Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle for Sept. and Oct. Ward & Co.
- Form or Freedom: Five Colloquies on Liturgies. Reported by a Manchester Congregationalist. Pp. 60. Jackson & Walford.
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THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1856.

- ART. I.—*Torquato Tasso's Befreites Jerusalem.* Übersetzt von J. D. Gries. Leipsic. 1856.
2. *Tasso et Leonore.* Paris. 1855.
3. *The Life of Torquato Tasso.* By the Rev. R. Milman. Two Vols. London.

THERE is poetry as well as prose in human life—the spring-season of youth, as well as the autumn of maturity—the seed-time of hope no less than the sober realizations, the gathered harvest of fruition. We own ourselves to be of the class whom Montaigne scoffs at, who “count it brave to be raised on stilts now and then, although habitually doomed to walk on our legs ;” yet are we never conscious of forgetting, “when seated on the highest throne in the world [the throne of imagination], that we must, nevertheless, spend the greater part of our life upon an easy chair.” An evening with the poets no more unfits us for the prosaic discussion of tare and tret the next day, than the gentle excitement of an æsthetic tea for an evening in the study, or sound sleep at night. We are, therefore, entirely at odds with those men of practice, who condemn an omnivorous taste in literature, as savouring too much of levity and fancy ; and scarcely can we find terms strong enough, wherewith to expose the folly of Jeremy Bentham, and his disciples of the utilitarian school (Southey calls it futilitarian), when they denounce poetry as unuseful. But indignation gives place to a sort of pitying mirth, as we peruse the terms in which this atrabilarious old jurist speaks of poetry and music—the one, the music of words, the other, the poetry of sound. In his “Rationale of Rewards and Punishments,” the English Sièyes,

our native manufacturer of card-board republics, delivers himself thus: "Prejudice apart, the game of push-pin is of equal value with the arts and sciences of music and poetry. If the game of push-pin furnish more pleasure, it is more valuable than either. Every body can play at push-pin; poetry and music are relished only by a few. The game of push-pin is always innocent; it were well could the same be always asserted of poetry. Indeed, between poetry and truth there is a natural opposition: false morals, fictitious nature—the poet always stands in need of something false. Truth—exactitude of every kind, is fatal to poetry." Now, in this sentence, there are so many extravagances and sophisms, that they cannot stand in need of the exposure which a simple analysis would give them. Assuming, however, that push-pin and poetry had only the common aim of pleasing, surely our prosaic senior would not be bold enough to maintain, that push-pin appealed to equally high faculties with poetry, or that its power to give delight could be so imperial as that solace of song which addresses itself to the intellect and imagination, long after the push-pin period of childhood is past. To build an argument also against poetry, from the mere derivation of the term, because, forsooth, the bard is not a narrator, but a maker—*ποιήτης*—and his realm fiction (again, from *fingo*, to make), is too childish to require an apologetic observation. If poetry be true to the laws which regulate its own structure, it exhibits all the truth at which it aims. It is not directly didactic, nor does it seek to be. It teaches, nevertheless, potently and effectually, inasmuch as any high excitement and cultivation of the intellectual faculties tends to give the pre-eminence to the spiritual over the physical nature, and to invest mind with its due supremacy over matter. Poetry is thus in its own nature salutary, and worthy of acceptance; but it is further and most usually so, in that the prevailing strain of that poetry, which has secured for itself a place in all hearts, and lasting popularity, has been deeply imbued with a humane and elevating character. That all critics, happily, have not conceived, with Bentham, that truth and poetry stand at opposite poles, receives pleasing and singular confirmation, from the title of one of Goethe's choicest prose-pieces, which, it will be remembered, bears the title, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*—poetry and truth. The very name, in the hands of this gifted and ingenious German, is a protest against the narrow bigotry of the jurist, who would doubtless sacrifice carnations to cabbage-gardens, and denounce the patronage of birds of brilliant plumage and sweetest song, when barn-door fowls were possessed of so much more obvious utility. Out upon it, this jejune and heartless creed! Give us the more

TORQUATO TASSO.

catholic and unfastidious taste, to which nothing comes amiss—the healthy palate, which after a solid dinner of prose, can yet relish the kickshaws of poetry, nor scorn these for not being what they were not intended to be. Give us the glorious alchemy, far surpassing in its achievements the in-vain-sought philosopher's stone; which transmutes the baser uses of life into something better than gold; which stirs into action the divinity within us; and which, in converse with nature, clothes barrenness with verdure, and gilds it with a brightness not its own. Give us the social wisdom too, which finds something pleasant and redeeming in the darkest phases of humanity, applying to these the kindly vision of the universal moralist, who finds "Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." This may not be the highest, but it is a very happy philosophy; it may not savour of the sourness of the critic craft, but it bespeaks a generous, healthy, and manly appreciation of the *καλον και αγαθον*—the good and the beautiful, wherever they may be found.

But while, in reality, we do not consider poetry to stand in need of vindication,—at times, as the exercise of man's sublimest powers, and at others, as the recreation of his leisure,—there is in Sir Philip Sydney's eloquent "Defence of Poesie," a passage so forcible and apt, that we shall not deny ourselves the pleasure of citing it here: "Since, then, poetry is of all human learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have had their beginnings; since it is so universal, that no learned nation doth despise it, no barbarous nation is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names to it, the one, of *prophesying*, the other, of *making*; and that name of *making*, is, indeed, proper to it, considering that whereas all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the *poet* only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit; since neither his description nor end containing any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledge), he doth not only surpass the historian, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, and for moving, leaveth him behind; since the Holy Scripture (wherein is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all its kinds are not only in these united forms, but in their several dissections, fully commendable; I think (and I think I think rightly) the laurel crown, appointed for triumphant

captains, doth worthily of all other learnings, honour the poet's triumph." Again, the same panegyrist says: "The philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught; but the poet is the food for tender stomachs—the poet is, indeed, the right popular philosopher."

In illustration of the above, we shall expend a few observations on Tasso, in connexion with the narrative of his life,—a life as memorable for its misfortunes as his works are distinguished for genius. The moralist, we may add, will find as clear a basis for his verdict as the sons of song for their meditations in the career of the Italian bard.

Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, the fabled abode of the Sirens, was the birth-place of our poet Torquato Tasso, son of a poet-sire, Bernardo Tasso. The memorable day was the 11th of March, 1544, at the hour when the sun had reached its highest noon,—the sweetness of the laureate's song, and the lustre of his fame being emblemed to those who regarded such trivialities by the conjuncture of the place and hour. Never was spot more meet for a poet's home. On a precipitous ledge of rocks overhanging the sea, that sea the sunlit blue of Italy, fitful, yet glorious, like some shot brocade of purple and gold, one of many villas nestled among groves of orange and myrtle, backed by woods of hoary ilex and chestnut, which marshalled their veteran array high up the flank of the mountain in the rear arose,—still rises—the house in which Tasso first saw the light: *ad litorales rupes amœnissime prominentes*, says Anastasio, in his lucubrations thereon. Far over the sea is its stretch of view: no white sail may stud the surface of the bay, or make its way toward the city of soft delights, but is visible at farthest distance, a floating lily on the waters—a white butterfly reposing from its flight upon a bed of purple violets. We have seen the birth-place of many of our sons of song, and their favourite haunts in life;—Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Shakspeare, Moore, Byron, Southey, Wordsworth; Goëthe, Schiller, Tieck, Klopstock, and Wieland—men of the highest moods of fancy, but never was there one in all its natural associations so sweet, so poetical, so enchanting as this. Castel-a-mare, with its ruined fortalice cresting its ridge of rocks, presses out into the sea on the right; and then extends along the beach an unbroken succession of loveliest bays, with here and there vine and olive yards, the green and golden lemon and orange gardens, orchards bending beneath their rosy burdens, clustered and isolated rocks of fantastic shape, green gorges in the hills dotted with white cottages, and every variety of scenery, from sheltered cove to sunburnt plain, running up from the water's edge to the summit

TORQUATO TASSO.

of St. Angelo, a spur or satellite of Vesuvius itself. The sea, the glorious sea is the chief feature of the scene, and sparkles and laughs in the light of the god of day. One must see the ocean in its unbounded play and merriment here to appreciate Æschylus's untranslatable

ἀνήμερον γίλασμα.

The whole exquisite panorama is beauty to the eye and inspiration to the sensitive soul. The tomb of Virgil—that poet, whom of all the laurelled band, Tasso most resembles—is but across the world-renowned bay, and the spirit of Virgil presides the tutelary genius of the spot. Fretted into caves as is the entire front of the cliffs, with rivulets of clear spring water gushing from the mouth of many, the sand sparkling in bright beds like molten silver, the breezes fanning the cheek, while their music and perfume melt the soul into a voluptuous rapture of repose—*kaif*, the Moslemin call it—the classic melody of Byron's muse seems not more apposite to Greece than Italy:—

“Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot;
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave
Or glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.”

At the birth of his son Torquato, the father was not present; the political strifes of the day making him an exile from Naples; but his mother was of distinguished parentage, and the boy was nobly sponsored at his baptism. Allowed to return for the briefest space, the father was driven away again while his boy was still an infant, and he never rejoined his beautiful young wife again. She retired to a convent, and there died, but not till her son was torn from her arms to join his father at Rome that he might there grow up under his tuition and tutelage. Some thirty years afterwards, Torquato bewailed this separation from his mother in a canzone, which was never completed: the stanza referring to his mother beginning thus:—

“Me dal sen della Madre empia fortuna
Pargoletto divelse.”

The elder Tasso was not only exiled from Naples, but deprived of any property belonging to him by marriage or inheritance. He was, therefore, driven by the straits of fortune up and down the minor courts of Italy, seeking employment, and living by his wits, of which latter he owned a larger share than the former. He knew by painful experience what our Spenser has so forcibly described as “the hell” of suing, if that suing be of long continuance; therefore, chose the law for the profession of his son, rather than literature and courts, which had proved

so disappointing to himself. To Padua, then, for the purpose of this study, does he dispatch his son in his seventeenth year, a scholar even then of no mean pretensions. But the natural *penchant* of Torquato for the muses was not to be diverted by the charms of Themis and her bevy of parchment-skinned beauties: as well attempt to compress the canopy of heaven into a nutshell, as control the strong impulses of nature. A poet's son—for the father's "*Amadigi*" was a respectable production of a hundred cantos—how could he be other than a poet himself! The professor of law, the learned jurist Alciat, if we do not mistake, had Torquato's attendance on his lectures, but the professors of *belles lettres* had the homage of his heart. Minos stood little chance with him in comparison with the tuneful Apollo. When he should have been conning Pandects and Decretals, and prosy comments with their extravagations, he was spinning versicles and canzonets, and poising dactyl and spondee in musical rhythm. To decipher black-letter folios was his business, but to tag profitless rhymes on most unlawyer-like reasons his pleasure, and pleasure carried the day by a dead heat against business. "*Rinaldo*," an epic poem in twelve cantos, his earliest publication, rather than a thesis on some knotty point of law, was the production of his first year's residence at the university. The scheme of the "*Gierusalemme*" was even then hatching in the young poet's mind.

Moved by his fame, Donato Cesi, Bishop of Narni, and Governor of the University of Bologna, invited Torquato thither, and secured his appointment as lecturer on heroic poetry. But here he did not stay; for after a short return to Padua, where the philosophy of Plato became his enthusiasm rather than his study, he obtained an appointment in the household of the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, and entered on the troubled sea of palatial life in the twentieth year of his age. He reached Ferrara, the seat of his future triumphs, and of his sufferings as immortal as his fame, in the month of October, 1565.

Here the position of Tasso, while in many respects advantageous, laid him open to chagrins, all the more intolerable from the extreme sensitiveness of his nature. He was poor and, at the same time, a gentleman and scholar. He ate at the table of the ducal family, and had expenses to endure to which his resources were inadequate. From a sort of will which he made, when about to journey into France, in the train of his clerical patron, we ascertain the fact that he looked to the sale of some goods and furniture, then in pawn, for the payment of certain debts should he die ere his return. An unquestionable proof of Tasso's poverty was brought to light at a sale in Paris in the year 1850 of sundry MSS.; amongst others, of an autograph

acknowledgment of the poet to a Jew named Abraham Levi, for a small sum of money, for which the lender took in pledge, "the sword of my father, six shirts, four sheets, and two table-cloths." From these embarrassments, Tasso obtained a partial relief when he received an appointment in the duke's own household at the intercession of the princesses Lucrezia and Leonora,—a position which entailed no burdensome duties, and was rewarded with moderate remuneration. Alfonso had sufficient appreciation of the poetical talent of Tasso to desire his completion of the epic poem on which he was engaged, nor was he then unkind, judging by the testimony of the bard himself, who has immortalized the brighter side of the duke's conduct in the opening stanzas of his "Jerusalem."

The only signal event in his personal history worthy of note, for some few years of his residence at Ferrara, is his appointment as mathematical professor at the university, testifying as it does to the range of his scholarship, and proving demonstrably, in connexion with other notorious examples, that, while the poetical faculty cannot be created by learning, it is greatly helped by it,—a conclusion sustained by all the enduring celebrities which the world has witnessed in the region of poetry. Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton, as well as the Hebrew poets, are not more renowned for their imaginative power, than for the stores of their erudition, as witness that wonderful epopee of Job, which stands at the head of them all, at once a storehouse of ancient learning and a resonant burst of inspiration,—in its lowest as well as in its highest mood, a trumpet-blast of the Apocalyptic Angel. As if the excellence of Tasso were to be tested in every field of composition he produced, at this time, his pastoral drama of "Aminta," which divides the empire of this species of composition with the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini, his rival and contemporary. He also succeeded in placing on the Italian stage a tragedy called "Torrismondo," which maintained its footing till the sparkling productions of Alfieri cast it, with others, into the shade. All this while he worked with unabating assiduity on his "Gierusalemme," which he completed as early as A.D. 1575. The poem, however, was not published in that year, inasmuch as the author's anxiety to receive the critical opinions and emendations of learned friends, led him to circulate it in manuscript, and retouch it constantly; while, ere it could appear from the press, the troubles which clouded his later days, had begun. In the year 1580, just five years after its completion, Tasso's great poem was given to the world in an imperfect state, by the malversation of one Celio Malaspina, who secured a copy and published it without the privity or consent of the author, then a *détenu* in the lunatic asylum of Santa Anna at Ferrara, in the double character of a

maniac and of a political prisoner. This mutilated, defective, and incorrect publication of the "Gierusalemme" was an additional humiliation and injury to its author, robbing him at once of his credit and of the pecuniary reward of his labours. We shall not add to the intolerable weight of bathos which that sorely used quotation about the stealing of the purse being trash, and so on, has had to endure ever since it was so appositely penned by the diamond plume of our English Will., but shall indignantly and honestly say, in our own blunt English, that the man, be he bookseller, publisher, plagiarist, or critic, who robs an author of the fruits of his intellectual toil, the child of his thought, being knowingly guilty of this wrong, is a pickpocket of the most inveterate kind, and a knave for whom the treadmill is too merciful.

Proceed we now, however, without dwelling longer on this wrong, to offer an observation or two on the question, whether Tasso, the author of this really fine epic, was at the period of his confinement in Ferrara, really mad. Our conviction, on an examination of all the evidence we can collect is, that he was undoubtedly so. If any person maintained now-a-days, that he had frequent converse with a familiar spirit, we should not hesitate to write him down a madman *quoad hoc*. Now this was the case with Tasso; maintaining his point in argument against his friend and biographer, Manso, Marchese della Villa, with the pertinacity of full conviction, and with that perverse show of reason, which often appears in the insane. Some years after his release from his confinement, he used to assert to his friend that he had perpetual communings with a spirit. To the objection that this supposition was only a vivid fancy of his own mind, he replied, that in such a case, the communications of the phantasm would be only reflections of his own thoughts, whereas, on the contrary, he had learned many things from his supernatural visitant which he had never in the remotest degree conceived before. This explanation is shrewd, but not sound,—an instance of that vicious reasoning, in which insane persons sometimes indulge, and which imposes on the unguarded with its appearance of conclusiveness. Many things occur to us in dreams; and thoughts, and combinations of thoughts, are woven into the texture of our sleeping fancy, which have no prototype in nature,—are strange, unheard-of, even monstrous,—yet no sane man would dispute the fact, that they are, after all, fused out of the elements already existing in the crucible of our own mind. Thus Tasso promising the incredulous Manso ocular demonstration of the matter, carried on in his presence upon one occasion, a dialogue with a supposed spiritual being, whom, nevertheless, Manso neither saw nor heard. On Tasso's challenging him

whether his unbelief were now overcome, "Rather," says his friend, "it is all the more increased; for I have heard much that is very marvellous, and have seen nothing that you have promised to show me, in order to clear up my doubts." And here the conversation ended, the Marchese wisely treating the poet as one *non compos mentis*, and refraining from irritating him by the further expression of incredulity. The spirit, according to the picture which Tasso draws of him in his Platonic dialogue called the "Ambassador," must have worn the appearance of a guardian angel, a youth beautiful, luminous and golden, or as Tasso himself says, "such as Love must have been at the time when he fell in love with Psyche." The spirit, the poet further represented, as speaking to him "in magnificent language." The entire delusion was unquestionably one of the modes of insanity, whether it required close confinement and constant vigilance, or not. It is true that the letters, and many literary compositions which he produced during his incarceration, and his loud reclamations against the refusal of his liberty, are relied upon by many as a refutation of the charge of Tasso's insanity; but, while we willingly own these to be convincing proof of the unabated vigour of his intellect, this by no means invalidates the evidence of his occasional unsoundness of mind. Even Tasso himself did at times make admissions which were tantamount to a plenary recognition of the fact (the very last which a maniac will perceive and own), that he was mad. In this piece of the "Ambassador," for instance, the following passage occurs:—

"It cannot be denied that the imagination occasions a certain alienation of mind, which, whether it be the disorder of madness or divine frenzy, has undoubtedly the same power of representing false images as true, which a dream possesses. *Now while I deny not that I am mad* [this be it remembered was written in a madhouse], I yet am glad to believe that my madness is caused either by drinking or love; for this I know right well, beyond the possibility of mistake, that I drink to excess."

Talking also of constitutional melancholy, he adds:—

"Such were Ajax and Bellerophon; and certainly it was not so difficult a task to conquer the chimera as to subdue melancholy, which is more like the hydra than the chimera. For scarcely has the melancholy man cut down one tormenting thought, before two are already springing up in its place, by whose deadly bites he is rent and torn. However this may be, those who are melancholy not through any malady, but by nature, are of singular genius. And I am melancholy from both causes."

There are also all the symptoms of a febrile frenzy about his letter to Scipio Gonzaga—an agonizing outburst of his grief, mingling to our ear strangely with the mutterings of madness:—

“ Wretched man that I am ! I had designed to write two epic poems of most noble and glorious argument ; four tragedies of which I had already formed the plan, and many works in prose on subjects of highest beauty, and greatest advantage to human life. So meant I to unite eloquence to philosophy, as to earn for myself an eternal memory in the world, for I had set before me a most exalted measure of honour and glory. But now oppressed beneath the weight of such intolerable calamities, I renounce every thought of glory and honour ; and most happy should I be, if without suspicion, I could only allay the thirst with which I am continually tormented : and if, like other men, I could spend my life in some poor cot, in freedom ; if not sound in mind and body which I can no longer be, at least no more in such agonizing weakness ;—if not honoured, at least not abhorred ; if not with the rights of men, yet at least with those of brutes, who in the rivers and the fountains can freely quench that thirst with which I own I am all on fire.”

Another extract and we leave this topic. Writing for advice to Doctor Mercuriale, Professor of Medicine at Padua, during the fifth year of his confinement, our poet having described some painful physical features of his complaint, proceeds thus :—

“ I have ringings in the ears and head ; sometimes so strong that it seems to me as if there were an alarum-clock in my head. Besides this, after eating, my head fumes and burns ; and in all the sounds which I hear, I keep imagining a human voice, so that it very often seems as if inanimate things were speaking to me.”

The professor of medicine complied with the hypochondriac's request, and prescribed for his malady the cauterizing of the leg, abstinence from wine, and a diet of the most innocent and unexciting kind, such as thin broths and water gruel. Tasso, great as his sufferings were, by his own account, had no intention of observing a regimen so strict as this—not he. In his reply, therefore, while he volunteers to observe some two or three things which the physician had not prescribed him, he tosses the actual prescription to the winds,—sticks to his wine-bottle and solids, eating, as he says, “ with a good appetite,” —is ready to roast the doctor with his own cautery, and concludes this episode out of the “ *Malade Imaginaire*,” with an explosion to the following effect, which we give for the benefit of the modern faculty and their patients—“ *that the excellency of medical men consists in prescribing not only salutary but also pleasant remedies for the sick.*”

We now approach another question connected with the history of our poet, and that is, was the duration to which he was subjected, ascribable on the whole or in part to other causes than his alleged lunacy ? and our reply must be an unqualified affirmative. Although we may with most of his biographers

TORQUATO TASSO.

and admirers, regret the protracted duration and severity of his sufferings, we must own ourselves constrained to aver, that they could not have been altogether unmerited. Without being worse than the men of his years and station, the life of Tasso during his residence at court, was stained with irregularities, which he afterwards confesses and deplures. His love-verses in two sonnets beginning "*Donna di me*" and "*Prima colla*," together with the madrigal which commences "*Soavissimo bacio*," and the dialogue between Love and a lover, may not have in themselves much to criminate him, were they not associated with a name which it was the utmost social impertinence to mention in any lighter way than with the most delicate respect. The identical verses which compromise Tasso with his patron, have been discovered by Mai among the Falconieri MSS., and published by Betti, at Rome, in 1827, in the *Giornale Arcadico*, and begin thus:—

"Quando sara che d'Eleonora mia
Possa godermi in libertade amore?
Ah pietoso il destin!"

These, taken with the others, if they refer to unlawful amours, either with maid or wife, no respect for his abilities on our part will allow us to characterize as other than deeply dishonourable to Torquato's fame. Leonora is a name associated with many of Tasso's love-ditties, and one of Duke Alfonso's sisters was Leonora. Now, if either his folly led him to play traitor with the fair same of his august lady, and to boast of familiarities which never had existed, or if on the other hand his vanity induced him to expect a legitimate alliance with one whose social pretensions were so utterly removed from his own, in either case his patron had fair ground of quarrel with him, and can scarcely be charged with pushing resentment to extremes when he only committed him to the custody of a half-hospital, half-prison. His religious principles, whatever of devotion may show itself in his great poem, and in his pilgrimage to our Lady's shrine at Loretto after his release, were of the looser sort, and to the purer imagination of the North rather than to the sad reality, are we to trace the reverential homage of his Leonora, ascribed to him in the words:—

"Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine
Worshipp'd at holy distance."

The learned Professor Rosini, in his able "*Essay on Tasso*," (Pisa, 1832), proves to demonstration, that the Leonora of the poet's strain could be none other than the sister of the sovereign. Such being the case, it was sheer moral madness for one in the poet's position, occupying a station in the palace not many

degrees higher than the court jester, just tolerated and scantily supported, for the sake of the entertainment he furnished to his patrons, to look so high,—moral madness to interpret the courtesy of high-born ladies into warmer feelings towards his person,—obliged to confess, as he afterwards did on many an occasion, that the Lady Leonora d'Este yielded him no higher intimacy than condescending friendship,—and actual madness to display this in such forms as must issue in the destruction of the parties, were he adjudged to be sane. Sane, he certainly could not be. The man who allowed himself to be so transported with rage, as, in the apartments of the Princess of Urbino, to attack a domestic with a knife, for some slight offered him, and who afterwards vented his spleen against the whole ducal house, and especially its head, in the most contumelious terms, could deserve no other name than that of madman. In the early stages of his imprisonment, some severity of restraint may have been demanded by his mania assuming the form of phrenzy, but it is universally concluded at present, that historical proof is entirely wanting, of Tasso's having been immured in the cell usually shown as the one he occupied. When Cardinal Gonzaga visited him, in the year 1580, the poet occupied a large and handsome apartment, was at no loss for money, received visitors without limitation, attended religious services at will, and occasionally left for days together on visits to persons of respectability. That his durance, in fact, however irksome to his spirit, was not rigorous, may be inferred from his twice making his escape from Ferrara, and as regularly coming back, while even after his final release, he never gave up the idea of spending his last days there. His lady-love could not form the charm of the place, for she had died long before, in 1581, while he was still confined. From all that we can gather of a confessedly obscure point of literary history, we must conclude the symptoms of Tasso's aberration of mind so decided in their diagnosis, as to justify any practitioner of medicine in consigning him to bedlam; but, as all his biographers declare, and as Tasso himself owns, there was a political as well as a medical cause for his confinement, the subject for our consideration is not the positive cruelty of Alfonso, or the absolute innocence of Tasso, but did the duke exceed the fair measure of punishment for the poet's faults, and was the confinement unreasonably strict, taking all the features of the poet's malady into account. Without giving expression to an elaborate judgment upon *data* which are confessedly defective, it must suffice to say for ourselves, judging from the patent circumstances of the case, that we cannot possibly adopt the wholesale denunciation of the duke, which is current among the

TORQUATO TASSO.

post-tribes, and which appears in the most recent life of Tasso, by Mr. Milman.

Having been thus frank in the expression of our opinions on a case confessedly obscure, some reader may be disposed to ask, have we not dealt rather hardly with Tasso, and do not the errors of men of genius claim an indulgent judgment at our hands? To which our instant reply is—No; for we are acquainted with no principle of equity or morality which can exempt a man of genius from condemnation, if his conduct be criminal. Even if a man's genius do not keep him from vice, it may, with the utmost safety be affirmed, that genius of itself never leads to vice, so that the blame of faulty behaviour ought not to be laid to the account of the gifts. But we are bold enough to say further, that those gifts have a conservative quality—they are the salt of the mind—that it is the nature of genius to spiritualize and raise above the dominion of sense, so that if a gifted person yield to his passions and debase his soul, it is in the presence of stronger inducements to virtue than ordinary mortals possess. A bad man is a bad man, whether he be a poet, historian, or philosopher, just as much so, as if he were a soldier, courtier, or tradesman: nay, the worse, as his example will have a wider influence. Genius lives through all time, and rules over an empire, to which that of the Cæsars is a speck. Aristotle wielded the imperial sceptre over the minds of men, by right of his genius, two thousand years after the conqueror of Macedon was laid in his forgotten grave. And Homer lives, while the nation whose exploits he celebrated, and the city whose capture he sung, are hopelessly dead. Thus the gift of genius is a fearful possession, involving heaviest responsibility. To pervert that gift to the production of works which shall perpetuate evil among posterity,—a poisoned fountain, pouring out pestiferous streams, is a crime of the deepest dye; and to seek shelter for such criminality, under the broad shield of the pardonable impulses of genius, is a most unavailing plea. Common sense and social morality, not to say the religion of the Gospel, utterly condemn both the sin and its excuse. The compositions of Tasso are, for the most part, unexceptionable—pure in morality as elevated in taste—but his conduct is open to censure on two or three other counts. On these, however, we need not further dwell, deeming it enough that we have delivered our verdict on them, and have thus and for ever washed our hands clean of participation in the faulty and dangerous maxim,—that any endowments, even those of the highest order, can be a sufficient apology for sin.

We are glad to be able to find support for this view in a quarter where we might scarcely expect it, a caterer of our

lighter literature; but this distinguished example proves, along with other equally happy living instances, that great genius may be combined with a strict observance of the moralities and proprieties of life. Thackeray, the able fictionist of "*Vanity Fair*," wrote a few years back a letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, in reply to some carping criticism on his representations of authors in his works, with an outspoken honesty, which is worth cart-loads of a puling sentimentality: "That I have a prejudice," says this celebrated author, "against running into debt, and drunkenness, and a disorderly life, and against quackery and falsehood in my profession, I own . . . but I am not aware of any malice in describing [the weaknesses of authors], or of doing any wrong in exposing, their vices. Have these never existed amongst literary men? Have their talents never been urged as a plea for improvidence, and their very faults adduced as a consequence of their genius? The only moral that I, as a writer, wished to hint, was,—that it was the duty of a literary man, as well as any other, to practise regularity and sobriety, to love his family and pay his tradesmen." It is superfluous to avow our belief that this paragraph is as honourable to our novelist as any which he ever wrote.

Tasso remained a prisoner full seven years, and at the end of that period obtained his release, in July, 1586. His restoration to liberty was obtained by the intercession of Vincenzo Gonzaga, son of the Duke of Mantua, whom he accompanied to his father's court. There the poet's reception was a triumph, and grateful to his new patron, he dedicated to him his tragedy of "*Torrismondo*," in 1587. In the same year he visited Rome, and thence went to Naples, where he sought to recover at law his forfeited inheritance, but without success. He gained nothing by his suit and residence in that enchanting city, except that which countervailed the want of everything besides,—a true friend, the accomplished Manso, the friend of Tasso, the friend of Milton. But it must not be overlooked that he gained in the loss of his law-suit a valuable discipline to his character, as he himself says: "to make a man perfect, three things are necessary, a love-suit, an enemy, and law-suit: Comacchio gave me the first, Ferrara the second, and Naples the last." It was well that he could be thus jocular on the subject of his mishaps, for poverty, the most faithful of them all, still clung to him with the tenacious clip of the limpit to the rock. But sorrow had done its part towards the renovation of his character, and the correction of his views of human life. The hollowness of human friendships, and the vanity of earthly hopes, had been taught him not in vain in the school of adversity. The devout element of his nature, which was large, there became nurtured

and developed under the very circumstances which blighted his fortunes and ruined his health. The flower of piety opened to the setting sun, which had before sealed up its petals and turned away from the benign face of heaven. By that singular provision of our social existence, just in proportion as he became careless of fame, did fame court his acceptance, and charge herself with the transmission of his name to posterity. The chronology of the later portion of his life demonstrates this. In 1588, he is at Naples. In 1589, Tasso is invited to Florence by the Grand-Duke Ferdinand di Medici. In 1590, we meet him at Rome, under the patronage of his Holiness. In 1591, he is again at Naples. Most pressingly is he invited in the following year to the Eternal City, by Cinzio Aldobrandini, nephew of the Pope, and afterwards cardinal. His old love, Naples, is his place of abode in 1594, the home of his boyhood and earliest education, the fitting asylum now, from its site and clime and sky, for his wasted spirits and his failing strength. At the flattering instance of his empurpled patron, however, he was allured next year from Naples to Rome, in order to receive the crown of laureateship in the Capitol, by permission of the reigning Pontiff, Clement VIII. He received the proposal in the best spirit, as the fulfilment of earlier and more ambitious wishes; but the bloom had been dashed from his life, and his elation was moderate. Five years before he had expected and wished for the ceremony, as witness a letter to Cardinal Gonzaga, overlooked by previous biographers, but cited by Black (Vol. II. p. 317). Now, however, he was contented to deserve the honour, and did not unduly appreciate the pageant. Consenting in the laureate to follow Petrarch and a few crowned brothers, he set out for Rome. Arrived at the gates of the "lone mother of dead empires," he was received by an imposing cavalcade of civil and ecclesiastical dignities, and conducted with great pomp to the Vatican, where an apartment was assigned him. Compliments and congratulations poured in upon the bard of the "Jerusalem,"—verses worth little and purses worth much—tributes to his genius. But they were flowers upon a grave, a kind of friendly delusion practised upon a dying man. The summons from heaven's chancery had gone forth, commanding Torquato's presence ere long in another scene, to take part in a more august pageant. The cerecloth of the tomb was, therefore, more fitting investiture than either laurelled garland or triumphal robe. And Tasso felt this. To a high-flown sonnet addressed to him on his arrival at Rome, his short and pathetic reply was the line of Seneca: *Magnifica verba mors prope admota excutit*—approaching death shrinks from the use of showy compliments. Various circumstances interfered with the poet's

coronation; the winter season, the indisposition of his patron, the observance of Lent, and ultimately his own severe illness. While they waited for the pleasant April days which should usher in the anniversary of the crowning of Petrarch, death laid his hand upon the bard, and after an illness of a fortnight, Tasso died on the 25th of April, 1595, with the words upon his lips: *In manus tuas, Domine!*—Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit! The splendours destined for the living poet were exceeded in the lavish magnificence of his sepulchral honours. A public and gorgeous funeral was accorded him. Rome, Italy, the world, deplored his loss as the extinction of the sun of poetry. His body was interred in the church of Sant' Onofrio, in the monastery of which he died, a simple slab covering the place, with the inscription: "UNDERNEATH LIE THE BONES OF TORQUATO TASSO."

The extracts which we shall furnish from Tasso's great poem must be few and brief. We cannot make up our mind to exclude these altogether, the more so as we have undertaken to introduce the admirable German translation named at the head of this article to our readers. The action of the "Gierusalemme" includes a period of only forty historical days, and describes the chief event which marked the campaign of A.D. 1099,—the siege and capture of the Holy City. The poem thus belongs to the first of the Crusades, a series of enterprises originating in fanaticism, conducted by temerity, and issuing in disappointment and ruin. These mistaken and abortive measures have nevertheless furnished us with a fine poem as the result; but the sunshine, and beautiful relief, and dazzling commendation, and triumphant apology of the enterprise supplied by Tasso's verses, are the poet's art, and not the loathsome reality. Herein we recognize Torquato's skill, which robs a repulsive subject of much of its repulsiveness, acting like moonlight on a ruin, which softens

"Down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation——
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not."

The structure of the poem is in the highest degree poetical,—marked by the elevation of its conceptions, the sustained grandeur and music of its style, the unity of its plot, and the variety of its episodes. On the ground of enchaining interest it far surpasses the sonorous old Hellene, and his tuneful Latin echo, Virgil. In reading the Iliad we must confess, after wading through one of the fighting books, and being nauseated with the often-recurring legend—

"Ὡς οἱ μὲν ποσειόντο κατὰ χρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·
Thus in the stalwart strife they toiled and strove—

TORQUATO TASSO.

—we turn with exquisite impatience to that picture of domestic tenderness, the parting of Hector and Andromache, wherein the words,—

‘Η δ’ ἔρα μιν κηῶδι διζῶτο κόλῳ
Δακρυῖν γιλάσασα

*She laid him in her bosom's fragrant fold
With tearful smiles—*

prove not more musical to the ear than a real solace to the heart. The universal sentiment awakened by this touching scene is palpable proof that we have not been made for the perpetual clash of collision and fever of strife, but for better things, —love and brotherhood, gentleness and peace. Our poet is full of such scenes, having availed himself to a much greater extent of the agency of women in the action of his poem, than any previous or contemporary author of the *epopee*. With Tasso it is not all battle, with its confused noises, savagery, and blood, but frequent strains of courtesy and *gentillesse*, and maidens of high degree softening by their intervention the madness of the fight. Of one of these the loveliness is thus genially described (we quote from old Fairfax, incomparably the best English translator of the Italian poet), and shall omit the original:—

“Yet never eye, to Cupid's service vow'd
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride:
A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud
That strove to cover what it could not hide;
The golden sun, behind a silver cloud,
So streameth out his beams on every side:
The marble goddess, set at Guido's, [Gnidos] naked
She seem'd, were she uncloth'd, or that awaked.
“The gamesome wind among her tresses plays,
And curleth up these growing riches short;
Her spareful eye to spread his beams denays,
But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort.
The Rose and Lily on her cheek assays
To paint true fairness out in bravest sort;
Her lips, where blooms nought but the single Rose,
Still blush, for still they kiss, but still they close.”

There is much of this painting of personal beauty throughout the poem, and in these delineations Tasso is singularly happy, —the Sir Thomas Lawrence of the *epopee*.

We shall now give our readers the means of judging the ability of the German translator, reminding them, however, that both the versions which we present, being free renderings into another tongue, are to be compared with the original, and not with each other:—

- “ Der Schönheit glanz in einer höhern Feier
 Sah Delos, Cypern, Argos nie zuvor.
 Ihr goldnes Haar gläuzt durch den weissen Schleier
 Bald nur hindurch, bald strahlt es frei hervor ;
 So, wann der Himmel heitrer wird und freier
 Blinkt bald die Sonne durch den Wolkenflor ;
 Bald, dem Gewölk entwallt, im Strahlenfranze
 Bricht sie hervor mit doppelt hellern glanze.
- “ Mit neuen Locken schmückt der Weste Kosen
 Ihr Haar, das schon Natur in Lochen flicht.
 In sich gewandt den Blick, den anspruchlosen,
 Zeigt sie der Lieb, und eigne Schätze nicht.
 Sanft mischet sich die Farbe zarter Rosen
 Zum Elfenbein auf ihrem Angesicht,
 Indess, vom sussen hauch der Lieb umfachtelt,
 Die Ros, allein auf ihrem munde lächelt.”

Our readers will remember the third stanza in the fourth canto, which is so justly quoted as a sample of tones which echo the sense :—

“ Chiama gli abitator dell' ombre eterne—
 Il rauco suon della Tartarea tromba ;
 Treman le spaziose atre caverne,
 E l'aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba ;
 Ne si stridendo mai dalle superne
 Regione del cielo il folgor piomba,
 Ne si scossa giammai trema la terra
 Quando i vapori in sen gravida serra.”

FAIRFAX.

“ The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,
 And rumbled through the lands and kingdoms under,—
 Through wasteness wide it roar'd, and hollows vast,
 And fill'd the deep with horror, fear, and wonder ;
 Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast
 That fall from skies with storms of hail and thunder ;
 Nor half so loud the whistling winds do sing
 Broke from the eastern prisons of their king.”

This, it must be owned, is a fair imitation, and a very spirited and successful effort on the part of the English verseman. We miss the sonorous double rhyme at the end of the second lines in

GRIES.

“ Es ruft dem grausen Volk urnäght' ger klüfte
 Dei höllischen posaune heis'rer Ton.
 Ihr zittern rings die weiten schwartzen Gräfte,
 Des Orcus nacht rückhalt ihr rauhes Dron.

TORQUATO TASSO.

So schmettert nie der Blitzstrahl durch die Lüfte
Herab auchs höchster himmelregion ;
So bebt die Erde nie mit wilden stosse
Wann sie die Dünste presst nie schwangern Schoosse."

Our citations must close with that beautiful stanza, which describes the first sight of Jerusalem by the Crusaders :—

TASSO.

" Ali hà ciascuno al core, et ali al piede :
Nè del suo ratto andar però s' accorge.
Ma, quando il sol gli aridi campi fiede
Con raggi assai ferventi, e in altro sorge ;
Ecco apparir Gierusalem si vede :
Ecco additar Gierusalem si scorge :
Ecco da mille voci unitamente
Gierusalemme salutar si sente."

Fairfax is spirited, but the tautology of the sixth line enfeebles the strain :

" Feather'd their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,
Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tir'd thereby ;
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light :
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusaelm, behold ! appear'd in sight—
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy ;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts and acclamations sweet."

GRIES.

" Ein jeder trägt an hertz und Füßen Flügel
Und fühlt doch nicht, wie rasch er fortgerannt.
Doch höher schwingt die Sonne nun den Zügel
Und spaltet, heissern Strahls, das dürre Land :
Da Sieh ! Jerusalem ! Dort Zion's hügel !
Da Sieh ! Jerusalem zeigt jede hand ;
Da Sieh ! es rufen Tausend nun und Tausend :
Jerusalem ! in frohern Gruss erbrausend !"

Voltaire, who, as himself the author of a heroic poem, may be allowed to possess some qualifications for competent criticism, thus delivers his judgment on the "Jerusalem Delivered,"—a verdict in which we ourselves concur. We think it very creditable to the candour of the author of the "Henriade:" "The subject of the 'Jerusalem' is the most noble that can be conceived. Tasso has treated it with all the dignity of which it is worthy: nor is this lofty work less interesting than it is sublime. The action is well-conducted, the incidents in general artfully disposed, the adventures skilfully introduced, the lights and shades admirably distributed. He transports his

reader from the tumults of war to the sweet solitudes of love ; and from scenes of exquisite bliss he again conducts him to the field of battle. The sensibility which he at first awakens is gradually augmented ; he rises insensibly above himself, as he proceeds from book to book. His style is almost always clear and elegant ; and when his subject requires elevation, it is astonishing to perceive how he impresses a new character on the softness of the Italian language ; how he sublimates it into majesty, and compresses it into strength."

ART. II.—*The Chinese and their Rebellions viewed in connexion with their National Philosophy, Ethics, Legislation, and Administration ; with an Essay on Civilization.* By T. T. Meadows. Smith, Elder, and Co.

M. JOURDIER, in his pleasant treatise " *La Pisciculture* " remarks, that whenever a modern discovery is announced, some pedant is sure to say, " this is no discovery at all ; it was known ages ago in China ! " Nevertheless, as M. Jourdier adds, much that is claimed for the Chinese belongs to them no more than it belongs to the Babylonians. Voltaire set the example ; but we suspect that Voltaire is misunderstood by those who imagine that he had actually found his ideal of government in Asia. To praise the East was to disparage the West, and it was as easy to say China as Utopia ; but the panegyric has been seriously accepted, and we are continually importuned to admire the harmoniously graduated laws, the ancient arts, the patriarchal virtues, the philosophic subtleties, of this curious nation. The Chinese are styled the Dutchmen of the East, to typify their regularity and cleanliness,—in which they are far inferior to the people of Japan ; the Egyptians of the East, to typify the unity of their laws and manners, and the mystery of their creeds, whereas they present as many local differences as other settled races, and have no beliefs except those of a shallow materiality. Their appreciation of women is on a level with that of the Turk,—far below that of the Rajpût. Fifteen changes of dynasty within 1,300 years, and a complex series of internal convulsions, illustrate their immobility. Yet it has been the habit of Europe to eulogize the vast and symmetrical proportions of this empire of lacquer, tea, and silk, exactly as it was the custom to affiliate to Confucius whole libraries of philosophy which might as well have been affiliated to Zoroaster. The criticisms of Julien and Rémusat have dissipated some of the

illusions; but Mr. Meadows, writing in no fear of those distinguished Sinologists, undertakes to kindle the light of the last century, and to present a restored picture of China, bright with Voltairian varnish. Little is implied in his favour by the circumstance that after two centuries of commercial intercourse, our popular ideas of the Chinese are in general so fallacious. Mr. Meadows, though he assumes himself to be propounding a theory, is only endeavouring to gild a common error, which, however, we must allow, is magnified by his treatment, and distorted into an eccentricity. Not that his knowledge is deficient. He has travelled much, and studied much. But he is chained to an immovable centre, a predetermined point of view, so that even when disposed to concede, he makes his concessions valueless by prefaces and supplements of mystification. This is the moral failing of his book. Its practical fault is one of construction. The author has many ideas, on many subjects, and has made this volume the channel for them all. Thus it happens that, before entering the dominions of the Teen Taze, we are detained by an amplification of organic proposals for the improvement of the Civil Service; and that, after quitting the Manchooes, we are deluded into a labyrinthine argument on inversion to pain, nutritional appetite, political economy, and the other collaterals of "An Essay on Civilization."

We must, however, respect our limits, though Mr. Meadows has not respected his. In the first place, what is China? An empire which unites under one political system five great regions of the earth: Manchooria, the home of a half-nomadic race, which has given a dynasty to the empire; Mongolia, inhabited by wanderers and dwellers in tents; Turkestan, thinly populated by a settled Mohammedan nation, and containing the two famous cities of Cashgar and Yarkand; Thibet, the centre of Lamaistic Buddhism; and China Proper:—with three hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants; a solid mass of territory eighteen times as large as Great Britain; with a varied surface, and considerable varieties of population. Its eighteen provinces, divided, on the average, into eighty districts each, have separate capitals capable of standing a siege, and are governed by officials equivalent to viceroys, who are directly responsible to the emperor.

The emperor is responsible to no one. He is the Son of Heaven. His authority is unlimited, "except by divine principle," which amounts to an admission that it is not limited at all; the only derogation from his prerogative being that it is not hereditary. Thus, the theory of the empire is, that the best and wisest man, whatever his birth, shall be emperor; the practice being that the reigning monarch selects his ablest or favourite son. Mr. Meadows believes the plan to have been

very successful. Kang-he, the second of the imperial line, ruled for sixty-one years. Keen-lung, the fourth, ruled for sixty-one years also, when he abdicated, "to avoid surpassing his grandfather." Considering that George III. encumbered for sixty years the British throne, the argument of duration goes for nothing. A similar restriction is supposed to guard the purity of official appointments in China; while the general balance of government is preserved, suggests Mr. Meadows, by the right of election vested in the people. Now, this proposition is an example of the logical defect that lies at the bottom of nearly all his reasoning. He says:—

"Rebellion is in China the old, often-exercised, legitimate, and constitutional means of stopping arbitrary and vicious legislation and administration."

It is *not* a constitutional method, because it is prohibited by the letter and spirit of the law; and when unsuccessful, is punished with appalling severity. The Chinese cannot frame their own laws, impose their own taxes, stop the supplies, or in any way remonstrate with their governors, or comment upon their acts. Therefore, when their powers of suffering have been strained to excess, they rebel; if victoriously, the government assents to what it cannot avenge; if otherwise, executions take place, which are only comparable in their atrocity to the climax of all barbarity in Western Africa. Taking into account the moral life of a nation, we submit, that a state which contains no other safeguard against misgovernment than insurrection, cannot be civilized. To have no other check upon public injustice than rebellion is equivalent to having no other check upon private injustice than the Brahminical device of suicide, threatened or accomplished—an art also practised in China. In the first place, insurrection is the last resort, and is only provoked by intense and injudicious tyranny. Moreover, that machinery must be essentially defective, which cannot be regulated, except at the risk of being broken to pieces. If it be conceded, as Mr. Meadows concedes it, that of all nations that have attained a certain point of culture, the Chinese are "the least revolutionary and the most rebellious," it follows, that their political system has been kept up at the cost of a perpetual drain of human life, while, with this activity, they are unprogressive, and never aim at new and higher forms of polity." The facts may be so, but they are not proofs of civilization.

In spite of this violent conservative process, which Mr. Meadows terms constitutional, the political condition of China has been deteriorating for many years. Searching nowhere beyond his own admissions, do we not find that before the outbreak of

the present civil war, every species of corruption had crept into the state ; that government offices were systematically purchased ; that miserable local tyrannies had been established ; that the nation lost its patriotism, and the army its courage ; that the imperial treasury was bankrupt ; that misery had gone so far as to render rebellion a welcome change from the anarchy and hopelessness that prevailed ? Respecting this great revolt, there has been much popular discussion. The subject is, however, elucidated by Mr. Meadows, in several elaborate chapters, to which we refer the reader desirous of penetrating the intricacies of the question. We prefer to touch on some points connected with the less disturbed topics of Chinese national history—the philosophy of Confucius, and its traces in the existing aspects of Chinese society. The secret of this philosophy consists in its totally irreligious, unspiritual, material character. And, preliminarily, we must notice a slight confusion in Mr. Meadows's abstract. He notes the birth of Confucius, B.C. 551, and the foundation of Taouism in the same century ; yet adds, that Confucianism existed in China "long before" Taouism ; that, however, is an indifferent discrepancy, probably casual. It is to be remarked that, though Taouist, Buddhist, and even Mohammedan religious edifices exist, in considerable numbers in China, they are merely tolerated or ignored by the state. The orthodox Chinese, therefore, are not even Pagans, but Confucianists. Now, what is Confucianism ? Does it reveal a glimpse of immortality ? Is it not a mere theory of metaphysical dynamics ? What in Porphyry's Cave of the Nymphs, in the Greek fable of Atys and Cybele, in the Hermetic creed, in the Zoroastean oracles, even in Spinoza, is so hard and mechanical as this scheme composed of ultimates, pulsations, passiveisms, and positive and negative essences, invented by Confucius and his followers to atone for their incapacity to recognize the presence of the Divine ? What is this broken genealogy of nature—leaving large gaps of obscurity—which terminates in a grand coagulation of the Extreme, the Essential, and the Elementary, producing the masculine and feminine power, intellectual consciousness, evil and virtue, and China ? Mr. Meadows, professing to comprehend the orthodoxy of the Chinese more clearly than the Chinese themselves, helps himself out of a difficulty, by "venturing to differ from the Chinese orthodox interpretations of the writings which existed previous to the time of Confucius." What, however, is the effect of this correction ? To demonstrate that the philosophy of the East differed from the speculations of Confucius, who, in a spirit of "honesty and candour," according to Mr. Meadows, "refused to speak of the supernatural world, on the ground that he knew nothing of it." But his modesty allowed him to fix "the grand

extreme," an absolutely immaterial entity, yet without intelligence, and, therefore, without will,—a power of necessity, causative. This was not an evidence of intellectual humility, nor was it an evidence of candour. Confucius professed to teach only what existed in previous sacred books; to obliterate from his system the signs of ancient belief in a God, a single, supreme, heavenly ruler, to be feared, obeyed, and adored by men. As it is, we can scarcely perceive a distinction, amounting to superiority, between the "God, that is to say, a substance," of Spinoza, and the "immaterial entity, without intelligence or will," of Confucius. Spinoza was the less material of the two.

This creed has for twenty centuries operated upon the moral life of China, in conjunction with three fundamental beliefs, thus stated by Mr. Meadows, in his very interesting summary:—

"The first is, that a fundamental unity underlies the multitude of phenomenal variety; the second, that in the midst of all change, there is an eternal, harmonious order; the third, that man is endowed at his birth with a nature that is perfectly good."

The effect of these ideas would not be the same everywhere. It would not have been the same in Egypt as in India; in India as in Japan. In China, the effect has been to suggest a social reproduction of this unity—this order, changeless amid change. Accordingly, our laureate's yearning for a "single man with heart, head, hand," is fulfilled in this half-barbaric realm in as much perfection as under the Napoleonic code; and that concentration of policy for which a princely orator has sighed, and an Oxford historian argued, is there the ultimate principle of legislation. It would be a mistake, however, to consider this as an unique development of the imperial idea. It is the basis of all absolutism. It was asserted by Henry VIII., and defended by Salmasius. It was the guiding thought of the Bourbons and the Moguls. It is the essence of Russian politics, and was the day-dream of the Georges. Civilized races have suppressed it, but in China it shapes your house, colours your dress, numbers your buttons, paints your coffin. There, the notion of a universal harmony acts as an obstruction to reform. Mr. Meadows adduces, in vague relation to this topic, the early use of printing, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, by the Chinese. But what is the secret which has petrified them for a thousand years? How have they profited by their inventions? How have they improved even their mechanical arts?

A good deal of emphasis is laid upon the "moral force" foundation of the Chinese system of government. This reminds us of the boy, who said he could live on self-respect—and mutton. The Chinese are governed by moral force—and

the bamboo. Nowhere are the inflictions of the law more merciless and brutal,—nowhere is a capital execution such a sight of horror. Slavery, polygamy or concubinage, the consequent barter of women, and their degraded condition as wives, the prevalence of infanticide, and the existence of the institution of caste, though in a modified form, constitute other aspects of Chinese society. Mr. Meadows denies the existence of caste; but his denial amounts to no more than an equivocation. Is it true or false that the sons of barbers, actors, and others, are disqualified from competing for the offices and dignities of the state? If this be true—and it is not questioned—what matters it that caste in China is not exactly what caste was in ancient Egypt, or is in modern India? Moreover, does not the parental system of the Chinese confer on parents the power of life and death over their children; and is not Mr. Meadows compelled to rank among barbarizing influences, the virtual power of life and death possessed by the husband over his wife? Are not fathers privileged to sell their children, and do they not frequently sell them—the girls to degradation, the boys to slavery? There are exceptional points; but they are exceptions that tower above the level of ordinary manners, and constitute, as long as they survive, the characteristic features of barbarism.

We have not applied ourselves to the task of disparaging, without qualification, the manners of China, or the contents of Mr. Meadows's book. But Mr. Meadows has challenged criticism by his exaggerated praise of China, and of himself. He believes himself to be the first and only interpreter of the Confucian philosophy; and having expounded it, thinks he must defend, even at the cost of much doctrinal dissertation, all its moral results.

We may now illustrate, from the more original parts of this volume, the practical experience enjoyed by Mr. Meadows. When the insurrection was rising in the interior, and approaching the sea, he made an excursion in a private pleasure-boat on the waters of the Grand Canal. His craft was of considerable size, and was so arranged, that from the cabin he could discern, without being seen, all that passed on shore. We suspect that in this cabin, he learned to love China, for here two cooks gave him hot pancakes and cool peaches, while he studied Chinese or German metaphysics, and floated between Golden and Silver Islands. But he suffered from one inconvenience:—

“Were I a foot shorter in person than I am, I could, by hiding my deep-set occidental eyes under a pair of the broad-rimmed Chinese spectacles, travel openly all over China with small risk of detection. But my length of six feet one inch, which is not common among ourselves, approaches the gigantic among the shorter Chinese race; it

immediately attracts general attention, and then the deep-set eyes, the beard, however closely shaven, and even the short hair on the hands and wrists, are all marks that unfailingly lead to detection. By adopting the Chinese tail and dress, and using a boat containing nothing foreign whatever, not even a penknife, I could, by shamming sick, and keeping a sitting or lying posture when the internal customs' examinations were being made, travel through the country after the fashion of the Catholic priests."—Pp. 203, 204.

What were the perils of his excursion, he recounts as follows:—

"I here told my people how I wished them to act in case an alarm of robbers was given. My head-boatman, body servant Yung shun, and the cook sleep under the matting on the deck in front of my main cabin; which latter is occupied by myself alone, and where are all the arms, except the Hermes's six pikes. In the small after-cabin, separated by the sliding door from the main one, and in like manner from the after-deck, by another sliding door, sleeps my clerk Fang. At the back, on the after-deck, sleep the five hired men. To these men, who profess great valour, cocking up their thumbs in Chinese fashion, and saying of the robbers, 'Let them dare to come!' I have entrusted five pikes; with orders either to defend the after-deck, or to fly to the shore and wait the event there, as they may please; but on no account to come to the front, as I cannot distinguish people at night, and, as soon as arrangements are effected there, will fire at every one who shows himself. These arrangements in the front are, that the head-boatman, a perfect specimen of a Keang soo coward, shall, on the alarm being given, instantly throw open the front door, and then make for the shore, or the back of the boat as he pleases. Yung shun and the cook are to sit up, but to remain in their places till I call them by name; when they are both to jump down into my cabin and go to the back of it. The cook is instantly to hold together the two parts of the sliding door at the back, until he has ascertained that Fang has closed the back doors and is holding them, so that the back is secured. Fang is then to remain in charge of the back entrance, attending to nothing else, while the cook is to take the sixth pike, placed every night on the floor of my cabin, and be ready to prevent any one bolting in at the front door, while I open to fire out at it. Yung shun is to get out the muskets for me, and be ready to load them. He is to have one of the bayonets, and Fang the other. These arrangements made, I propose opening the front door and clearing the front deck by firing out of the cabin; and then seizing an opportunity to jump out (after my shooting-jacket, with ammunition in the pockets, and my waist-belt and pistols are put on) to the fore-deck. I must load the double gun at night with No. 5 cartridges alone, both because there is more chance of hitting, and because the loading is more speedy. When out I can fire either at the back, if I find my own people are not in possession, or at the robbers' vessel to drive it off. I must not discharge any of my pistols, unless forced at the first rush to prevent entrance into my

cabin, but keep them to be ready for any sudden rush at me after I sally out. The firing before that must be done with the muskets and double-barrel. When Yung shun comes in, he must shut the door before doing anything else."—Pp. 218, 219.

In the course of his journey, he shot one canal pirate, and wounded another, while defending his own ribs from the points of a dozen spears. The whole country was alive with tumult; here and there a stain of blood on the earth announced the presence of civil war; military preparations were going forward on all sides. Among the rebels he made some curious notes, a few of which may be strung together:—

"From high to low they eat in parties of eight, each party having one table. Before seating themselves to eat, all kneel, and the chief person at the table devoutly repeats a considerable portion of this book [the "Sacred Book"]. All the fugitives from Nanking, Chin keang, and Yang chow agreed as to this circumstance of *reverent recitation by the whole army before meals*."—P. 242.

Any outrage upon the women of a town taken by storm was invariably punished with death:—

"The Chinese women found in Nanking and Chin keang are all, young and old, shut up in separate buildings, and divided into squads of twenty-five, of whom the senior is constituted overseer, and according to which regular rations are served out to them. They are employed in preparing ammunition. No male, not even as father or husband, is allowed to enter the buildings thus appropriated. Whoever does so is put to death without further question. But the women were told by the leaders that their separation from their husbands and male relatives was only a temporary measure, and that as soon as affairs were settled, all would be reunited. Great care is taken of all children that come into their possession."—P. 243.

One incident is very picturesquely suggested. It happened soon after a friendly conference:—

"I had not slept long when I was again awakened; and, listening, found it was by the noise of voices resounding in deep earnest calls from ship to ship and boat to boat. The tones were alarmed, and almost tragic. 'What on earth is the matter now?' said I to myself, as I, for the second time, sprang up from my summer sleeping-mat, and stepped out at the open fore-door. I saw the rocks and trees of the western end of Silver Island and the whole of the river there lighted up by a glare of red light; and presently distinguished the cry that the 'long-haired' were breaking out, and sending down fire rafts before them. The windlasses of the nearest vessels were working as hard as they could, weighing anchor and hoisting sail; and in a very short time two or three were making off down the river. As that was clearly not the time and place to open communications with

the Tae pings, we followed their example. But observing that the light and the alarm were alike dying away, we presently anchored again."—P. 303.

Whatever we may have to object against the Chinese theories of Mr. Meadows, it is far from being our intention to depreciate his personal knowledge, or the importance of his testimony. On the contrary, we recommend his views of the present civil war to the study of every reader interested in the modern progress of the Chinese nation. His opinion is, that what has been termed Tae ping Christianity, has a clearly distinguished analogy to Puritanism on one side, and to Mohammedanism on the other, though retaining distinctive characteristics of its own, which render it the more singular, and its ultimate results more doubtful. With regard to these ultimate results, the following appears to us the most judicious summing up of probabilities that has appeared :—

"At present the Tae pings have the bulk of the learned class against them; but continued success would have, with the latter, its usual effect on man. If the Tae pings continue to progress, the learned will go over to them and profess Tae-pingism, in constantly increasing numbers; and then that struggle will commence between the Confucian or rational, and the Buddhistic or fanatical elements of the Tae ping Christianity, which I have pointed to as most likely to end in the triumph of the former, and in the definitive establishment of a sect, which will make the Bible alone the standard of belief, and will discredit all new revelations. But, in the meantime, the Manchoo dynasty has on its side all the troops composed of its own nation, together with as many Mongol auxiliaries as it may deem safe to bring in, both backed by the intelligence and wealth of the bulk of the educated and well-to-do Chinese, which intelligence and wealth is employed in raising and supporting Imperialist armies, composed of their poorer countrymen. All this may enable the present dynasty to put down the Tae pings, and every other rebel body. Hence, though I have thought it might be satisfactory to the reader to enumerate the chief elements of success on each side, I must after all repeat, as to the ultimate result, that the best informed of us cannot possibly form a reliable conclusion, but that the struggle, end as it may, will certainly be hard; and I do not believe, that either of the contending parties themselves even, can feel assured of ultimate success, whatever their language and their hopes may be."—P. 463.

This is candid and sensible. Connected with this question is another—What should be the policy of Great Britain towards China, thus convulsed by civil war? An ingenious French speculatist has proposed to form a joint-stock company for the purpose of conquering the country, and draining a large propor-

tion of its resources into Europe, in the shape of dividends. That idea might have fascinated the world in the days of the predecessors of Grotius ; but Mr. Meadows argues, with a more just appreciation of the practical lessons of history, that we have no right, and no real inducement, to interfere in support of the reigning dynasty, or in favour of the insurrection. But if, he adds, any other power should take advantage of the confusion into which the politics of China are plunged, to break through her frontiers and invade her provinces, it would become a necessity of statesmanship to restrain that power. The only power that is likely to adopt such a policy of aggression is Russia, which along an extensive frontier is only divided from the Chinese empire by a yellow paling. Her encroachment in this direction began in 1643, when that struggle was commenced the latest development of which we have seen in the Russian acquisition of the Amoor, two or three years ago. The right of navigating that river has removed two great obstacles to her progress. It enables her, in a military sense, to turn the desert of Gobi, which has hitherto stretched like a rampart along some of the Chinese boundaries ; but there is now a direct water-communication, available for steamers, to within an easy march of Monkden, the capital of Manchooria. Of this territory little is known. The latest accounts are those of the Jesuit travellers, who visited it a hundred and fifty years ago. But, as Mr. Meadows suggests, it is more probable that Russia, did she ever contemplate an aggression upon the Chinese empire, would avail herself of the summer months, when the sea is unimpeded by ice, and cross with a fleet and flotilla from the Amoor to the Peiho.

“ She might, in this way be mistress of Peking and the surrounding country actually before the three maritime powers heard of her invasion ; and, after that, have not only established a permanent unassailable internal communication with the Songari, but have seized and securely occupied Chih le Shan tung and the whole of the Yellow River valley, by the time that England, France, and America could bring up forces to retard her *further* progress. This would be the case, even if these three powers had previously arranged for instant action in the common cause. What would happen if there was no previous agreement, I may leave the reader to picture to himself.”—P. 477.

These, of course, are remote probabilities, but it is well to include them in all political calculations in connexion with China. With respect to the point at issue—the civilization of that country, the admission that it could scarcely make any defence, proves with what skill the emperors of the mighty Manchoo line have employed the resources of three hundred and sixty millions

of the human race. How is it that this vast realm, containing ranges as impassable as the Alps or Pyrenees, and rivers "to which the Rhine is a burnie," is thus exposed and defenceless? The Chinese, as Mr. Meadows reminds us, started with the oldest of the old Egyptians, outlived them, outlived the Persians, outlived Greece, and may outlive the Arabs. They are gradually displacing the Malays in the Indian Archipelago; they are competing with the negroes in the plantations of the West Indies,—with the Anglo-Saxons in the gold-fields of Australia, the Americans in California, the guano-collectors in the islands of Peru. Yet, in their own "splendid state-edifice," there has been perpetually recurring disorder and dissension. With their unparalleled density of population, they have never been able to equip an army equal to the worst in Europe; in spite of their familiarity with navigation, they have not a squadron that could compete with a single British war-steamer. What is the source of this incapacity?

We recommend our readers to acquaint themselves with the contents of Mr. Meadows's book, but to accept his opinions cautiously. When he affirms that China is the best misunderstood country in the world, and that "the Chinese philosophy, much as it has been written about, has never yet been rightly stated"—the one "right statement" being his own—we are warned of the presence of dogmatism; and when we find an argument against the doctrine of original sin intruded into an apology for Confucius, we detect something very like infatuation. Still, with all its faults of manner, its defects of arrangement, its positive and eccentric views, the book is valuable, because it helps us to a better understanding of China and the Chinese.

ART. III. *Revelations of Prison Life.* By George Laval Chester-
ton, Twenty-five Years Governor of the House of Correction,
Coldbath Fields. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.
1856.

2. *Timpson's Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry; with a History of her
Attempt to Promote the Reformation of Female Prisoners.*
London: Aylott and Jones. 1847.

IN that well-known *jeu d'esprit*, the joint production of Southey and Coleridge, "The Devil's Walk," one of the most caustic stanzas, which Coleridge used to say was "worth all the rest twice over," is that which tells of the infernal potentate that,

OUR PRISONS AND THEIR INMATES.

"As he passed by Coldbath Fields, he saw
A solitary cell;
And the Devil was charmed, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell."

Little more than fifty years have passed since these lines were written, and if their pungency has been somewhat abated by the efforts of our philanthropists, enough still remains to be done on behalf of our criminal population, before they can lose their use as an irritant to our too sluggish consciences.

Just now, and not before it was wanted, a great cry for reformatories has been raised. In the pages of this Review, we drew the attention of the public to that subject, some months ago; since then, the cry has grown louder, and the "following," to use a Scotch phrase, has become, numerically speaking, very strong. Moreover, for a wonder, the right book has been produced at the right time. The question of the saucy Frenchman, "when will a man write a book upon a subject which he understands," has been partially met and answered.

A review of the state of prisons cannot fail to be interesting. No virtuous man can look upon guilt unmoved, any more than he so look on a conflagration, or a shipwreck; and a lifetime spent in such experiences, must have gained much knowledge combined with much sorrow.

Captain Chesterton has passed a quarter of a century, as governor of one of the most important prisons in the country. It was, and is called, the Middlesex "House of Correction." The name is a good one; but its purpose and end have been singularly defeated. So far from being a house of correction, it has, for the far greater portion of its existence, been a nucleus of vice—a poison-tank, from which pipes and rills of crime were laid down to "supply" the Metropolis. It was the very head-quarters of general depravity; and we have no hesitation in saying, that if criminals, in lieu of being therein shut up, had been let loose on society, after a severe castigation upon conviction, society would have been the gainer.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, Mr. Chesterton assures us, as every thinking and reading man well knows, the condition of our gaols was deplorable. A gaol-bird denoted the lowest roving criminal, and a gaol was an obscene den, where the Devil had set up his schoolmasters to teach vice. The neglect of common humanity had been punished after its kind. Gaol fevers were recognized as the most fearful scourges, and those who came in contact with them invariably suffered. We wonder, at this time, how people *could* have been so foolish as not to have been more kind and humane for their own sakes, but future ages will wonder at some of our crimes and follies in

the same way. For years the opening of the criminal session was the signal for the birth and spread of a local pestilence. In 1750, one of the judges at the Old Bailey sessions, Mr. Justice Abney, an alderman, one of the counsel, and several of the jurymen and witnesses, fell victims to it. Since that time, sweet herbs and rosemary have been strewn before the prisoner's dock, as one may see in Hogarth's plates (or in the popular illustrations to the trial of William Palmer), to keep the infection from those in the court, and as the latter case proves, the custom is still preserved. Twenty years before that, Chief-Baron Pengelly and Sergeant Shippen were killed at Blandford assizes, and the high-sheriff of Somerset died, during the same sessions, from the same cause.

The novelist and the obscure man of letters, long before the philanthropist Howard commenced his career, had marked this appalling state of affairs, and had made it public. Fielding, himself a justice of the peace, writing from experience, tells us what gaols were in his time. Every possible crime existed in their walls. The highwayman with the proceeds of his robbery was enabled to live "like a gentleman," whilst the poor debtor, shut up in the same gaol, died from want at his side. The gaolers were worse than the prisoners; a more horrible set of men probably never existed: but Mr. Chesterton's work gives us room to hope that they are now among the extinct genera. The trading justice,—of whom a most admirable study, but at the same time a most repulsive one, is given in Fielding's play, "The Justice caught in his own trap,"—used to set his underlings an example. Bribery and corruption were so open, that the price of a man's pardon was regulated. A guinea slipped into the hand of the constable secured, possibly, an escape in the first instance: in the second, if the affair went further, five guineas might make the magistrate abuse the prosecutor instead of the thief, and browbeat or quite suppress an important witness. Presuming that the accused were detained, a little money would procure him every comfort and solace, even down to the companionship of a female *friend* who might wish to share his prison with him. But woe to those who had no money! Abuse, tyranny, disease, starvation, death—waited upon those unfortunates. Before death, perhaps madness would intervene; and then came chains and whippings, nakedness and trampled straw, bread and water, and tortures slow, exquisite, and enduring, till the wretched creature sank!

This, we repeat, is the history of the gaol-bird under the enlightened reign of the Georges, and till that of the Fourth William. Whilst Horace Walpole detailed in elegant terms the gossip and scandal of the court,—whilst Lady Suffolk ruled, and

the polite Chesterfield gave lessons in the superficialities of life to his stupid son. However, the men of humour, whose fictions are often truer than the graver pages of the historian, did not sleep. Fielding had unmasked the abomination, and with his humane satire had shown the festering wound in the bosom of society; and Goldsmith, who did all things well, had given the world the benefit of his wisdom and humanity in "the Vicar of Wakefield," where the hero is thrown into prison, and where he attempts that reform upon a small scale, which those who copy Goldsmith without acknowledgment are now proceeding with. But even now he is before them.

The poor Vicar in Goldsmith's beautiful story, no sooner gets into prison, than with a wish of doing such lost creatures good, he walks amongst the prisoners; but the lewd oaths, ribaldry, and horrid sounds, soon drive him to his room again, where he meditates his reform. The humour in which the immediate result of this is detailed, is worthy of the master: "The next morning," writes the Vicar, "I communicated to my wife and family my intention of reforming the prisoners, which they received with *universal disapprobation*, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but *might probably disgrace my calling*." To which the Doctor answers with the wisdom of love, which is the highest wisdom, for it is that of our God and Saviour: "Excuse me (I returned), these creatures though fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom. . . . If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry: but in my opinion, *the heart that is buried in a dungeon, is as precious as that which is seated on a throne*." Nevertheless, society took this lesson slowly to heart. It would persist in regarding the criminal not as a natural result, but as a monstrous production which ought to be put an end to, in the quickest possible way. Instead of trying to eradicate the crime, they *would* continue to punish and spitefully use the criminals; they did so, over and over again, and with the most disastrous results. Criminals were hung, drawn, and quartered; sundry female forgers were burnt. They wrote their laws in blood. They believed not in the law of kindness; and punished not as an example, but out of revenge.

If in those days of gallantry, when loyalty, to quote the platitude of Mr. Burke, formed the cheap defence of nations, and twenty thousand swords were ready to leap from their scabbards rather than that a hair of the head of a Bourbon queen should

be injured; men, notwithstanding such high-flown notions, rather regarded women as objects of their passion, than their equals and co-mates: we must do them the justice to own that their behaviour to their female prisoners was no whit better than to the male. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the benevolent Quakeress, who devoted a great portion of a long and useful life to acts of charity and benevolence amongst them, found them in the lowest state of degradation. In Newgate, the part of the prison allotted to them was a scene of the wildest disorder; swearing, drinking, gambling, obscene conversation, and fighting, were their only occupations. Filth and corruption prevailed on every side. In 1813, the Quaker lady first visited them; and in two yards and two cells, comprising about 190 superficial square yards, 300 women were at that time confined. These comprised those who had not been tried, and who, therefore, by law, were presumed to be innocent; those who had been convicted even of murder, and had, therefore, received the sentence of death; and those who, awaiting further trial, were as yet ignorant of the fate which awaited them. Here they saw their friends, cooked their victuals, and kept their multitudes of children. They slept on the floor, 120 in one room or ward, without even a mat for bedding, and many of them nearly naked; the weaker having been spoiled of their clothes by the stronger. The smell from such a number was sickening and disgusting. "All I tell thee," said Mrs. Fry, "is but a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which everything bespoke, are quite indescribable."

The conduct of this Christian woman is pleasant to descant upon. She did her duty to her Master, and in person she visited her sisters. The governor, a timid, and not over-wise man, advised her not to go. He told her, at least, not to carry a watch or money with her, but she wisely disregarded him, and one morning the neat, clean, pure Quakeress stood amongst these poor creatures, who eyed her with amazement. "You seem unhappy," she said, with a sweet, calm voice, full of feeling. "You are in want of clothes, would you be pleased if some one were to come and relieve your misery?" Kind as the voice was, it seemed a mockery to them. "Who cares for us?" they cried, "who will clothe and comfort us, we have no friend, no, not even in heaven." Again the Quakeress spoke: "I am come to serve you, to pray with you, not to judge or to condemn you." She stayed with them as she promised; she clothed some of the children, she set the women to useful work, and drew up a series of very excellent rules, concluding the

visit by reading one of the most solemn and applicable portions of scripture, the parable of the "Prodigal Son." Poor prodigals, indeed! It must have been a touching scene, when the reading of that blessed chapter was concluded, and the Quaker visitors kept for a few moments, according to their wont, a deep silence, to watch the forms of the kneeling women, to hear their muttered but fervent prayer, or the sobs of repentance and of gratitude. One poor girl was there under sentence of death, for having murdered her baby; she was not yet eighteen, and she sobbed aloud as if to break her heart. Bitter, indeed, was her despair; oh! if she had only, when young, been visited with half the care which was now bestowed on her, when the time was past, the crime had been committed, and her days were numbered.

It may be useful for us here, before we enter into the pages of Mr. Chesterton's book, and come upon our own and immediately preceding times, to quote a report from the Committee of the "Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline," which will show our readers that any thing which we have said, is, so far from being exaggerated, considerably below the truth: "Out of 518 prisons in the United Kingdom, to which 107,000 persons were committed in the year 1818, there were only 23 prisons in which the inmates were classed according to act of parliament; 59 had no separation between male and female prisoners; 136 had only one division for that purpose; and 68 had only two divisions. In 445 prisons, no work of any description had been provided. In 73, some work, yet exceedingly small, had been done. Many gaols were incommodious and unhealthy; and in 100 gaols, stated to be capable of containing only 8,546 prisoners, there were, at one time, 13,057 persons in confinement." In such a state as this, it was no wonder that Mrs. Fry found, in the better-class prisons, the women either engaged in playing at cards, reading improper books, begging at the gratings, or fighting for a division of the money which had been thus obtained.

The good which the "Improvement of Prisons Society" did, was, after all, comparatively little, from its first organization, to the times when Captain Chesterton takes up his narrative. It was in the good old Tom-and-Jerry days, when the police as yet were not, that this gentleman was elected the governor of his Majesty's House of Correction, for the County of Middlesex, in Coldbath Fields. The visiting magistrates, the county magistrates, and very nearly every one concerned, were thoroughly disgusted with prisons as they were, and wished heartily for a change.

"The House of Correction, at Coldbath Fields," writes its historian and governor, "was erected in the year 1794. Its site, at that time very well entitled it to the rural term in its designation, which it still retains; but the magistrates of that day, who do not seem to have been very acutely alive to the wantings of the coming millions, or royally indifferent to posterity, missed an opportunity in purchasing and enclosing a much larger tract of land. It is consequently now very much overlooked. The whole affair, to speak plainly about it, seems to have been as great a 'job' as any on record. The ground alone cost £4,350, and the original, no less a sum than £65,656. Conformably with the notions of the time, the building was massive; the outside frowned upon people like a Bastile. The half-circular buttresses which support the walls look very much like the round towers of the celebrated prison in Paris, and the place early acquired its appellation. To this day it is known by the cant term, of the '*Steel!*'"

"The late Mr. Samuel Mills, of Russell Square, an able and indefatigable magistrate," writes the narrator, "informed me, that impure gains had been acquired by individuals in collusion with the builders of that prison. This was made manifest enough in 1833, when the cholera slew nearly half the wretches therein imprisoned. Upon examining the prison sewers, it was found that the arches of them had been so badly constructed, that the bricks had fallen in, and so choked up the drains, that 'the stagnant accumulations had unquestionably engendered cholera, and, for a time, defied its eradication.'"

But this was not all. The death of thousands could no doubt be traced to this "job," but in addition to this, Mr. Mills informed the governor, "that the country justices had administered their functions in their own houses, and had so unblushingly received ample fees, as to have won for their residences the by-word of 'justice-shops.' He even named one then living, who had been distinguished by such discreditable traffic; and, in dilating upon the prevailing corruption of the period, Mr. Mills expressed his conviction, that magistrates had pocketed gains from the funds allotted to the erection of the prison."

There can be little doubt, but that after this pleasant little job, the magistrates went coolly to their day's work, and condemned an unfortunate and starving thief to a preparatory pollution, and a life of crime. Forrester, in his examination before the House of Commons, relates one pleasant trait of a certain justice, which was to cause all the unfortunate women of the town to be arrested, and then to dismiss them on their paying him a kind of black mail, varying from two shillings each to two pounds. The usual sum was ten shillings, "and

glad enough," adds Forrester, "the poor creatures were to pay it (that is if they had the money) to get away."

For the exorbitant sum of money named, the nation received at the hands of the Middlesex magistrates, a prison, containing 232 cells, wherein to lodge its criminals. Men and women, girls and boys, were indiscriminately herded together in this chief county-prison, without employment or wholesome control; while "smoking, gaming, singing, and every species of brutalizing conversation and demeanour tended to the unlimited advancement of crime;" so says Mr. Chesterton, quoting Mr. Robert Sibley, county surveyor. Meanwhile, let us see what the governor of that day was about. The picture will call up to us, almost irresistibly, that fine print of Hogarth, in the "Harlot's Progress," wherein the artist has depicted the interior of Bridewell.

"The governor of that day walked about, bearing in his hand a knotted rope, and ever and anon he would seize some unlucky wight by the collar or arm, and rope's-end him severely; thus exhibiting," says the captain, with the nearest approach to humour of which he has shown himself capable—"thus exhibiting a warning example of summary corporeal chastisement, calculated to overawe refractory beholders." Governor Aris, who had been formerly a baker in Clerkenwell, was at that time the governor, and was so notoriously cruel that Sir Francis Burdett raised a popular cry against him, and he was ultimately ejected from his office, and died in poverty.

Abuse and cruelty within the prison did not necessarily prove that the public were better protected out of it. The police offices and their "staff" were pretentious, mysterious, and costly when called into requisition. They performed their cleverest feats by collusion with the thieves themselves. The public or the executive used to believe in the adage, "set thief to catch thief," and not only to catch him, but to watch him. Nay, more than this, these "police" absolutely used to resent any attempt made by people to aid them. A Mr. Fuller was, in open day, robbed of his watch. He pursued, captured, and finally procured the conviction of the thief; but henceforth he was a marked man. His life was several times attempted. If he opened his window upon hearing his night-bell ring, a heavy stone or a sledge-hammer was cast at him. He was obliged to relinquish his business, and was still vindictively pursued. He applied to Bow Street, but to no purpose, until at last Sir Richard Birnie, the magistrate, "rebuffed him with the most unfeeling contumely." "You see," he concluded his narration of this pleasant episode, "you see, sir, my wasted form. I was

a man of a robust constitution, and in a thriving practice ; my health has been ruined, and my interests sacrificed by a conspiracy against my safety and my life, simply for performing an act of duty ; and in this civilized country even the state could afford me no protection."

It is Mr. Chesterton's greatest praise that he struck a well-aimed and deadly blow at the corruptions of the system. He found great support in those who had recommended him to place himself as a candidate for the office of governor, but a still greater opposition from those who wished the old system to continue. He was far from being in his first youth when he was elected. He had been for some years in the Royal Artillery, and had borne arms in a British regiment, embodied and transplanted to South America, to aid the state of Colombia in its war of emancipation with Spain. Returned to England, with impoverished means and broken health, Chesterton engaged in various civil pursuits, and at last was reading for holy orders with the Rev. Mr. Ousley, then chaplain to the prison, when that gentleman, interested in the welfare of the prison, the election of governor for which was then being agitated, proposed to Mr. Chesterton to become a candidate, and, eventually, through the use of great exertion, brought him triumphantly through the ordeal.

Here, then, we find him. His first introduction to his new abode, wherein twenty-five years of his life were to be passed, did not very favourably impress him. Prisoners and turnkeys were alike guilty. The inhabitants of the gaol lived in a state of the most friendly intercourse. A perfect system of connivance and collusion was instituted :—

"The cunning of Lucifer himself was scarcely adequate to detect the wiles and artifices with which all the prison abuses were contrived. In vain might a magistrate penetrate into the interior, and cast his inquisitive glances around him. Telegraphic signals had announced the presence of an unwelcome visitor, and all was promptly arranged to defeat suspicion. The prisoners would assume an aspect and demeanour at once subdued and respectful ; the doors of cells would fly open to disclose clean basements, edged with thick layers of lime-white (deliberately used to conceal secrets hardly divivable), pipes had been extinguished and safely stowed away, the treadwheels had been manned and set in motion ; while the designing turnkey was found at the head of his class, the very pattern of civility and respectful attention.

"No one, however mistrustful, would in such a cursory inspection, be led for one moment to surmise that the basements of all these cells were hollowed out, and made the depositories of numerous interdicted articles,—many of which might justly be termed luxuries. Those layers of lime-white frequently renewed, hid beneath their

OUR PRISONS AND THEIR INMATES.

surface an inlet to such hidden treasures ; and thus wine, spirits, tea, and tobacco, coffee and pipes, were unsuspectedly stowed away, and even pickles, preserves, and fish-sauce, might also frequently be found secreted within those occult receptacles."

We need not read many pages to find out how loosely discipline was kept up. The gaolers were as bad—nay, worse than the prisoners. The roof of the house having a kind of room immediately under it, is found out one night to be turned into a comfortable assembly room, where those who could pay for the indulgence used to smoke their pipes and enjoy a rubber at whist. A visiting magistrate stumbles one day over a hamper, and on inquiring about it, finds it full of very fine apples, which had been sent from a swell-mobman (with his respectful compliments), to Mr. Day one of the turnkeys. Christmas-puddings were no rarities ; turtle and venison might have been, and most probably were, eaten by the incarcerated. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Vigorous and unremitting exertion swept away these abuses one by one. To supply the rapacity of the gaolers, the poorer prisoners were mulcted of their legal allowance, and were nearly starved. At last, one by one, or in batches of two and three, these pests of the gaol were removed, better men substituted, and urged on by the growing importance of the subject, and also by the example set by the Americans,—who were forced to study the subject, having no place whereto to banish their convicts,—the prison at Clerkenwell, assumed under Mr. Chesterton an approach to a model gaol.

We must not here withhold the due praise. As a *de-facto* governor, Mr. Chesterton, aided by his head-gaoler, Mr. Sims, formerly a sergeant in the Royal Artillery, could scarcely be surpassed. The most rigid punctuality, the most strict enforcement of the laws and regulations of the prison, existed therein. Possibly in these main coercive qualities no prison ever excelled her Majesty's House of Correction in Coldbath Fields.

"The captain of the place," writes Carlyle, in his "Latter-Day Pamphlets," giving a picture of Captain Chesterton, which those who knew him will not fail to recognize,—“a gentleman of ancient military or royal-navy habits, was one of the most perfect governors : professionally, and by nature, zealous for cleanliness, punctuality, good order of every kind ; a humane heart, yet a strong one ; soft of speech and manner, and yet with an inflexible vigour of command, so far as his means went : ‘iron hand in velvet glove,’ as Napoleon defined it. A man of real worth, challenging at once love and respect ; the light of whose mild bright eyes, seemed to permeate the place as with an all-pervading vigilance, and kindly yet victorious illumination ; in the soft definite voice it was as if nature herself were

promulgating her orders, which, however, in the end there would be no disobeying, which in the end there would be no living without the fulfilment of. A true '*aristos*' and commander of men. A man worthy to have commanded and guided forward in good ways, twelve hundred of the best common people in London or the world: he was here, for many years past, giving all his care and faculty to command, and guide forward in such ways as there were, twelve hundred of the worst. I looked with considerable admiration on this gentleman, and with considerable astonishment, the reverse of admiration, on the work he had been set upon."

Captain Chesterton by dint of great perseverance, and after the lapse of some time, did no doubt work a wondrous reform in the prison, so as to merit Carlyle's encomium. But he was, as he confesses, aided frequently by the prisoners themselves, and he tells so many anecdotes proving that there is "a soul of goodness in things evil," that we think that the low and wretched—too often the victims of society—untaught, or taught from their earliest infancy in sin, do merit some better term than that applied by Carlyle, of "Devil's Regiments of the Line."

It may be as well if we transcribe from an accurate eye-witness some of the duties and occupations of gaol-birds, in the improved state of prison discipline, which the country at large owes to Mr. Chesterton. Having obtained an order to visit the prison, the writer was introduced to the governor, a tall thin military man, very plain and even almost careless in his dress, by whom he was courteously introduced to a warder, who took charge of the party to conduct them through the prison. "The first thing he writes, which strikes you, is the quietude and perfect cleanliness of the place; the thick walls have not the slightest speck upon their surface. The passages are as cleanly as a dinner-plate. The warder walks before you with his key, and closes the iron gates after you, and suddenly you are let into a vast yard, wherein on either side of you the prisoners are at work. There is such an indescribable novelty in the appearance of the labour before them, that the majority of visitors do not know what to say about it. The tread-wheel is a long cylinder which works round by the tread of the feet of the prisoners, each of which, and there are many on each wheel, is divided from his fellow, and works solitarily, as far as he can see, in a long narrow slip, something like that in which the long ledgers in a merchant's counting-house are placed. At his feet is a companion sitting down, who after an interval of a quarter of an hour, will ascend in his turn, and tread at the heavy wheel till the fifteen minutes are again expired. The work, although it is a hot day, and those who are resting lean

OUR PRISONS AND THEIR INMATES.

against the partitions with a look of exhaustion upon their faces, is by no means hard, but even then some will try to shirk it; some have methods also of making it easier by leaning more on one side than another, or on alternate sides, but officers stationed with their faces to the wheel, recognize the number of the prisoner and quickly notice his endeavours. Underneath the machine turned by them, which is elevated to about the height of an ordinary first floor, are cells for the prisoners, not very large certainly, but sufficient for one person, beautifully clean, and ventilated in the very best manner. A wooden form serves them to sit upon, and to place their clothes on when undressed, and a slip of sacking fastened at the ends to iron stanchions in the wall, serves them for a bed. Several of the cells are open to view, and the blankets and counterpane, neatly packed, and strapped into a parcel by the prisoners, lie upon their bed. At the head of it also hangs a small board, upon which is pasted a form of prayer for morning and evening, to direct such as desire to commune with their Maker. Religion is not by any means forgotten, and a poor untaught, uncared-for creature, has learnt the first whisperings of a precious creed within these walls. Strange doctrine! that guiltless, starving, and struggling, one finds no clergyman to instruct, no visitor, or scarcely any to preach and pray with you; but when guilty and imprisoned, there are those who, whilst bringing consolation, first open your eyes to the enormity of your sin. A hard struggle has the chaplain and those who may assist him. Men to whom salvation is a by-word, Christ a name to swear by, God a Deity, if they can form the idea of Deity at all, who merely is appealed to to add a strength to their brutal and senseless oaths, religion and holiness totally unknown, feelings and self-restraint or negation almost impossible,—such men come here; and to them the chaplain may preach for hours, doing that which the schoolmaster long ago should have done, for we must remember that a very small per-centage of the wretched denizens of these prisons have had any education at all.

“A short passage leads the visitor to another strong room, with a floor built like the pit of a theatre, running down towards a wall, against which, mounted on high seats, several officers watch the proceedings. Here they are employed at picking oakum. More than two hundred are in this one room so employed, and each sits with an iron hook with a very sharp point, fastened on his knee, against which, after having untwisted the hard bit of rope, he pulls it, and thus tears it to pieces, so that he reduces it to tow again. The officer who accompanies the visitors, takes up the daily portion which each man has to unpick; it is a small bundle of pieces of rope, cut to about four-

teen inches long, and weighing three pounds and a half. A prisoner expert at this work can unpick his portion by two o'clock in the day, after which he may sit and read. In effect, a great many who have done so are seen dotted here and there, reading intently enough. A little space at the end of this room is allotted for the rope to be cut up and weighed, and tied into parcels for the prisoners.

"In another yard into which the prisoner is introduced at his first arrival, are little cupboards with a bath on each side of them. Into these baths, the convicts on their first arrival are plunged, their clothes taken away, and the prison dress substituted. The clothes worn by them are packed into a kind of oven, where they are fumigated with strong sulphur. These precautions are perfectly necessary for the health of the prison. But it took a very long time before such stringent rules could be thoroughly enforced and brought into working order."

When Chesterton was first elected governor, the House of Correction was very unwisely allowed to contain both male and female prisoners. From the latter, the governor experienced the most opposition and trouble. From the very moment that he entered the place, they seemed instinctively to have waged war with him. He was the essence of order; they the very incarnation of misrule. We must let him tell his own experience upon so delicate a subject. The first portrait is a worthy pendant to the lady who sat for her portrait in the Fleet Prison to the immortal Fielding.

"First, there was 'Bet Ward,' a young woman of real Amazonian form and stature; and of distinguished beauty. She was one of a stamp rarely exceeded in whatever constituted strength and symmetry. The spoilt child of a weak mother, who still doated on her, she had been consigned to ruin by false indulgence. Equally irascible and fearless, she was the terror of the female officials; but as she possessed a somewhat generous disposition, she was not wont to carry her violence to a very dangerous extent. Bet Ward was the first to assail me with vituperative language, and to indicate that she might be disposed to pay but little respect to the person of the governor. I, therefore, preserved a cautious distance, whenever I perceived her ire to become ascendant. A few years sufficed to see this once fine young woman enter the prison a mere wreck of what she had been. With withered features, and failing power, she exhibited the sure inroads of a licentious life, coupled with habitual drunkenness—its usual concomitant. The pride and fire of her eye were gone, and deep dejection occupied their place. From that time forth, I saw her no more, and doubt not that she fell an early sacrifice to a life of vice."

Other women also pass before the reader in this record of crime. One would "confront the male officers with the rage and fierceness of a tigress." In a memorable encounter, it

OUR PRISONS AND THEIR INMATES.

took six men to overpower her, and one of the number had cause to remember her resistance for many a long day. There is another, yet, who had acquired the feminine appellation of "Slasher." Need we say she was "Irish." She was of a tall and powerful build, and having cohabited with a pugilist, was learned in the art of self-defence. A pitched battle was no unusual interlude in her course, when excited by drink; and upon such occasions, her attitudes and tactics were said to be of the most approved order. In prison, and debarred from spirituous liquors, she was the very type of peacefulness."

We need not quote any more from this long catalogue of female debasement. Some few of them, but it is cheering to know, very few indeed, were educated. With such, crime seems to have been a perfectly chronic disorder. Checked and imprisoned, they would repent and reform; and the chaplain "would make a very flattering report of their appearance, docility, and intelligence." Once again exposed to temptation, they would succumb without the slightest resistance. Drunkenness, resulting possibly from the thorough inability to govern themselves, seems to be the chief agent in their fall; and this passion for drink "absorbs every other feeling in the heart, and stands alone an awful cankering curse."

"Persons such as these," writes the governor, "would be the frequent inmates of all the Metropolitan prisons; and, in this round of incarceration, those who were able (*and they were but few*), would write letters to their chosen friends, who might be located in other prisons. This peculiar class of people were remarkable for three things: First, the steadfast, never-failing denial of guilt, notwithstanding the plainest evidence to disprove their assertions. Secondly, the complacent estimate they appeared to form of their own status, notwithstanding the damning testimony against them of nine-tenths of society in general, and their own sex in particular. And, thirdly, the farcical *empressement*, they threw into their attachment with some chosen prison-associate, misnamed friend."

To illustrate this, Captain Chesterton gives some extracts of letters from two attached prison-friends—ladies who were as weak and as romantic as school-girls; but we do not see anything to be wondered at. These people no doubt fancied themselves martyrs to the exigencies of society, and the blessings of friendship and of consolation were not denied them. The condolence of two of the basest of their kind, over the hardships which their vice entails upon them, is a subject which would make Voltaire chuckle and grin, and a humane Christian sigh and groan.

Industry, and firm and rigorous treatment, put an end to the vagaries of Mr. Chesterton's female subjects. Young ladies,

confined in Clerkenwell Gaol, would, when unemployed, not only attack warders and matrons, but absolutely in their dormitories revolt, and openly attempt to conquer the men. Six of these young Amazons, to whom it might be said, "*furor arma ministrabat*," were one night found in open revolt, brandishing their weapons, and, incited by their leader, who cried out to her followers, "Come on, come on now, *if you're girls*." Constant employment—the panacea for these disorders, which Mrs. Fry had found so thoroughly to succeed—at last gave Captain Chesterton a quiet kingdom; but the increasing number of criminals at last obliged the Government to devote the whole of the space in the House of Correction to male convicts only.

The gaol inmate is *now* fully employed; those who are too old to learn a trade, pick oakum, or make mats, doing, in fact, the rough work of the prison. Others become, under careful tuition, excellent tailors or bootmakers; the whole of the clothing of the establishment is made within the walls of the gaol. The very gowns and collars of the few females within the walls, wives of the warders or servants of the governor, are washed, and that capitally, by the men.

Although the great majority of prisoners are brutally ignorant and totally untaught, and during Captain Chesterton's governorship, so wild and savage, that at one time he never walked about without loaded pistols, and slept in fear of his life; yet there is a per-centage of educated men in every gaol. Some men will turn to sin, and no class of society is free from those who almost naturally take to wrong and wicked courses. One of these, a young surgeon, who was convicted of arson—the crimes of the educated are always of a different class to those of the untaught—pursued a kind of thieves' literature in the prison, wrote a tract on the habits of his comrades, and was at last made to assist in the gaol by becoming schoolmaster to a host of young thieves. The manuscript of the surgeon seems to have been lent to and lost by Lord Shaftesbury. A son of a baronet, the wife of another baronet, persons of high families, clergymen, and members of the universities, have contributed to swell the list of 250,000 prisoners, who have passed under Mr. Chesterton's eyes, but the number of those who are taught to those who are untaught are so small, so really insignificant, that we do not know any weightier argument in proof of education than can be got out of this record of prison-life, or out of the calendar of those tried at the Old Bailey or at Hicks's Hall. A few celebrated names in the annals of crime are chronicled by Mr. Chesterton, but it would neither serve our purpose nor that of morality, to add to the fame of such heroes in vice, by extracting any description of their personalities.

OUR PRISONS AND THEIR INMATES.

We must hasten to the conclusion. Better qualified to judge than any other person, the author of "Prison Life," has been throughout his work singularly free from dogma. That he has formed certain conclusions, there can be no doubt, but he keeps them to himself. We may gather from his pages that he considers reformatories as an innovation, and that he regards them rather with pity than otherwise. He is by no means hopeful as to the reformation of criminals generally. When the guilty person had been committed to his charge, the ex-governor seems to have thought that his whole business was to administer due correction properly, and see that everything went in its usual excellent course. The prison was with him a machine which was always kept well regulated. Of any ulterior result arising from punishment, or any possible renovation of character, Captain Chesterton seems to have thought little. Probably we are demanding too much, occupied as he incessantly was, to expect for him to do so. He was attached to the shot exercise* and the tread-wheel, but appears to us to put little faith in the schoolmaster. Yet he gives us frequent examples of reform, and in his relation of the awful visitation of the cholera to the prison, tells us of many a poor prisoner who bore the scourge like a martyr, or who nursed the victims with the tenderness of a woman. He shows us, also, that with the very worst there is some impulse towards goodness left—some sense of wrong and right, of justice and injustice.

"Of this," writes he, "I have been made perfectly aware, *that so strong is the sense of justice even amongst the lowest malefactors, that*

* The writer before quoted will give the reader a description of this punishment: "Passing through the garden, upon the wall of which bunches of sweet herbs are hanging to dry, my visitors come upon a battalion of men curiously employed at the 'shot exercise.' One might fancy the place on which they stand were a large chess board, entirely full, and the pieces represented by men, who at a sign from the warder, lift a heavy shot from the ground, and walking a step or two to the next space, there deposit it. As each man does this, the pyramid of shot at one end gets quickly moved to the other, and then the work is carried on again till the shot is lifted back again. The work is not only hard, but it has the disadvantage of being useless and senseless, and the fellows who are breaking their backs lifting the heavy shot merely to drop it again, no doubt curse both the labour and those who put them to it. The immortal Jean Jacques has left it upon record '*that the wicked are puzzling*;' and that law-makers find them especially so, no one can doubt, but surely there is work to do in this world better than 'shot exercise,' which is stupid, senseless, and useless. As for the uselessness, government seems determined to throw their labour away. The tread-wheel in the establishment does nothing but grind the cocoa which the prisoners have for their breakfast, and they can grind by it enough in one week to serve them for three months, so the rest of that interminable grinding only wears out the machinery."

whatever amount of punishment may have been inflicted on themselves personally, if they are conscious that it resulted from the just exercise of duty, they retain no resentment whatever, but will smile and bow with as much complacency as though they had been petted and indulged."

We do not know how this sentence strikes others, but to us it is excessively touching. Poor fallen humanity bearing labour, and pain, and punishment "with a smile and a bow" if they were only sure that it were just! "In a like manner," continues the Captain, "I discerned that excessive rigour failed in its effect. Mete out the punishment proportionately with the offence, and most offenders will in their hearts acknowledge they deserved it, and their outward demeanour will attest their conviction." Oh, government and society! will you not take a hint from this axiom drawn from the experience of a life and apply it to the prevention of crime? Criminals increase upon us, and will do so, so long as untaught and unfed, at odds with the world and his fellow-creatures, the poor outcast child is brought up in the hard school of sin, the impulses of good within his heart stifled by the sense of neglect and wrong, the germs of vice growing quickly under the jealousy engendered by poverty and despair. Such a child will grow up a true gaol-bird. But let him once feel that his lot is as the lot of others, that God's even-handed justice is dealt out amongst the poor, and then he will accept his burdens with a bow and a smile; he will work cheerfully and earnestly to add to the common good of all; he will become that most valuable of all members of society—a skilled and honest workman. And taught and cheered by his example, the "dangerous classes" will throng the schools, not the gaols, and will "cease to do evil and learn to do well."

ART IV.—*Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria.* By Dr. E. Vehse. Translated from the German by Franz Demler. Two Vols. Longmans. 1856.

THERE is a considerable portion of every nation's history which could not be safely committed to record, except in invisible ink. On the one hand, there are considerations of state which demand a temporary concealment; and, on the other, there are motives of personal vanity which prompt men to make provision for the ultimate revelation of any policy in which their own skill has been employed, and which, as it has achieved for

AUSTRIAN SECRET MEMOIRS.

them the solid advantages of power, they not unreasonably imagine will procure honourable remembrance, and a renown, at any rate, more durable than their direct tenure of authority. This observation applies, with more or less force, to every form of government; but its truth is most clearly seen in connexion with the growth of empires that are based upon the mutilated liberties of mankind. Even if all other political schemes could afford to be transparent while yet incomplete, assuredly despotism would prove an exception: its main strength lies in the secrecy of its action; premature discovery of its designs and methods would provoke revolution, and hasten its downfall; its business being to undermine those instincts which constitute the foundation of social morality, silence and darkness are indispensable conditions of success. Hence we find that the blanks in any overt history bear a constant proportion to the extent of power vested in the executive government. Hence, also, those long arrears of narrative, which antiquarian zeal labours to overtake, and which are welcomed with peculiar zest by a curious world, under the name of *Secret History*. That such memorials are more frequently suppressed than destroyed, must be accounted for by supposing the chief actors desirous of personal fame, and anxious that theirs should not be the ephemeral and unmeaning notoriety of mere cotemporaries and spectators, but the immortality of master-builders. Accordingly, their names, together with their plans, are inscribed, as if in invisible ink, with a well-balanced probability of continuing secret as long as it shall be needful, and of reaching a timely discovery when the minds of men are wistfully fixed upon the period of their successful labours. To most men, this apparent incompatibility between the necessity for concealment and the desire to secure a full-orbed glory for themselves, must often have presented powerful temptations. They probably saw that in giving way to the yearning love of posthumous praise, they would be incurring the ridicule rather than the esteem of posterity, inasmuch as the candid display of their own ingenuity might explode the unfinished fabric to which that ingenuity had been devoted, and so consign their names to all coming time inseparably identified with conspicuous failure. And yet it was hard that all the craft and patient manœuvring—all the toil and study—all the individuality of genius should be absorbed in the glory of general results. With immeasurable complacency they had been accustomed to compare means and ends—transferring the broad glories of success to the hidden steps by which it was attained; and it could not be without a shudder and a struggle that they consented to resign their pretensions to the immediate admiration of their fellow-men, and

to lay aside, amidst the lumber of ages, the register of those daring and wise deeds, which, if laid bare at once, would have soothed their irritated age, by winning the applause of the world, and so have secured for present enjoyment that recompense, which otherwise could be theirs only through the titid medium of hope. In some few cases, this struggle between vanity and prudence has issued in the gratification of public curiosity, without any prejudice to public interests. But such harmless exposure of secret schemes could only occur when all the contemplated ends had been compassed and made safe. In all other cases, personal pride must be sacrificed, or a compromise struck, by which the cherished plans may be secreted for a season, but eventually revealed. In the earlier history of Austria, for example, there was no breathing space for this species of private vanity. Each generation, as it prepared to pass from the scene of its incessant but not fruitless strife, laid itself quietly to rest under the conviction, that a bold stroke for personal fame would betray to ruin the very cause to which all life had been devoted, and on which their true renown must principally repose. Even the chance of individual weakness, however, was generally provided against. Men, whose civil life has been a mystery, must needs fall asleep in seclusion. If any one member of the Imperial house, or any one of the long line of illustrious counsellors had been disposed to amuse his self-conceit by reckless disclosures, there were always watchers in such hours of weakness, who not only awaited the moment when the exciting game should pass into their own hands, but used the utmost vigilance and precaution against everything which might spoil that game.

Considerations of state are paramount with the living, and the desire of vindication or applause is uppermost with the dying rulers of mankind—the one leading to the present suppression, the other providing for the ultimate revelation of the truth. As the ages roll past, state secrets accumulate so rapidly, that it becomes impossible to exercise more than a very attenuated care over the remoter records of the commonwealth. The inquisitive find easy access to the treasures once jealously guarded from inspection. Well-qualified “prospectors” take possession of mouldy memorials, as of so much ore; and, by slow labour, extract the nuggets, which other collaborators will fuse and mould into the current gold of history. The griffin still, indeed, keeps watch and ward; but it is at other portals, and over other hoards of secrets.

The time comes when the most tremulous despotism may invite the researches of the learned without any fear of consequences. The time may come, too, when it is for the unmined

advantage of a state to have its secret history disentombed, and its public annals corrected by faithful reference. Such times have come at length in the venerable career of the House of Hapsburg. So far from having anything to fear from the keenest scrutiny and the most extensive publicity, the Imperial interests can only, and will surely gain. The huge system of annexations, which is somewhat loosely denominated the Austrian empire, has undoubtedly many weak points; and we cordially sympathize in the almost universal hope, that no combination of events may ever have the effect of strengthening those weak points in the unnatural frontier of Austria; but the substantive monarchy, which the children of Rodolph have carved out for themselves, and the formative stages of which were characterized by so many fierce trials, has now, for some time, cooled down into a granite mass, which nothing short of a shaking of the nations can dislodge, and on which the ordinary heats of international conflict or local revolution leave only a superficial sign that scathing fires have passed that way.

There is, therefore, nothing to fear, even if continual research should confirm the impression hitherto produced, that the whole tower of Austrian power and pride is the handiwork of slaves—built of violated rights and broken liberties—planned, from the very basement, by fiendish cunning, and resting on a foundation of lies.

Other nations, about whose stability no fear is entertained, have long been known to trace to no purer prestige the dawnings of their bright reputation; and all that can be said about Austria in particular is, that she has contrived to perplex speculative statesmen abroad, and to hoodwink obedient victims at home more thoroughly, and for a longer time, than her rivals in infamy. Not only then is it perfectly safe, but it is, in all probability, highly expedient to dispel the mystery of falsehood which hangs over long distant times and events. By abandoning the attitude of watchfulness, such an astute executive as Austria can generally boast, plainly declares that its position is now independent of the criticism of the wise, or the indignation of the virtuous—independent, either through some change in the direction of its policy, or by the substitution of radically different means to the unchanged end of self-aggrandizement.

If Austria had entirely lost her character for energetic ambition, this relaxation of long-cherished jealousy might pass for sheer indolence, and be accepted as an omen of that doom for which the rest of the world is weary with waiting; but when we see the stately mannerism of her unfailing pride—when we see her girt at all points, like a strong man whose race is yet to run,—we

interpret far differently the carelessness with which she allows the most humiliating disclosures to be made without any symptom of shame, and the most startling explanations to be bruited freely as the key to her closest secrets in the past. The impression produced upon the student of this esoteric version of history is eminently favourable to the pretensions which Austria has lately assumed.

As we handle the several fragments of truth, drawn from the secret stores, and find it impossible to match the truth, or to find a niche for it in the smooth falsehood, so long received as veritable history, we are not only amazed at the frauds by which the mighty ones of earth have prospered, but we are made aware of a special faculty for contriving deceptions, which will haunt and almost unnerve us in our intercourse with such an incarnation of intrigue. For we are forced to conclude that such an exposure would never have been permitted, or even risked, unless the sophisticating ingenuity of her counsellors had hit upon some more subtle and inscrutable principle of trickery.

It tells against us, but immensely in favour of a state circumstanced like Austria, that whenever we approach her, and for whatever purpose, our moral courage will be assailed by the suspicion of her sincerity, and by the recollection that, however long and frequently suspected of double-dealing, she was seldom clearly convicted, except by what was tantamount to a confession; and that, of course, only after the lie had done its work. If Austria were reformed—morally revolutionized—our uneasiness would cease; but anything short of a religious convulsion leaves us a prey to the restless misgiving, that she is untrustworthy, and yet, for a time, beyond the reach of conviction.

Another and less questionable advantage will accrue to Austria (as, indeed, to any state with anything like a kindred experience), by throwing open the *arcana* of the state to philosophical investigation. While actually encountering the thick-coming difficulties of her highly artificial position, Austria was wise in veiling their number and magnitude with Aulic secrecy. But now that they have been surmounted, it is wise to array them in the most imposing manner, that men may admire the intrepidity, the self-denial, or the skill, or the good fortune, which enabled a state to surmount such appalling obstacles, and to convert all her perils so uniformly into occasions for self-discipline and consequent strength. Nay, this advantage may even be heightened by a candid exposition of the means by which difficulties were made to disappear, because it testifies of fertility in contrivances, so inexhaustible as to

remain unimpaired—in the opinion of its possessors at any rate—by explaining such means as soon as the immediate necessity has ceased. We will proceed one step further in describing the gain that may result to a state by this kind of posthumous candour. From the secret history of Austria, we shall learn that many of her most marvellous escapes and successes, which in the received histories are attributed to the providence of statesmen, were, in reality, due to that concurrence of favourable but unexpected circumstances, usually called good luck; and we shall often be constrained to echo the exulting exclamations of her own light-hearted children, who call their oppressed country, *Austria Felix*.

Now, although we are by no means disposed to attach the slightest importance to cases of what appears to be purely fortuitous good—except as it serves to correct the conceited assumptions of human wisdom—we must make allowances for the inferior enlightenment of our fellow men, and take into calculation the prodigious effect generally produced upon half-enlightened minds by successive instances of good fortune. We know that in the crisis of many a well-contested battle, the wavering have been revived, or the successful have been suddenly disheartened by such an impression; and there is no tracing the effects of such an idea through the various ramifications of state-craft and diplomacy. The reputation for good luck will often secure it. And besides, such a tradition will serve as a set-off to many a page of crime and wrong. For what is more easily suggested, and what will men more readily admit than an interpretation of luck into a mark of heavenly approval and love!

In the work before us—where the old standard histories of Austria have evidently been torn to rags, and then wrought up along with the recently acquired materials—we scarcely need the special indications, in which the writer so frequently indulges, lest the lucky conjunctures of his narrative should escape our respectful observation. Whether or not the bastard piety of the monkish chroniclers inclined them to greater regularity in registering these fortunate occurrences—deeming them tokens of greatly merited grace, or whether the relative position of Austria gives it any advantage when commotions are rife, and the current of events is changing, we will not now inquire; but we are obliged to confess that the more we attempt to fathom the sources of Austrian greatness, the more does the impression prevail, that her colossal figure is a monument of what we should not hesitate to call good luck, as distinguished from the favour of God. We travel through long intervals of time and through many pages of Dr. Vehse's attractive volumes

—throughout which we are frequently reminded of a stream winding safely along rock-strewn and even subterranean channels—but scarcely ever are we struck with the analogy of a ship bravely piloted. For it is very often when imbecility, and cowardice, and madness prevail throughout all its influential ranks, that Austria develops most rapidly.

In other passages we are made to tremble for the tottering fabric erected with so much genius ; we begin to think that the favour of Heaven, so often forfeited by the iniquity of her rulers, is about to be withdrawn from happy Austria, and we anxiously await the issue of life-struggles from which final dismemberment would seem to be the easiest method of escape. But the crisis in which no immediate luck befalls only serves to illustrate, more splendidly than ever, the happy tenure by which Austria retains the richest prizes of ambition. Sure as the day of her adversity is the rise of an extraordinary deliverer, whose opportune existence confirms the proverb, but whose chief business it is to supply, by quick ambidexterous craft, the shortcomings of befriending fortune.

The entire developement of the Austrian empire lies within the field of modern history, and from this circumstance it might be supposed that its annals would be found very prosaic, or coloured only by such tinge of romance as rests upon the horizon of European affairs in every direction when some blazing meteor sweeps across the hemisphere. But while partaking largely of the excitement attending the birth of eras, and the remodelling of society through several ages, Austria has an individuality of interest unsurpassed either in intensity or variety by any nation, and the dramatic situations presented in her narrative are so startling and so numerous, that her history approaches the sublime. At the same time, whether it be that her good fortune extended its influence to the skill of her annalists, or from any similar cause, it is worthy of remark that the celebrated men of Austria will vie with those of any country in the anecdotes which they have furnished ; and the anecdotes thus furnished in unrivalled numbers, will be found up to the average in point of amusement, and above the average in their direct bearing on the growth of national character, and on the political affairs of Europe.

It is well known by all who are familiar with the progress of literature on the Continent, that Dr. Vchse has devoted the best years of a studious life to the collection of material for a serial history of the German courts since the time of the Reformation, and a great part of his labours, especially such as are concerned with the smaller courts, must be not only well known, but also highly appreciated, if we may judge from the freedom

with which his researches have been used, and occasionally appropriated, by eminent essayists in every country of Europe. In portraying the characteristics of the Austrian court, our author has no doubt met with a singularly congenial task; for in his prevailing moods he is a passionate lover of gossip, and yet there is a philosophic sternness about him, which assures us that he sincerely prefers the gossip of great men—such gossip as reverberates through the cabinets and capitals of nations, and echoes through all time. To some extent, even in the production of what may be novelties to the general reader, Dr. Vehse has pursued the track first beaten by the adventurous footsteps of men destined to a higher celebrity than any that his own laudable labours are likely to attain. But he has collated the results of previous inquiries with exemplary care, and at least it can be said that he has thriftily gleaned the fields which his predecessors carelessly harvested. Especially is our author indebted to Joseph von Hormayr, who, by virtue of his position and talents, became heir to the buried legacies of many wise and great men of by-gone ages. The very appointment of this remarkable genius to the keepership of the Imperial family and state archives of Vienna, was like a challenge to the most rigid investigation of old Austrian policy by the critical world. His peculiar talents were well known, and, indeed, constituted his claim to advancement. But the fact of entrusting state records and the secrets of a proud royalty to such a guardian, was equivalent to a public declaration that all necessity for concealment or for resorting to falsification had ceased. For this man was endowed with a memory scarcely inferior to that of Julius Scaliger, and had trained himself to habits of indefatigable plodding, which we should be at some loss to parallel. The amount of gain to veritable history cannot, however, be fully estimated by the individual discoveries and contributions of Hormayr himself, during his twenty-five years' tenure of the important office. The freedom of access once established in the case of so competent an investigator, it could never be gracefully or usefully closed to others similarly engaged, though not equally gifted. Hence, it has come to pass that when any historical student is involved in perplexity and suspicion, he has recourse to the treasury of state secrets in Vienna, where his zeal is generally rewarded by some striking disclosures, or solutions, or elucidations both of the internal policy of Austria, and of her diplomatic relations with other states. No better illustration of this point occurs to us just now, than the entire history of critical opinions on the subject of Wallenstein's guilty designs in reference to his master Ferdinand II., who trusted him so largely as the chief glory and frequent saviour of the

empire. The immediate contemporaries of that tragical pass in German history differed strangely in their opinion. In addition to the plain "yes," or "no," which criminated or absolved the illustrious hero, and which were sealed by the blood of the respective champions, there were many stages and shades of approximation to either extreme. So much was this the case, and so intricate was the confusion introduced into the story by the chief actors and the first narrators on either side, that even down to a very late day, the most able debaters in literature have fought to the point of exhaustion without, on either side, relinquishing the sword.

The general opinion of mankind, however, has succumbed to the untiring misrepresentations of the defenders of the Imperial honour. For this state of things, many will be thankful, when they recall some of those most magnificent pages of modern poetry, which Schiller could not or would not have penned, if the actual evidence in the case, been accessible in his day. While thankful that the misconception of centuries has produced so prolific a fable in the hands of genius,—we must ever refer to the sovereign claims of character, and the demands of public morality, when dealing with the illustrious accused, whose power of self-defence is taken away from them for ever. Schiller proceeded upon the presumption of Wallenstein's guilt: he covered that guilt with the glory of his own genius; but the necessities of his erroneous belief constrained him to put such language into the lips of his criminal hero, which has been more than fulfilled indeed, but which must at length be shaken out of its unjust connexion with the name and deeds of Wallenstein. Very masterly is the portraiture of threatened ambition which the poet has offered in the expressions of his hero, when signs of his approaching fate multiplied thickly around him: and in placing such language in the lips of Wallenstein, the poet is offering a metaphysical explanation, and thus, indirectly, an endorsement of the hero's guilt. In replying to the taunts of his evil genius, the Countess Tertsy, who paints in striking colours the horrors of humiliation from so high a state, Wallenstein gives way to an imprecation which, if he had really uttered it, we might have pronounced marvellously fulfilled. His words are—

“Doch eh' ich sinke in die Nichtigkeit,
So klein aufhöre, der so gross begonnen,
Eh mich die Welt mit jenen Elenden,
Verwechselt, die der Tag erschafft und stürzt,
Eh spreche Welt und Nachwelt meinen Namen
Mit Abscheu aus, und Friedland sey die Lösung
Für jede fluchenswerthe That.”

AUSTRIAN SECRET MEMOIRS.

"But ere I sink down into nothingness,
Leave off so little who began so great—
Ere that the world confuses me with those
Poor wretches whom a day creates and crumbles,
This age and after ages speak my name
With hate and dread, and Friedland be the watchword
For each accursed deed."—*Coleridge*.

We say that this poetic imprecation has its counterpart in the estimate of Wallenstein generally entertained since his death by the publicists and moralists of Europe. And, having at one time taken some pains to get up the case in both its aspects, we must confess to some surprise that any intelligent and impartial inquirer could ever have been tempted to doubt the justice of Wallenstein's crimination, however he might deplore the severity of his punishment. The controversy has, nevertheless, been revived of late years; fresh materials have come to hand unexpectedly, and the decision of centuries has been finally reversed. The external history of the transaction, as put forth in 1634 by the Imperial court in justification of the hero's murder, has lately been subjected to siftings, comparisons, and criticism, which even the most genuine narratives would barely sustain. Even the latest apologist for the proverbial ingratitude of the House of Hapsburg, Count Mailath, has been driven to admit, that the plausible version of 1634 is a tissue of falsehoods. Further, although we accept the story, as reported second-hand by the Marchese di Grana, and take for granted that some of the leading conspirators did all in their power to destroy the silent witnesses of their guilt, by burning letters and the like, common sense tells us that so extensive a plot, matured by diligent correspondence through months and years, must have scattered indelible traces of its existence, and that the chapter of accidents was agency sufficient to ensure the ultimate discovery of such traces. But no proof affecting Wallenstein is forthcoming. There are abundant memorials of a conspiracy, but then Wallenstein was the victim, and not the chief. Whenever any new discovery has been made touching this matter, there has been an absolute impossibility of torturing out any view which could establish the unjust accusation, or vindicate the long-lived surmise of Wallenstein's traitorous design. Fifty years ago, certain Austrian officers made a discovery of documents in the garret of the town-hall of Budweis, in Bohemia, and these turned out to be the official papers of Wallenstein's field-chancery. These papers were published at large, in the Austrian Military Journal, and the only effect of their publication has been to impress all honourable men with a sense of the utter depravity and worthlessness of the secret enemies of the great duke. A still more valuable discovery

was reserved for the Prussian councillor, Förster, who has not only edited the letters of Wallenstein, but has, on all occasions, acted the part of an enthusiastic champion. This discovery was made in the archives of the Vienna War Office, so lately as 1828, and it affords the most unimpeachable proof, that Wallenstein was the (not first nor latest, but most illustrious) victim of the intrigues of Italian-Spanish Jesuits, seconded by the miserable and monstrous falsehoods of Maximilian, of Bavaria. On the whole question, we believe that we are now entitled to make our selection between the two rather incongruous summaries of the case as it stands, which Dr. Vohse furnishes.

In one place he says: "The controversy will most likely never be settled in a satisfactory manner;" but two pages further on, he remarks: "The whole state of the question may be summed up in a few words; *there is not one tittle of positive evidence against Wallenstein in all that has been found*, either at Vienna, or in the royal archives of Sweden, or in the papers of Arnim, which are kept at Boitzenburg, the family-seat of the Arnims." Resting our own researches at this halting-place in the controversy, we are disposed to fling an unceremonious denial as our answer to the first quoted sentiment, and to maintain that the controversy is settled in a manner perfectly satisfactory to all who appreciate the logical force of probability in matters at once capable and destitute of proof. We have dwelt at some length on this subject, not because of its inherent interest, but because it furnishes an apt illustration of the kind and extent of rectification which we are justified in expecting from the gradual collation of secret with public histories of long past events and characters. Histories may rank as classic by the purity of their style, and as such, do good service to the student. But the legitimate influence of history strikes beneath the soil where the graces of composition are nurtured, and affects the very springs from which future history will be developed. Hence the importance of having undisguised and ungarbled records of the past. Fables may charm and may even exert a beneficial influence on mankind; but whenever fable is substituted for fact in the grave annals of a people, the great lessons which Providence intends to be taught from age to age become confused and contradictory, and so either useless or hurtful. All honour, then, to the men who burn the oil of life in the mouldy recesses where truth so often lies concealed from the truth-loving Clio.

The scope of Dr. Vohse's Memoirs is coincident with the space occupied by the Hapsburg dynasty; and, indeed, is stretched so as to include the eventful introduction of the present Hapsburg-Lorraine rulers. It is full of life. The book is a transcript of life as it is seen in courts, camps, council-

chambers. Every page is a scene to which either the subject or the genius of the author has imparted a peculiar beauty. Many of the events in the earlier history are related with the minuteness of a *procès verbal*, or rather, their relation, though admirably condensed, leaves upon the mind an image as accurately and sharply defined as would follow immediate cotemporary inquisition into the facts.

Great characters stand confessed, as if H. B. had seen them, caught them, drawn them. Indeed, it is a fact that, with only few exceptions, the further these events and characters are removed by lapse of time, the more consistent and intelligible is the account given of them. This we have explained at large. There is no anomaly in the phenomenon at all; because if men wear a mask through life, the plaster-cast taken after death must give, not only a better, but the only portrait of the individual. If the facts of any particular period are so far within the reach of one whom they involve that he can either stifle them in part or bury them wholly, the chances of a resurrection are great, and so we come to understand the affairs of our ancestors better than the worthies themselves. Of course there are blanks which no research is ever likely to fill, and even poetic genius would fail to enliven; and there are series of events, very recent in their occurrence, concerning which we have the most ample knowledge for all valuable purposes. But, then, the secret mines have been, in such instances, blown up by revolution or evacuated by the ever-shifting policy of state, so that the curious may "wander at their own sweet will" as freely as if the dismantled arcana were a thousand years old. There is Metternich, for example, and his long career of mysterious policy. In ordinary circumstances we should have been compelled to imitate that great statesman in one of his most valuable characteristics—"time abiding;" but the conclusion of the grand Napoleonic tragedy afforded an opportunity for the entrance of Gower and Epilogue too, and gratified the inquisitive spectators by a full exhibition of that far-reaching address, and that unparalleled cunning which first complicated the whole course of events to the point of hopeless entanglement, and then unwound the tangled skein in a fashion most convenient and profitable to Austria. And, besides, as a private statesman, as the chancellor of the empire, and the constant counsellor of the throne, his principles of government (together with the means he employed) were either eternally scattered or else finally inwrought with the very fabric of the constitution by the convulsions of 1848. The foreign policy of Metternich was not only the completest in theory that the world has ever seen (for, surely, in most respects it was so), but it was the only completely

successful policy, worthy of the name, of which modern history furnishes an example. And, as we have remarked before, disclosures are more likely to be advantageous than hurtful, when the subject of such disclosures has been wedded to success; so that we do know the celebrated statesman of yesterday probably as well as it is possible to know him. But then we marvel far more to find that we can be as companionable, through fulness of intimacy, with men who lived two centuries ago, and who were chiefly remarkable in their day and generation for the very little that was known concerning them.

We should be very glad to occupy a page or two with specimens of Dr. Vehse's work, but we are afraid of giving a wrong impression of the general character of the book. Extracted passages are generally supposed by readers of a review to be the choice morsels, and if these do not happen to be pungently good, according to the individual taste, the *à fortiori* movements of the judgment render it improbable that the book itself will ever be resorted to at all; and we are anxious that this charming history should become a favourite with the lovers of literature; for they will be possessed in it of an argument against the flimsy charge of dryness which the young urge as an excuse for indolence, or for preferring romance to history. Dry enough, beyond all doubt, is the task which Dr. Vehse himself has accomplished, but how far from anything like task-work at all is the study to which his volumes invite! He has brought to light treasures which are mouldy and dusty enough to excite disgust rather than eagerness; but before presenting them to the world he has cleansed and burnished them; and having set them in a casket of beautiful workmanship, he has deposited them in that splendid museum where great events are set in order and placed in becoming lights; where great men are sure of a pedestal on which fragment after fragment of characteristics will be piled with reverent care, until the image of a glory which men bewailed as departed, shall be recovered and unveiled. Such a museum is correct history.

We shall conclude with some remarks founded upon the entire range of the volumes which have suggested this article.

When Napoleon was setting out for the Russian campaign, he held a levee of kings at Dresden, similar to that which, four years previously, he had assembled at Erfurt. On this occasion, the haughty magnificence of the French Emperor and his consort, Marie Louise, could not be otherwise than offensive to all who were present, but particularly to the Austrian Emperor and Empress. The Titanic Frenchman condescended to offer an apologetic piece of courtesy to his humbled relative in these words, "Je suis le Rodolphe de Hapsbourg de ma famille!"

The reference at such a moment was sufficiently adroit; and to us who have witnessed a second culmination of the star of Napoleon, the expression is highly suggestive of the probable course of destiny reserved for the brave adventurer's race. Our purpose with this anecdote at present is simply to fix in the reader's memory an idea of the comparatively humble beginnings of a power which now overshadows the fairest provinces of Europe. The founder of the Hapsburg family as one of the great houses was this same Rodolph; and not all the combined ingenuity and authority of his proud descendants have availed to carry the cradle of their race further back than that of many of their subject nobility. It was, however, under Maximilian that the ducal family became members of the great estate of sovereigns; and, in the annals of Maximilian's remarkable reign, we trace every one of the permanent characteristics of Austrian history. The epithet *Felix* was first introduced in association with the qualifying *nube*, for it was in the union of Maximilian with the heiress of Burgundy, and in the immediate consequences of one or two other marriages, that Austria set out in good earnest on her splendid career. But even in the germinal stage of this mighty political system we perceive the lurking bane which for a time, indeed, stimulated its growth unnaturally, but which has certainly induced rottenness at the pith. Selfishness, as distinguished from a catholic ambition, or even from genuine patriotism, has been uniformly the animating motive and the standard rule of the Imperial family; and, as might be expected, selfishness in its most unheroic and even despicable forms has almost constantly supplied the place of loyalty in the subject people. In the earlier pages of this history we see that the imperial sceptre of Germany was aimed at, and wielded when won, only for the aggrandizement of Austria. With the exception of Charles V., not one of the line ever seems to have regarded the mighty empire as anything beyond a currency with which to traffic for the enhancement of Hapsburg interests; and with, perhaps, one exception (and that has but a slender claim to be regarded as exceptional), the great crises of Austrian affairs have always elicited the most disgusting selfishness in the conduct of all classes of the community. We have a startling illustration, but by no means unfairly quoted as a specimen, in the behaviour of the Viennese, when Napoleon, having desolated the provinces, at length thundered at the gates of the capital. With shameful indifference the gilded crowds of the aristocracy were willing to barter their throne and country as the price of their retaining the luxuries and amenities of their capital.

This feature in the general character of Austria is still the

most noticeable, the most difficult to disguise, and, we should fear, the most likely to endure, until the destruction it foreshadows is complete. Many inconveniences of the most serious nature have arisen to other nations from this traditional immorality of so great a power; all these inconveniences may be summarily described under one head—the interference of Austria has never in any instance been otherwise than specious, and never in any case permanently beneficial. What politicians call the balance of power, and of which Lorenzo de Medici was the illustrious and wise inventor, is a state of things in which Austria has nearly always displayed her influence with a sort of sublime affectation, as of a patriarch among nations; but she has never heartily surrendered any special ambition that she might enjoy, decently and quietly, in common with cotemporary powers, the possessions actually entering into her organization as an empire. She is still upon 'change like some hoary broker addicted to the pursuits which have made him rich, and her object is not merely by friendly exchange to secure a manageable and safe investment, but by dint of cool, unwearied watching, when the world is turned upside down, to draw closer the bonds by which she holds her loosely jointed empire, and to round off within a hedge of bayonets a mighty and unique state through every part of which a word dropped in the centre from a despot's lips shall vibrate like the voice of Doom.

ART. V.—*Handbook of Zoology*. By J. Van Hoesen, M.D., Professor of Zoology in the University of Leyden, &c. Translated from the Dutch by the Rev. William Clark, M.D., F.R.S. Vol. I., Invertebrated Animals. 8vo. Pp. 831. London: Longmans and Co.

THE valuable scientific researches and comprehensive philosophical views of Professor Van Hoesen, have established his reputation in this as well as in his native country, and the publication of his "*Handbook of Zoology*," will still further advantageously extend his influence upon the progress of natural science in England. The want of a manual for students in the University of Leyden, induced the author to undertake the laborious task of compiling it; and Dr. Clark, requiring one for the use of students in the University of Cambridge, has translated it with the consent and assistance of the author. The first volume comprising the Invertebrata is before us, and

ZOOLOGY: INVERTEBRATED ANIMALS.

we have seen no manual of the science, in the English language, so copious, so accurate, or so admirably adapted for the purposes of private study or public instruction. In the review we propose to take of it, we can do little more than inform our readers of the plan which the author has adopted in the treatment of the subject, and point out, in the most general terms, the assistance it will give to the student when learning the elements of the science, and to the naturalist in his researches.

The object of this book is to present a systematic classification of the Animal Kingdom without entering into detailed descriptions of species. Having determined the classes under which the invertebrated animals may be grouped, and explained the anatomical, physiological, and external features upon which those classes are constructed, the author gives ample descriptions of the orders and families into which they may be subdivided. The book is, therefore, to the naturalist, what a lexicon is to the linguist, and must always be at hand for constant reference; but while it assists in the necessary task of classification, it gives as comprehensive a view of animal life collectively, as can be obtained from a system necessarily artificial in many of its parts.

The author has wisely, we think, commenced with an examination of the simplest forms of animal life—those in which the organization is least complex. In following him as our teacher, therefore, we are, as it were, moving from the circumference of the outer of a series of concentric circles towards the common centre, in which the most perfect of all terrestrial organized beings, man himself, stands, still exercising his ancient dominion over all living creatures, and giving to each its name. In the present state of our knowledge, this plan of instruction is recommended by the comparative ease with which the student is inducted into the principles of the science, without being discouraged by the apparent difficulty of tracing the action and mutual relations of complex structures, requiring for their investigation a practical skill which he does not possess, and a judicious use of analogical reasoning for which he is unprepared by practice and the habits of thought appropriate to such investigations. When a man resolves to be an explorer of mountainous countries, to brave the rigour of an unrelenting frost, to make roads through snow, and paths over fields of ice, to dare the avalanche, to cross fathomless fissures which the chamois cannot overleap, and in spite of all dangers and impediments, to stand upon the peaks of the earth and investigate frozen regions no eye has seen, no foot has trodden,—he does not at once commence the ascent of the Andes. By a course of training, he gives tone to his nerves, and elasticity to

his muscles; accustoms himself to endure the vicissitudes of weather, and the severities of winter; and thus brings all his physical powers into action, while he cultivates those habits of observation and scientific inquiry which are necessary to make the records of his intended daring exploits, something more than an exciting narrative of suffering and endurance, and deserving a higher approval than is given to the feats of a gladiator or wrestler. And so, if we are not mistaken, a course of initiation is necessary for the mind that is ambitious to investigate the conditions of animal life, and obtain a large and panoramic view of that great creation so lightly esteemed by the majority of mankind. When a man commences the study of natural science with the higher forms of life, he is like a young mechanic who, before he knows how to calculate the power of a lever or a screw, or how to use the file and the lathe, attempts to invent or construct a machine requiring all the skill of an accomplished engineer; or like a novice in mathematical knowledge, who begins the study of the differential calculus before he has read Euclid or solved an equation. By a partial investigation of the most simple forms of life, unnecessary difficulties are avoided, and positive advantages are gained. In following the development of animals from the lower to the higher conditions, the presence of new organs is first discovered in simple, and then in more compound forms, and the eye is trained to the art of observation, while the hand learns how to dissect. When a young medical student called upon Cuvier to announce the discovery of a new fact in the anatomy of the human body, the naturalist asked him whether he had ever dissected a butterfly. The youth had made no such experiment. "Do that first, and then re-examine your supposed discovery," was the professor's advice. The counsel was heeded, and the young man returned to confess the wisdom, and acknowledge the kindness, which had corrected his error, and directed his pursuits.

Other arguments might be used in recommending the plan of study adopted in the "Handbook of Zoology,"—that of "beginning with the simpler forms of animals and proceeding upwards to the highest." But the adoption of the natural order in the study of a science, is not always expedient or advantageous. In the infancy of geology, all writers, when describing the succession of rocks, commenced with the recent and descended to the ancient, just as a well-digger or a pit-sinker would note the beds through which he passed to obtain water or coal. But now that the succession is better, if not perfectly known, and the classification of the principal groups is decided, the object of the science, which is the discovery of the physical history of

the earth, is more constantly in view ; and, the natural classification being adopted, rocks are registered in the order of their formation. And so Zoology, having risen to the rank of an exact science by anatomical and physiological investigations, may now be best taught by exhibiting, first the elementary, and then the compound forms ; and though time is not an element in the classification of living animals, the advent of the several classes, as exhibited by their remains in rocks, is a subject of interest to the palæontologist.

But while recommending the plan of study adopted by Van Hooeven, we do not forget that it will place the student in a position to propose a question to which science cannot at present give a satisfactory answer. What, he will ask, is the distinction between an animal and a plant ? The higher forms of organization are easily distinguished, but on the boundary of the two kingdoms, we meet with individuals so strongly marked with the features of both, that they cannot with certainty be assigned to either. Naturalists have not been able to decide whether the genera *Navicula* and *Bacillaria* are plants or Infusoria, and they are still disputing as to the nature of the sponge. Nor are we surprised that such difficulties should arise, for in nature there are neither the broad lines of distinction which some authors expect to find, nor the insensible transitions which others have imagined.

“ At first sight,” says Van Hooeven, “ it seems easy to distinguish an animal from a plant, and even the most unskilled person thinks he has a clear notion of the difference. Yet, it is just his want of knowledge that causes the difference to appear so prominent : whilst he overlooks the immediate link and thinks, for instance, of a dog and a pear tree. There are two sorts of judgment with conviction. Such a judgment may arise either from want of knowledge, or from profound insight, the result of long and patient investigation. Whoever seeks truth must learn to sacrifice the first, even though he may never attain to the second.”

Any attempt, however feeble and imperfect, to compare the conditions of animal and vegetable life, will prove, that whenever a strong dissimilarity is perceived between the circumstances of an animal and a plant, the mind is occupied with the idea of highly organized species ; and the distinctions existing between them, however clearly perceived, give little assistance in solving a difficulty when the uncertainty arises from the simplicity of structure in minute objects. It may, for example, be inferred that, as plants are usually fixed to the soil, and animals possess the power of locomotion, the discovery of one condition or the other, would, in all cases, be a sufficient distinction ; but when the field of observation is extended, plants

are found floating in water with no root in the ground, and there are sedentary animals to whom a freedom of motion has been denied. Again, plants feed on inorganic matter—the elements, and their compounds; animals derive their support from those substances which are of organic origin, and a large portion of their nutritious food is the produce of vegetable life. But as some plants also live upon vegetable matter, and appropriate as food the substances prepared by other organized bodies, this difference in the habit of life is not without an exception, and cannot be safely employed when required as a test. Another characteristic of animals is, that they receive their food through one or more apertures into a stomach or intestinal canal, to which fact we may add, that their organs are located in appropriate and distinct cavities. Plants absorb their nutriment, without effort, through vessels spread over their surface, and live upon the components of the soil in which they are fixed, and of the atmosphere by which they are surrounded, having neither the necessity nor the power of motion, nor a craving stomach to supply. But in the lower forms of animal life, some individuals are constructed without the organs once considered necessary for animal existence, and have neither stomach nor intestinal canal, but derive their nutriment by absorption through the surface of their bodies. It would, therefore, appear that those characteristics which constitute differences between the highly organized individuals of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, fail to give the assistance required when the object is to decide whether a feebly organized body is an animal or a plant. We might mention other peculiarities in the two conditions of life, but that which is of all others most permanently the result of animal organization, is the possession of a power of motion by volition, independent of the change of place; but the existence of this characteristic is sometimes simulated by vegetable matter, and we are then left in uncertainty after the most searching investigation, though a decisive result is anxiously sought.

We must then admit, without hesitation, the occasional difficulty of distinguishing between an animal and a plant when the organization is rudimentary; but we have no sympathy with those authors who would dissuade us from all further inquiries by the dogmatical assertion that animals are developed from plants. When investigating the lower forms of animal life, and especially those which appear so rapidly in infusions, the questions are ever returning—Where is the germ of their vitality? and what is the type of their forms? These and such like inquiries must be answered conjecturally, and as the replies are usually unsupported by experiment or observation, no hypothesis can be positively demonstrated or refuted, but analogy

ZOOLOGY: INVERTEBRATED ANIMALS.

be trusted as the best and not altogether incompetent to scientific truth. Such subjects as these, however, are always selected by atheists, and the believers in accidental production, to obtain from science, by surprise, if possible, an argument in favour of dogmas she has frequently and indignantly rejected. The desolate and desolating doctrine of chance interference to creation is also fully adopted by the few men who, unable to look steadfastly at the ultimate results of their speculations upon society and themselves, or unwilling to confess the dogmas reprobated by so many of the virtuous and wise, regard the progressive development of living forms as a principle of nature: the growth of animals out of vegetables, and of complex organizations from those which are simple. To support this hypothesis, condemned by all known facts and analogies, they seize upon an unexplained phenomenon suited to their purpose, and assuming an explanation, treat their hypothesis as though it were a demonstration. When the spores of *Infusoria* were observed to move by cilia, like *Infusoria*, the principles of the doctrine of equivocal generation rashly affirmed the absolute transformation of vegetable matter into animal life had been observed, neglecting the more evident and undeniable conclusion of candid minds,—that the presence of cilia could not be an invariable proof of animal life. The *Infusoria*, true, are not produced from eggs; but the ordinary modes of their increase are known, and we perceive no one fact in the history of their development opposed to the conclusion affirmed and supported by every other zoological and ethnological investigation,—that specific forms had their origin in a single pair. These minute animals, so simple in their organization and modes of life, make their appearance, it is said, without a cause, and no one knows how, in vegetable infusions, even after the liquids have been boiled. The development hypothesis, however, solves the difficulty at once,—vegetable matter is the antecedent, and an animal the consequent. The assertion is without proof; but it is specious, though unphilosophical. In spite of the difficulty of giving a probable reason for the emission of specific character, and of explaining by what natural force and in what manner animal vitality is infused into reformed vegetable matter, it seems better to some minds to adopt an inexplicable hypothesis than to confess ignorance. The philosopher, however, admitting that there are phenomena which science cannot yet explain, rejects every assertion, and patiently continues his investigations. But the causes of the sudden appearance of animalcules in vegetable infusions is not always a mystery, for they are frequently transported by the atmosphere. Ehrenberg found

them in the trade winds, and they may be detected on a moistened plate of glass after it has been waved in the close atmosphere of a dwelling-room. All that we know of the distribution of microscopic animals is favourable to the supposition that they are usually conveyed by the atmosphere to the places where we are ignorantly surprised to find them, after many devices have been employed for their exclusion. They are also known to live in temperatures fatal to higher organizations; but to this power of supporting intense heat there is a limit, and an infusion may be boiled till every germ of life it contains is destroyed. When this has been done Infusoria will still appear after the liquid has been exposed to the atmosphere; but if no air be admitted without passing through sulphuric acid, caustic, potass, or a red-hot tube, no further evidence of animal life will be perceived.

A knowledge of the tenacity with which some of the invertebrated animals support life in a state of torpor and insensibility will frequently assist the student in understanding phenomena apparently resulting from the so-called equivocal generation. In some of the Entozoa (internal worms), the suspension of all the evidences of vitality is remarkable. Miram relates that he saw specimens of *ascaris acus*, removed from the body of a pike (*esox lucius*), revived by moisture after they had been long sticking to a board, hardened and apparently dead; and that one part of the animal was stiff when the other part was in motion. Rudolphi saw *ascaris speculigera*, removed hard and inflexible from the gullet of a cormorant which had been eleven days in spirits of wine, restored to activity by immersion in water. It is also well-known that the worm (*anguillula*) found in blighted corn will regain its activities after it has been for months and even years apparently lifeless. Leeuwenhoeck observed the same phenomenon in certain species of Rotifera, and the fact has been confirmed by numerous subsequent observers. In the opinion of those writers who regard the faculty of life as the effect of polar forces, death occurs in all these instances: but a creed is answerable for this unscientific conclusion. Humboldt speaks of the condition of an animal when in this state, as one of suspended animation, and our author says:—

“In this dessicated state life is potentially present, but does not announce itself by actual phenomena. If we choose to name this life latent, we must not call death itself a latent life. Certainly these animals are not dead, but their life is brought to a stand by the want of one of the most common and most necessary of vital stimuli—by the want of water.”

If we have not misinterpreted the opinions of the writers to whom we have alluded, they believe the lowest forms of

animal life to be developments of vegetable matter, and the higher to be improvements upon organization not quite so complex, and teach the possibility of the revivification of a dead animal by physical forces, just as a watch may be supplied with a new spring, or a lost fragment of the body may be reproduced by some of the radiates. These hypotheses, dressed in the phraseology of science, are but repetitions of the mistake of Isaac Walton, who believed "the mighty lucca or pike, the grant of the fresh-waters," to be generated by pickerell weed, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds apted for it by nature." The time will come when these errors will be denounced by all men of science, as they are now by the majority, as rash and equally foolish conclusions,—hasty generalization from imperfect knowledge, which is the common source of the conceits of philosophers and the mistakes of the public. We will close these remarks by quoting the judgment of Van Hoesen, who, disregarding the imputations of contending pleaders, and rejecting assertions foreign to the subject, states the argument without prejudice, though not hiding the bias of his mind, and leaves his readers to decide the negative or affirmative:—

"The constancy of form in the species, which had been overlooked by earlier observers in their experiments, or not understood, is irreconcilable with the view that these animal forms are produced by external forces as a mere sport of chance; but it is not by any means necessary to connect such a conception as this with the term equivocal generation. As long as it is not pretended by this term to afford an explanation, but only to indicate that there are some species that arise not from eggs, but *in a way that we are not able to explain*, from the decomposition of organic matter, so long do we believe that the expression cannot at present be dispensed with in physiology. The formation of Infusories is no primary production of organic matter. Their immediate origin from the organic matter of Infusions has never, as we believe, been observed at the very instant of its occurrence, and probably never will be. Even in the development from the egg, we never see the forming, but only the thing formed. In the case of the intestinal worms the same obscurity occurs, and the difficulty of applying the proposition, that all living creatures come from eggs, is but too obvious from the very constrained and improbable explanations which have been resorted to. The reason why organizable matter assumes those determinable forms that are distinguished as genera and species, is altogether unknown; and physiology is in the same degree unable to explain how it is that in the completely organized creature, developed from cells, in one part muscular fibre should arise, in another nerves, and cartilage in another."

In the "Hand-book of Zoology" we meet with frequent

allusions to subjects connected with the philosophy of the science, and the author always treats them in a candid spirit, with a perfect knowledge of facts, and a clear perception of their relations. The work is not merely a scientific system, though the classification occupies the larger number of pages ; but to the technical description of each class and the arrangement of its families, is prefixed a brief historical notice, and a lucid illustration of the anatomical and physiological characteristics of the animals it embraces. In these brief introductions facts are stated, and differences of opinion are candidly examined, and while recent investigations are explained, the subjects most needing research are pointed out.

In reference to the classification adopted by Van Høeven we have a few remarks to make ; and if we pass over the subject in haste, it is from want of pages, and not from a disregard to the importance and interest of the subject.

If the reader were required to propose an arrangement sufficiently comprehensive to receive all known animals, he would think long before he selected two characteristics so unobjectionable as the *εναίμα*, blooded, and *αναίμα*, bloodless, of Aristotle. Linnæus fully appreciated the value of this generalization when he constructed that system which laid the foundation of modern science. The animals Aristotle called bloodless, he called white-blooded, and formed upon the structure and action of the heart the six classes in which he comprised all living creatures. This generalization was worthy of the man, and it is no reproach to his comprehensive mind, or his marvellous powers of analysis and observation, that his system has been in part abandoned in consequence of the discovery that a heart is not a necessary organ in the economy of insects and worms. The four Linnæan classes of vertebrated animals were unaffected by this discovery, for "they are so truly characterized, and so firmly founded in nature," that we cannot but wonder why they were not perceived before. But it was evidently necessary to rearrange the classes, Insecta and Vermes. Cuvier, knowing that they had no internal skeleton analogous to that of more highly organized animals, called them Invertebrata. The division is accurate, and the term convenient and sufficiently expressive ; but a negative character cannot be used as a scientific description. Every change in the terms of the division proposed by Aristotle has, in fact, been made in error ; and we are compelled to acknowledge that, if the Animal Kingdom be divided into two orders, the division must be into red and white blooded animals.

In place of the two divisions, Vertebrates and Invertebrates, Cuvier adopted four in his later works, and that innovation upon old systems was an important step towards a natural classifica-

tion. This substitution of four orders in place of two, was effected by dividing the Invertebrata into Molluscs, Articulates, and Radiates. But Lamarck divided the Invertebrata into twelve classes, and it is of these with some alterations and one addition, that Van Hoesen treats in the present volume.

If we venture further with our author, we must follow him through the details of his classification,—show why he separates, in opposition to the opinion of Ehrenberg, the Rotifera from the Infusoria, and why the Bryozoa are removed from the Molluscs into the family of Arvellinga,—draw attention to the admirable investigation and arrangement of the Bryozoa,—explain the artificial and defective formation of the class Entozoa,—and, in fact, write an essay upon the present state of natural science as exhibited in the classification. In doing this we should occasionally, but not frequently, differ in opinion from the author upon matters of detail and arrangement, and, perhaps, object to some of the conclusions he draws from the observations of other naturalists. We are, however, too sensible of the valuable addition he has made to our library to cavil over small differences of opinion, or to acknowledge grudgingly the value of the “Hand-book of Zoology.”

ART. VI.—*A Vacation in Brittany.* By Charles Richard Weld. With Illustrations. London: Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly. 1856.

Few parts of France have been less visited by the restless natives of our island, yet few present greater attractions than the extensive district of Brittany. Much of its surface is still covered by forests, marshes, and heaths, and traversed by rough and almost impracticable roads; yet this very inequality of surface, and difficulty of access, have enabled it still to preserve its original Celtic population, whose quaint dresses, wild legends, and popular superstitions, seem to belong rather to the gorgeous and romantic past, than to the tame and matter-of-fact present. Everything is redolent of the sixteenth, rather than of the nineteenth century; and there is a mysterious mediæval atmosphere still surrounding its war-worn castles, noble churches, and grey, time-honoured towns, which it is quite refreshing to meet with in this prosaic and practical age. It will thus be obvious that the tourist, in Brittany, enjoys the great advantage of entering upon a country comparatively unhacknied and unknown. Nature is beautiful and various; and modern civilization and refinement have not yet destroyed all her wild charms. Life,

manners, and costume are still primitive and peculiar in this remote province; and in Lower Brittany, Celtic is, even now, the language almost universally spoken. The name of Britannia was bestowed by Sulpitius Severus, on account of a migration of the Britons, who left their island about the beginning of the fourth century, and settled in this part of France. Before that epoch Brittany was known by the Celtic name of Armorica—the words “Ar-Mor,”* in that language signifying, “on the sea;” and no designation, certainly, could be more appropriate or characteristic; for the whole country, besides being nearly surrounded by the sea, is indented by numerous deep bays, and long winding creeks.

Brittany for centuries was a separate and independent duchy, and was not united to the crown of France until the reign of Louis XII.; and, even after that period, it continued to retain its own feudal states, which assembled every two years down to the time of the great French Revolution, which finally swept them away. Like Normandy, Brittany abounds in quaint weather-stained buildings, and in glorious churches, which present great attractions to the antiquarian and the artist. Its Druidical remains, too, are unrivalled in number and magnitude, while its rivers, lakes, and forests, afford to the sportsman a tempting variety of fish and game. Lodging and living also are remarkably cheap, more so, perhaps, than in any other part of France; and, although at some of the inns in the more unfrequented localities, the traveller may find the fare rude and the accommodation scanty; yet, in others, the provisions are excellent, and, everywhere, beds clothed with linen of spotless purity, will invite him to repose. While travelling in Brittany, however, it is not advisable to rely much upon the conveyances. Diligences have there degenerated into miserable abortions called “pataches,” and the tourist who trusts to them will frequently find himself on the road when he expects to be in bed. They, and all other public conveyances, are inconvenient and uncomfortable, and in order to make a pleasant and profitable tour, it is absolutely necessary to walk, ride on horseback, or travel in a private carriage. Private conveyances, however, may be hired at a moderate rate, and at Dinan, Mr. Weld hired a cabriolet, for which he paid only ten francs a day, the driver maintaining himself and horse, and engaging to start and stop at whatever hours Mr. Weld pleased, and to diverge from the highways whenever he chose. It is advisable to enter into an express agreement of this kind, as Breton

* It is worth observing that the words “Po-Mor” in Slavonic have exactly the same meaning. Hence Pomerania, on the Baltic.

voituriers, like those of Italy and Germany, are fond of trying to have their own way, which will often prove to be exactly the reverse of that desired by the tourist.

The Breton peasantry are, upon the whole, a fine manly race, although still very ignorant and superstitious: those upon the sea-coast make the best sailors in France. They are numerous and poor; much of the surface of the country being broken up into small farms, seldom exceeding twelve acres, and still cultivated according to the old and clumsy processes to which the Bretons obstinately adhere, although the introduction of an improved mode of agriculture would speedily change their wild and barren moorlands into waving corn-fields. The Bretons are commonly said to have five virtues and three vices; the virtues being—love of their country, resignation under the will of God, loyalty, perseverance, and hospitality; and the vices—avarice, contempt of women, and drunkenness. They are passionately fond of listening to legends and ballads, of which a striking illustration was afforded when their country was ravaged by cholera. In vain did the authorities print and circulate thousands of placards throughout the towns and villages, advising the inhabitants how to act. They were treated as waste-paper; and the disease was spreading fast, when a bookseller, who knew the power of ballads on the people, happily hit on the expedient of turning the medical men's advice, as set forth in their grave placards, into jingling rhymes, which were speedily circulated through Brittany; and with such good effect, that the cholera, to use their own words, was "*chansonné hors de la Bretagne*."

Mr. Weld's travels commenced at the town of Granville, where he was landed by the Jersey steamer, and underwent a rigorous examination at the custom-house, owing to the fierce paper-war which Victor Hugo and the other French refugees congregated in the Channel Islands were then carrying on against the French Emperor. At Avranches, he visited the site of the magnificent cathedral, destroyed by the fury of a revolutionary mob, where Henry II. of England, after the murder of Thomas à Becket, received apostolical absolution from the Papal legates. From Avranches, Mr. Weld proceeded to the celebrated Mont St. Michael, whose conical granite rock, surrounded by ancient buildings and massive fortifications, towers upwards from an almost boundless waste of sand. This rock was once the favourite abode of Druidical priestesses who wore crowns of vervain, and carried golden quivers filled with magic arrows, which, when discharged by youths who had never known the passion of love, were reputed to have the power of allaying storms. Mariners, and those about engaging on mari-

time expeditions, were particularly desirous to be furnished with these arrows, and when the expedition proved successful, the youth who had accompanied the ship, was sent to the priestesses with presents; if these were acceptable, he was welcomed, and rewarded by the love of the fairest priestess, who marked her approbation and passion by attaching to his garments as many golden shells as she had given him proofs of her love. After the extinction of Druidism, the Romans raised an altar on the rock to Jupiter, who was worshipped there until the middle of the third century; and, three centuries later, the archangel Michael, who had obtained dominion over all high places, appeared there before St. Aubert, bishop of Avranches, and ordered him to build a church to the living God upon the summit of the rock. The bishop, unwilling to obey the command, was made sensibly aware of the holy power of the angel, by the latter placing his finger on the prelate's forehead, which, says the legend, left a hole in the bishop's skull. Thus warned, he set to work in good earnest, and a church was speedily erected; relics were discovered, and the donations of the faithful flowed rapidly in. Monarchs and princes granted rich endowments to the church and adjacent monastery; and the shrine of St. Michael soon became one of the richest in Christendom. To guard these accumulated treasures, strong fortifications were constructed, and the monks of St. Michael became possessed of great power and influence, so much so, that they were able to contribute six ships of war to the armament of William the Conqueror. Mont St. Michael was often besieged, and as often bade defiance to the power of its assailants, thanks to the valour of its warrior-monks, the "Knights of St. Michael," as they were called. Now, its glories have faded; and the noble halls which often echoed to the footfall of kings and princes, are at present filled with prisoners and weaving-loom; and the once-gorgeous church, in which the image of the archangel Michael may still be seen, is used as a dining-room for criminals.

The sea-port of St. Malo is distinguished as the birth-place of Chateaubriand, who was born in what is now the "Hôtel de France;" where enthusiastic tourists are charged fifteen francs for a night's lodging in the room where the great author first saw the light. The illustrious poet always retained a strong love for his native place; and, when sixty years old, addressed a letter to the authorities of the town requesting that a small corner of earth might be granted him for his grave at the extremity of the Grand Bay. His request was at once complied with, and his fellow-townsmen charged themselves with the care of providing him with a tomb. It stands on the verge of the precipitous cliff bounding the Grand Bay, against which

A VACATION IN BRITTANY.

the sea continually breaks, making such music in the recesses of the rocks as a poet loves to hear.

Within a couple of miles of St. Malo's, stands the fashionable watering-place of Servan, where Mr. Weld met with a curious specimen of Gallic-English, in the shape of a gigantic placard affixed to an hotel, announcing, among its various attractions, that it has "the benefit and comfort of being close to beautiful graves!" the said graves being the translator's easy, though not very faithful, rendering of the French *grèves*, which means "sands." The town of Dinan, built on a considerable eminence, surrounded on three sides by a defile nearly 300 feet deep, watered by the Rance, girdled by ancient walls and towers, and bright with gardens full of lovely flowers, is one of the most delightful places in Brittany. It has also the advantage of being exceedingly cheap; in proof of which Mr. Weld tells us, that he was most comfortably lodged and boarded for five francs a day. The fortifications of Dinan are of immense strength; and among the many noble warriors who figure in its history, the chivalrous Bertrand Duguesclin holds the most conspicuous place. It was in the *Place Duguesclin* that the lists were prepared, in which he overcame, in a terrible combat *à outrance*, Thomas de Cantorbéry, an English knight, who, contrary to all the rules of war, had seized Duguesclin's brother during a truce, and retained him as a prisoner. A truce was declared while the duel was fought; the Duke of Lancaster and the Governor of Dinan were both present, and Chandos, in the true spirit of knightly courtesy, lent Duguesclin an English charger and a suit of English armour.

There is a singular custom prevalent in Brittany with regard to the treatment of the dead, which is thus described by Mr. Weld:—

"On my way to Paimpol, I turned aside to see the church of Kaerfert, being attracted by the quaintness of the architecture and a beautiful Calvary in the adjoining burying-ground. After examining the cross, which is singularly perfect, I entered the church porch, where I saw a curious exhibition. About ten feet from the ground were ranged some two or three hundred little black boxes, shaped like a dog's kennel, with sloping roofs, two feet long, one broad, and one deep, having a heart-shaped opening at one end, which was generally surmounted by a cross. Within, and close to the aperture of each box, appeared a skull, scowling strangely with orbless sockets on the spectator. Above the opening were the words in white letters, 'Ci git le chef de —,' followed by the name of the person to whom the head belonged, and the date of decease; concluding with 'Priez-Dieu pour son âme.' The curious custom exists in some parts of Brittany of disinterring the bones of the dead when they are supposed to be divested of flesh, and placing the skulls in

these black boxes. Where this is observed, the larger bones are generally piled in an ossuary. This edifice, which is called 'La chapelle des morts,' stands near the church, and is constructed to accommodate tiers of bones."

In one district of Brittany, the memory of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table is interwoven with all the popular beliefs and legends, and celebrated in many an ancient ballad. Every spot around the small sea-port of Perros-Guirec is associated with romance. The coast is savage, iron-bound, and bristling with jagged rocks; and yet here it was, according to the old bards, that King Arthur held his brilliant court, at which his wife the "white as silver" Guenaréhan, and the lovely Brangwaim, dazzled all beholders. According to Breton authorities, the remains of the chivalrous monarch repose in the small island of Agalon, opposite Kerduel, from which, after fulfilling the prescribed term of his residence in fairy-land, he will return to reign over his beloved people. In the middle ages, the Bretons, in all their solemnities, were accustomed to chant the refrain "Non! le roi Arthur n'est pas mort!" and, even now, they cling with singular tenacity to their ancient superstitions; one of which was, that, before every battle, Arthur's army appeared at dawn, riding over the dark mountain-tops, warning the people to arm; and to this day, the Breton *sôneur*, or ballad-singer, is never more warmly applauded than when he sings the thrilling song *Balle-Arsur*, or Arthur's March.

The small town of St. Pol de Leon boasts of one of the largest cathedrals in Brittany; where also Mr. Weld observed the skulls of many of the old bishops, in their strange-looking skull coffins, ranged on the ledges and cornices of the altars in the small chapels around the church. But besides the cathedral, this town possesses an exquisite specimen of florid Gothic architecture in the beautiful church of Creisker,* built by the great Duke of Brittany Jean IV.; and, according to local tradition, the architect, whose name has perished, was an Englishman. The body of the building is rich in Gothic ornament; but it is on the spire that the architect has lavished all the wealth of his genius, and displayed all the resources of his art.

"It rises," says our author, "to the dizzy height of 393 feet, springing from four pillars at the intersection of the transepts, nave, and choir, and is composed entirely of granite. No beam, iron brace, or girder is used; and it is open from the top to within 80 feet of the bottom. Standing within it at this altitude, you look up the tapering interior, the whole of which is rendered perfectly visible by openings in the sides. Truly, Vauban used no hyperbole, when he

* Creisker is the Breton term for middle or centre.

called it a unique architectural *tour de force*, for it is without a rival in boldness, and at the same time lightness of construction. The granite of which it is built is cut into slabs, disposed like tiles, diminishing in size as they approach the top. You must ascend to the gallery running round the summit of the tower from whence the spire springs, to be fully impressed by this wonder of architecture. Exquisite, small, and slender *tourelles* rise from the four corners, each a Gothic gem of cunning workmanship. It is satisfactory to know that this beautiful church has been included among the *Monumens Historiques* of France, and will henceforth be kept in repair by the Government."

Brest, one of the first-class naval fortresses of France, is the largest city in Brittany. Its importance originated with the great Cardinal Richelieu, who, with the quick eye of genius, perceived its extraordinary capabilities as a harbour and arsenal. The castle, fortified by Vauban, is of immense strength, its *souterrains* are of enormous and unknown extent, and numerous passages are now blocked up, leading to dungeons and oubliettes below those at present accessible. The dockyard and arsenal are not shown without a special order from the Minister of Marine in Paris; but they may be seen by any one who chooses to undergo the fatigue of ascending the church tower, from the summit of which the town, dockyard, arsenal, roadstead, and magnificent harbour, seem spread out like a map below the spectator. The dockyard is very small compared with that of Woolwich or Portsmouth, and but little activity is observable within its walls. The glory of Brest, however, is its roadstead, within which 500 ships of the line can ride in perfect safety during the fiercest gale. Beyond the roadstead, extends the harbour, like a vast inland sea, the entrance to which is through a narrow strait called the *Goulet*, divided by a chain of rocks, which obliges all ships entering the harbour to pass immediately under a range of batteries at the mouth. The sailors' barracks, a feature peculiar to France, are a magnificent pile of buildings erected upon a hill, and capable of containing 20,000 men. At the time of Mr. Weld's visit, they were tenanted by about 5,000 remarkably smart fellows, mostly natives; for Bretons have always formed a large proportion of the French navy.

The following is an animated description of the celebrated *Bagnes*, or prison of Brest, to which the worst class of criminals is consigned:—

"Though I was prepared for a painful exhibition, the reality was blacker than the anticipated picture. Having complied with the requisite formalities, I was conducted by a *garde* through extensive passages into a hall about 300 feet long and 50 broad, furnished with a great number of sloping wooden platforms, about 4 feet apart, and

so disposed as to allow free passage round the room. These form the beds of the convicts, who at night, and when not at work in the dockyard, are secured to them. Those under the heaviest sentences are also chained in pairs. They are attired in a loose red serge coat and yellow trowsers. When I entered the hall, they had just been chained to the platforms, and those I saw, with few exceptions, possessed physiognomies of the most forbidding nature. To intimidate and suppress revolt, cannon loaded with grape, are placed at the ends of the room, and so adjusted as to sweep the entire apartment. Talking is strictly forbidden; and, during the periods of labour, which are extremely long, the prisoners are overlooked by hard task-masters, who compel them to work without any relaxation. At the time of my visit, the Bagnes contained about 4,000 prisoners, but there is chain accommodation for double that number."

During the summer months, a steamer sails every day along the whole length of the harbour from Brest to Port Launay, a distance of forty-six miles. In some places the scenery is exceedingly beautiful; and, beyond Daoulas Bay, much resembles that of Loch Lomond and the Trosachs, the steamer winding through long reaches of water, reflecting steep hills of varied and picturesque forms. At some distance from Brest, in the midst of a dreary moorland, with no object around to detract from its vastness, stands the Menhir* of Kerloaz, the largest upright Druidical monument in Brittany, consisting of a single block of granite 37 feet 9 inches high, with a quadrangular base, having a curious round protuberance on two of its sides, about three feet from the ground. Near Loc-Maria-Ker, or the Place of the Virgin Mary, lie the remains of another Menhir, once the largest in the world; but it has now been overthrown and broken. When entire, it measured 61 feet 4 inches long, and 33 feet 4 inches in circumference at the base. It has been broken into four fragments, which, with one exception, fit so accurately, and are in such close juxtaposition, as to leave no doubt of their having been originally one stone.

"The setting-up of such a pillar," says Mr. Weld, "computed to weigh 260 tons, is even more perplexing and astonishing than the manner in which it has been destroyed; and, in the absence of machinery, we must presume that it could only have been erected by a vast amount of human force. The obelisk at Rome—which, though fifteen feet longer than that at Loc-Maria-Ker, weighs only 150 tons—required, according to Fontana, with all the advantages of mechanical science, nearly 900 men and 70 horses to raise it, and the cost of the operation amounted to 120,000 francs."

At the village of Kerdevot, about ten miles from the town of

* The term Menhir is derived from two Breton words *Maen*, "stone," and *hir*, "long," and means simply a stone set in the ground with its longest axis vertical.

A VACATION IN BRITTANY.

Quimper, Mr. Weld witnessed the strange, and interesting spectacle of a Breton "pardon;" and we cannot do better than present our readers with his lively sketch of this singular ceremony :—

"Every church in Lower Brittany is supposed to be under the protection of a patron saint, who, unlike the dormant saints of churches generally, continues to work miracles in favour of the faithful, and has the power of procuring pardon for sinners. The popularity of the pardons varies entirely according to the reputed sanctity of the saint, and the power with which he is supposed to be endowed. Some saints are famed for their protection of men, others of women, others of children; while some, as St. Cornely, is believed to take cattle under his especial care, and his pardon is consequently attended by hundreds of beasts, driven by their owners to his church, in order that the animals may be touched by the saint's relics. Nor are inanimate objects without their patron saint. St. Fiacol, for example, is protector of plants; the legend of his life declaring that he cultivated botany and the heavenly virtues with equal fervour. On one day at least in each year, the saints' relics are displayed with great solemnity; and it is on these occasions that, after passing through a certain ordeal of church discipline, penitents are shrived or, in other words, obtain pardon and remission for their sins. If the saint enjoys a reputation for great sanctity, his pardon is resorted to by thousands of devotees who crowd his church; and the priests, who are not antagonistic to these proceedings, find, at the close of the pardon, that the saint's *coffre*, or money-box, is heavy with the offerings of the multitude. Great pardons generally last three days. The night before they commence, the church bells are tolled; the interior is decorated with flowers; and the effigies of the saints are clothed in the Breton local costumes. Then commence the observances; but pardons are not confined to these alone."

The peasantry repair to these pardons dressed in their gayest attire, and, no sooner have the rites of the church been finished, than they are followed by scenes of the utmost license and the wildest dissipation; which are thus characterized by the pen of that eloquent Breton, Emile Souvestre: "*La sainte cérémonie finit le plus souvent par une orgie. A peine le cantique est-il achevé, que les rangs des pèlerins se rompent; des cris de joie, des appels, des rires éclatants succèdent au recueillement de la procession. La foule des pénitents se rassemble sur la place, où tous doivent coucher pêle-mêle sur la terre nue. Femmes et garçons se mêlent, se rencontrent, se prennent au bras, s'agaçent, se poursuivent à travers les rues obscures; et le lendemain, quand le jour se lève, bien des jeunes filles égarées rejoignent leurs mères le front rouge et les yeux honteux, avec une péché de plus à avouer au recteur de la paroisse.*"*

* Les Derniers Bretons.

During the luxurious ages that preceded the downfall of the Roman empire in the West, the Roman ladies used to give large sums for the fair locks of the British damsels, whose golden tresses they loved to interweave among their own darker locks ; and, in modern Brittany, an active traffic in hair is still kept up. At the "pardon" of Kerdevot, Mr. Weld saw a hair-merchant, armed with a large pair of scissors, busily engaged in cutting off the luxuriant *chevelures* which, anywhere but in Brittany, would have been deemed the pride and glory of the young girls. Yet they parted with them for three small handkerchiefs of gaudy patterns, and scarcely worth a dozen sous ; and those whose tresses were not sufficiently long to suit the fastidious taste of the hair-merchant, seemed deeply mortified at their rejection.

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Weld's delightful volume, is that devoted to the description of the unrivalled Druidical remains that strew the plain of Carnac. This is a vast undulating moorland, warmed by the rich hues of the purple heather, swelling here and there into low hills, and bounded on the south by the ocean. It is almost nine miles distant from the town of Auray in Lower Brittany. There are no existing Druidical remains at all comparable in extent to those of Carnac ; the lines of stones can still be traced for eight miles, and there is every reason to believe that they originally extended four miles farther in the direction of Loc-Maria-Ker ; nor are they confined to the great plain of Carnac. The peninsula of Quiberon, which extends nine miles to the south-west, is covered with similar remains, and the islands in the sea of Morbihan, opposite Loc-Maria-Ker, also contain Celtic monuments. These monuments are of different descriptions, and may be divided into Menhirs (already explained), Galgals, Tumuli, Dolmens, and Cromlechs. A Galgal is a heap of stones for sepulchral or worshipping purposes ; a Tumulus is a heap generally of earth or stones, raised over graves ; a Dolmen consists of one or more large stones reposing on others set lengthwise in the ground, and is derived from the Breton *taul* or *daul*, a table, and *maen*, a stone. This kind of monument is also called *pierre levée* and *table du Diable* and is very common in the Morbihan. The Cromlech, or *chaudron du Diable*, consists of stones arranged in a circular or elliptical form, occasionally covered by cap-stones. The term is derived from the Breton *crom*, signifying bent or round, and *lech*, place, or stone.

It has been calculated that the original number of the stones of Carnac must have been 20,000 ; and, at present, there are still 12,000 remaining. They have been extensively used for building purposes ; and 2,000 stones at least are said to have been

removed, between St. Barbe and Carnac alone, a distance of only five furlongs. It is, however, satisfactory to be able to add, that the attention of the French government has at length been drawn to this subject, and that a conservator of antiquities has been appointed for the department of Morbihan, so that this great monument will be secured against any further depredations. St. Michael's Mount, an artificial tumulus, supposed to have been raised in honour of Bel, and about a quarter of a mile distant from the village of Carnac, is the point of view embracing the greatest number of stones; and, from this eminence, the scene is singularly striking and impressive; long lines of huge stones hoary with the age of twenty centuries, and spotted with mosses and lichens, stretch away on every side in long avenues, some strait and continuous, others broken and winding; the nearer stones rising like towers, the more remote seeming like grey dots on the face of the vast heath.

Mr. Weld states at some length the various theories which have been framed with reference to the origin and uses of the stones of Carnac; and arrives at the conclusion that there is no reason for doubting that they formed a temple, or a series of temples, for heathen worship; and the existence of sacrificial altars among them seems to lend support to this view; for the Celts, as is well known, were in the habit of offering, through their priests, human victims to the gods. One of the monuments at Carnac is strikingly illustrative of this terrible custom; for it is not only hollowed out in such a manner as to receive the body and head of a human victim, but is also provided with channels, which branch off from the trench where the neck is supposed to have been confined to the exterior of the stone, and which are imagined to have been made to carry off the victim's blood. He afterwards notices another theory connected with Carnac; namely, that the stones belonged originally to one vast Dracontium or Serpent Temple, consecrated to the 'god Bel, who was symbolized by the hierogram of the circle and serpent. According to this view of the subject, all the important Druidical monuments in England are only smaller types of the mighty Dracontium of Carnac, the stony folds of which, extended at least eight miles, with a breadth so much greater than that of the English temples, that while these have only two parallel rows of stones, that of Carnac has eleven. Breton traditions also seem to favour the idea that Carnac was a great serpent-temple. The word *Hak* or *Ak*, in the old Celtic language means a serpent; and thus Carn-Hak would signify the Serpent's Hill or Mound; and a priest is still called by the Bretons *Belech*, which is considered identical with the scriptural Balak or Bel.

But an excursion to the plain of Carnac, although it gives a

very impressive idea of the magnitude of the Celtic remains in this part of Brittany, is not sufficient ; the traveller ought also to visit Loc-Maria-Ker, in order to realize fully the labours of that mysterious people who have left behind them such vast and enduring monuments in this barren and remote district of France. In order to do this, Mr. Weld hired a strong but clumsy boat at Auray, rejoicing in the name of "La belle Jeannette." She was navigated by six persons, consisting of two men, a boy, and three sturdy women ; and yet for his ship and crew he was charged only twelve francs, the voyage occupying a whole day. The sea of Morbihan, whither his course was bent, means in Breton, "the Little Sea," and bears a bad reputation from the roughness of its waters, and the intricacy of the navigation. It is, however, deservedly famous for its oysters, which were well known to the Romans, and of which Ausonius says,—

"Sunt et Armorici qui laudent ostrea ponti."

The waters of the Morbihan rush out through one narrow outlet, and within, the tides are also very strong, so that it is a work of no little difficulty to land upon the islands, which are said to be as numerous as the days of the year. Mr. Weld, however, was fortunate enough to be able to land upon Gavr' Innis, or Goat's Island, near the summit of which there is a famous cromlech, which he thus describes :—

"The entrance, facing the west, consists of a low narrow gallery ten feet long, requiring the visitor to crawl through it on hands and knees. Beyond this the cromlech expands to a little chamber running east and west. The bottom, sides, and top of this are composed, with one exception, of huge granite slabs, the exceptional case being a block of pure quartz, a substance not found on the isle. The largest superficial stone is twenty-three feet long and eighteen broad. Besides the singular locality of this mysterious monument, it is additionally curious from the circumstance that nearly all the stones forming the sides, have their interior surfaces covered with fantastic sculptures, which bear considerable resemblance to the designs in tattooing."

The Morbihan, as may be supposed from its wild character, abounds in legends, and the peasantry around are extremely superstitious. They have been happily termed by an eloquent writer, "baptized Celts," and still preserve the Druidical mythology under a thin veil of Christianity, and every Druidical monument inspires them with awe and superstitious veneration. During his voyage, our author enjoyed an opportunity of dredging for, and eating the famous oysters before alluded to. "Lucullus," he says, "did wisely in sending to Armorica for his

oysters, but he would have done better had he gone to the Morbihan to eat them—they are delicious.”

The Druidical monuments near Loc-Maria-Ker are as remarkable for their prodigious size, as those of Carnac for their number. The enormous prostrate Menhir we have already described; but, besides this, there is a Dolmen of vast extent situated about a quarter of a mile from the water, the top of which is formed of three stones, the largest being twenty-nine feet long, sixteen feet four inches broad, and one foot eight inches thick; and a few yards from the great Menhir, there is a similar structure, whose roof consists of one stone, eighteen feet long and twelve feet eight inches wide. A flint knife and a large quantity of cinders were found within this Dolmen, which seems to render it extremely probable that it was devoted to sacrificial purposes. The huge shattered monolith of Loc-Maria-Ker lies at the eastern extremity of the extensive monuments of Carnac, which, there is good reason to believe, once extended nearly to its base: and Mr. Weld seems inclined to think, that it may, perhaps, have been the principal type of the great divinity of that mysterious people, who engrafted their superstitious belief in stones, on the setting up of the pillar by the patriarch Jacob.

“Deprived as we are,” he says, “when examining the monuments of Carnac, of any assistance from the lights of history, we are naturally very much tempted to indulge in speculations, many of which are doubtless as wild as the legends to which the Bretons cling with hereditary fondness. But if we incline to the belief that the stones of Carnac—and by this expression I desire to include all the monuments studding the vast plain extending from Belz to Loc-Maria-Ker, a distance of nearly thirteen miles, formed originally a great heathen temple, then it is extremely probable that the east end of the main avenue was purposely terminated by a gigantic obelisk, which, among the serried ranks of stones, was the first and last to catch the rays of the rising and setting sun.”

We shall conclude our notice of Mr. Weld’s instructive and fascinating volume by extracting, for the benefit of our readers, the veritable legend of the Breton Bluebeard:—

“In the middle of the sixth century, on the site of a castle whose ruins may still be seen about four miles from the town of Auray, stood a stronghold, occupied by a baron whose name was Commore, but who is familiarly known by the *soubriquet* of Barbe-Bleu de la Basse-Bretagne, to distinguish him from Gîles de Retz, the veritable Barbe-Bleu. He was noted for his crimes, but particularly for his habit of killing his wives as soon as he discovered that they were *enceinte*. He had just destroyed his fourth wife, when he became enamoured of the beautiful Triphyne, daughter of Guérech, Count of

Vannes, with whom he was on terms of great enmity. Unable, as may be readily imagined, to obtain by personal application her consent to become his wife, he sought the assistance of St. Gildas, whom he had propitiated by costly gifts to the church, and a show of repentance. Gildas, deceived by fair promises, undertook to intercede for the Baron with the Count, and assured the latter that, if he would give his daughter to Commore, she would be kindly treated; that if, however, the Baron took a dislike to her, he had made a vow not to kill her, but restore the lady to Gildas, who would place her in the hands of her father uninjured; and, moreover, that the Baron would make certain concessions to the Count, by which means the enmity of many years standing would be terminated. The Count listened attentively, but was unwilling to accede, until, at length, the saint's eloquent protestations of the Baron's sincerity gained his consent, and Triphyne was given to the Baron; for the story belongs to the good old days when marriages were contracted by the parents without consulting the wishes of their children. Well, the marriage, which was very unpopular, was celebrated with great pomp at Vannes, and the Baron departed with his bride to his castle. For some months she was, or at least seemed happy, when one day she was terrified by a sudden change in her husband's behaviour, while, at the same time, his face assumed such a ferocious expression as to frighten her out of her senses. Terrified, she escaped from the castle, and, mounting her palfrey, galloped towards Vannes. But, alas! her husband, having been apprized of her departure, rode in hot haste after her. The poor lady soon discovered that she was pursued, and by the person most dreaded. In vain did she urge her panting steed; the cruel Baron gradually gained upon her. Wild with alarm, she threw herself from her horse, and ran into a wood by the roadside, where she hoped to escape detection; but it was too late. The Baron dragged her from the hiding-place, and, grasping her beautiful hair, regardless of tears and entreaties that her life might be spared, smote off her head; and having wiped his sword, rode home, believing that his deed had not been seen. But he was mistaken; a peasant, too timid to interfere, saw the dreadful act, and hastened to tell the tale to Count Guérech.

“The unhappy father, remembering that it was at the solicitation of St. Gildas that he had given his daughter to the Baron, and also remembering that the saint had covenanted to restore her to him unharmed, in case of her husband becoming tired of her, sent for Gildas, and demanded how he could reconcile what had happened to his daughter, with his promise. On receiving the intelligence that Triphyne had been barbarously murdered, the saint was greatly moved and wept bitterly; then he desired to be conducted to the spot where the corpse lay. Falling on his knees, beside the mutilated body, he prayed long and earnestly; then rising, he placed her decapitated head upon her body, and cried with a loud voice, ‘Triphyne! Triphyne! in the name of the most powerful God, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, rise up, and tell me where thou hast

BAILY'S TOUR IN NORTH AMERICA.

"The lady forthwith arose, and declared before a crowd of people who had assembled round her, that angels were on the point of bearing her into Paradise, when the words of St. Gildas recalled her soul to earth, and restored her body to her father. Nor did the saint stop here: proceeding to the Baron's castle, he ordered the gates to be thrown open, but, being denied admittance, he seized a handful of dust, and casting it against the building, the walls crumbled to the ground with a fearful noise, crushing the wicked Baron in their fall, and all attempts to rebuild it have since proved abortive."

ART. VII.—*Journal of a Tour in Unsettled Parts of North America in 1796 and 1797.* By the late Francis Baily, F.R.S., President of the Royal Astronomical Society. With a Memoir of the Author. London: Baily Brothers. 1856.

FRANCIS BAILY appeared to the world in three characters—as a traveller, as a man of business, and as an astronomer. Had he published his memoirs at the time when they were written, he would certainly have gained a name among enterprising explorers; as a stock-broker he acquired a handsome independence; as an astronomer, a high and lasting reputation.

Born on the 28th April, 1774, he was placed by his father, a banker of Newbury, at the school of the Rev. Mr. Best, where he received the basis of an excellent education. When quite a boy, he displayed so striking a propensity to physical inquiry, and so earnest an application to all classes of study, that he procured among his young friends the soubriquet of the "Philosopher of Newbury." In the establishment of Mr. Best, however, he was merely initiated in the rudiments of general knowledge; all his proficiency in the sciences, through which he gained so eminent a name, he acquired by self-culture. At fourteen, he quitted school, and until his twenty-second year, remained in a house of business in the City, when having served his time, he embarked for America, his travels in which country—varied, picturesque, and romantic in the highest degree—are described in the present volume.

On his return to Europe, he entered, about 1801, into partnership with Mr. Whitmore, of the Stock-Exchange. The many small works which he then produced in his leisure hours, procured him a considerable amount of popularity. One, in particular, was so highly esteemed, that when it was out of print, copies used to sell for four or five times their original price. In 1820, he distinguished himself by promoting the

foundation of the Astronomical Society, the secretaryship of which he honourably filled for three years. In 1821, he became a member of three other societies, and in 1825, retiring from the Stock Exchange, he devoted himself entirely to the pursuit of science.

To give an idea of his quiet, yet eventful life, would be beside our purpose, our present object being to consider his voyage to, and travels in America. It will be sufficient to say, that after a life spent in the display of talents rather sober and solid than brilliant,—a life, during which he made himself obnoxious to no one, but called forth the earnest friendship and admiration of many, he died on the 30th August, 1844, at the age of seventy years and four months.

Mr. Baily's travels comprise a voyage to, and an account of Antigua; a brief survey of New York; an excursion in an open boat from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, down the Ohio and Mississippi; the incidents of his journey by land, through the forest-wilds to Natchez, to Nashville, and thence to Knoxville. They occupied the better part of two years, during which he experienced great privations, at one time, "passing eleven months without the shelter of a civilized roof."

On Wednesday, the 21st October, 1795, he embarked on board the *Jay*, Captain O'Brien, then lying at Gravesend, and bound for New York. Almost directly after leaving the Downs they experienced a terrible storm, from which, however, the ship happily escaped. Towards the end of December—what a difference between travelling then and now!—they came into the latitude of the Bermuda Islands, "the still-vexed Bermoothes," where they beat about for two days without being able to discover land, so low were the rocks and so stormy was the weather. They were at length obliged to bear away to Antigua, and after passing Barbadoes, with its perpetual verdure and its herds of cattle grazing amid the green trees, they arrived there on the 28th. "The view" he observes, "of the distant islands of Nevis, St. Kitts, Montserrat, and Guadaloupe, and of the sea from different parts of this highly romantic country, added to that agreeable variety of hill and dale with which this island is interspersed, makes the scenery very picturesque and enchanting."

Sailing thence on the 24th January, 1796, he arrived, towards the middle of February, at Norfolk, in Virginia, a poor, mean-looking town. Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Bristol, are described minutely; and the road from the last place to Trenton was "most enchanting." After passing through New York, the travellers moved on rapidly to the North Mountain, the descent of which was most romantic and picturesque. From Sideling

Hill to the Junietta river, the road lay through a narrow, winding path, apparently cut out of the mountain. The sun had not set, but was hidden from the travellers by the heights towering around them, so that the road was enveloped in deep gloom. A distant light presently broke over them, and roused Baily from the reverie into which the obscurity of the road had thrown him. The first sight that presented itself to his eyes was the Junietta river gently winding between steep hills, crowned with forests of dense verdure; the sun just glinting on the rocks and on the waters, and the opposite of the mountain enveloped in deep gloom.

It was sunset when they reached the summit of the opposite hill, where they found themselves in the midst of a mountainous and woody country; the Junietta winding and flowing on each side of them at the foot of the slope, and the far-off mountains rising in wild grandeur beyond. By moonlight, along a dark path amid the woods, they reached a lonely inn in the Warriors' Gap. Remaining here some days, they amused themselves by shooting on the mountains, but being "very young hands," they were always unsuccessful.

M. Laches, a general in the French army, intending to proceed down the Ohio in a small skiff which he had purchased, Baily and his friend agreed to accompany him. Accordingly, on the 18th October, they started, and glided swiftly down this beautiful stream. On the following morning they parted from the general, and, gun in hand, struck into the woods. Reaching Pittsburgh in the evening, they started from this town next day, and together with some other adventurers, once more descended the stream.

The gentleman who accompanied Baily intended establishing a settlement on the Miami river, and had, therefore, furnished himself with every article necessary for his new habitation. Our travellers were, therefore, better off than many of their companions. On November 29th, large pieces of ice were beheld on the river, and constrained them to go on shore and suspend their voyage for three days. Resuming it, however, they floated on, meeting here and there with obstructions—passing towns and villages, until on December 10th, the whole of the travellers moored their boats in company, and taking to the land, subsisted entirely on the produce of their hunting.

Remaining here for some time, amid the most wild and romantic scenery, they were startled, on the 21st December, by the breaking up of the ice, accompanied by a roaring as of thunder; the boats were lost, and they were obliged to fix upon the spot as their winter habitation. The picture of the river after the breaking up of the ice is full of interest:—

“When morning approached, a scene the most distressing presented itself. The river was one floating wreck! Nothing could be discerned amidst the vast bodies of ice (some of which were as big as a moderate-sized house), but trees which had been torn up from the banks, and the boats of many a family, who had scarcely time to escape unhurt from such an unlooked-for event, and whose whole property, perhaps scraped together to form a settlement in this distant territory, was now floating away, a prey to the desolating flood. Canoes, skiffs, flatts, in fact everything which was opposed to its fury, was hurried along in one general ruin.”

Having lived for some days under a tent, they discovered and established themselves in a deserted log-hut, which they lined with blankets and coarse linen. They built a chimney, which also served as a window, and dragged their goods on sledges from their former habitation by means of the four horses they had with them. Hunting, making sugar, reading, talking of Old England around the blazing fire, and sleeping the sweet sleep that follows toil, made up the business of the day. It is to be doubted whether in his after life, however rich and prosperous he may have been—however beloved and however famous—it is to be doubted, we repeat, whether Baily did not look back with regret to the wild days spent amid the forest solitudes of North America.

On February 20th, 1797, they once more renewed their journey. During their captivity, their men had been engaged in building a boat thirteen feet wide, and forty feet long; and leaving the little settlement they had formed in the wilderness, they arrived in a week at Columbia. Departing thence with his friend to the place where the latter intended fixing his colony, they passed through the woods, and arrived at the romantic spot where he hoped to live and end his days. Having enjoyed a little bear-hunting, and made many excursions in the woods, he returned to Columbia, where he waited for the boat destined for New Orleans. On its arrival, he agreed with them to call for him at Cincinnati, where he had business, and embarking in a little skiff with all his luggage, he set out on his lonely journey. Floating down at the rate of six miles an hour, he soon reached the city, which is built on the banks of the Ohio, opposite the mouths of the Licking River. April 8th, Baily once more began his journey in company with others, and arriving at Port William, saw the tree on which James M'Bride, who first discovered this portion of the country, cut his name in 1754. Port William, then containing only sixty houses, is situated on the eastern side of the mouth of the Kentucky, which is here about a hundred yards wide, while the Ohio is six hundred. Quitting this place in the evening, they arrived in the morning

BAILY'S TOUR IN NORTH AMERICA.

at Louisville, where the boats take in pilots to steer them over the Falls. It was at that time a very moderate-sized place, consisting of only two hundred houses, while the traveller speaks of the climate and soil as without a rival.

Owing to the depth of the water, they experienced little difficulty in going over the falls. At any other season the stream would have been turbulent, rapid, and rushing over the rocks with an impetuosity which, as our author says, might cause the traveller to exclaim with the Trojan wanderer:—

*“Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, et idem
Subductâ ad Manes imos descendimus undâ.”*

A place situated near the Wabash is well worthy a description. It is called the Big Cave. Formed by a ledge of limestone rocks, it extended for a considerable distance along the banks of the Ohio. Its entrance was ten feet high by twenty broad, and the cave extended inwards fifty feet. Its sides were green and damp; and from the roof drops of water continually fell, caused by the filtering of the moisture through the stone. On all sides of the cavern were cut the names of persons who had previously visited this solitary spot; and excluded from all society, our traveller seems to have experienced especial delight in witnessing these relics of former adventurers.

Soon after they narrowly escaped quarrelling with the Indians. Being obliged to haul their boat ashore, in consequence of the violence of the weather—a tremendous gale of wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning, was blowing right up the river—they were kindly assisted by some of the natives. Thanking them for their aid, our travellers imagined they would depart in peace; but espying a barrel of whiskey lying snugly in the corner of the boat, they asked to taste it. Baily and his companions, not to appear ungrateful, seated them on some barrels round the fire in the craft, and drew them a cup which was soon emptied. They desired to have more, which was at first refused, but on their giving a promise to leave the boat as soon as they received a little, they obtained it. But, of course, they did not keep their word. One of them laid hold of Baily, and making him sit down by him, began teaching him his language. Soon, however, this quiet demeanour forsook them; they became clamorous; they vociferated loudly, and declared, with shouts, that they would have more. After using threats and entreaties in vain, it was resolved to send up to the garrison for a file of soldiers; but the captain, who understood how to manage them, came down and declared that there was only one cup more in the barrel, but they should have that if they would drink it on shore. To this they consented; and

when they were put on land, the plank was withdrawn and the boats pulled away. The dress of the Indians consisted of a calico shirt, and mocassins made of deerskin, smoked instead of tanned, and thus rendered soft and pliable to the feet. They were sewn together with the sinews of the deer, and ornamented with porcupine quills and wampum.

Towards the end of April, they entered the Mississippi, into which the Ohio discharges itself, forty-six miles below Fort Massac. They found the current of the stream pure and gentle, except now and then when the waters brought with them earthy particles, which tinged the river for a moment, and then passed away, leaving its wonted clearness. It was the middle of summer before they reached Point Coupé; after having passed along the Mississippi, now winding through cultivated land, now meandering along the confines of a vast prairie, now flowing by a town or a village, or a little settlement in the woods.

From this place to New Orleans the mighty flood flowed on between an uninterrupted chain of plantations scattered at unequal distances along the shore. Here, as the waters were higher than the surrounding country and might overflow the cultivated lands, a raised bank, called a *levee*, ran along the borders of the stream, planted here and there with orange and lemon trees, and forming a fine broad walk. They remained a few days at New Orleans:—

“Immediately adjoining the barracks,” says Mr. Baily, “is the convent, which is another plain edifice, and holds about thirty or forty nuns. A number of the female children of the inhabitants of the place are sent here to be educated, and many of them are so fond of the mode of living, that at the proper age they have voluntarily taken the veil. The convent takes up a great space of ground, and has a large garden adjoining it.”

Mr. Baily gives a very excellent description of the place as it then existed—its buildings, its inhabitants, its society, its trade, its press, and its amusements. Each city through which he passed is described more or less graphically, so as to form a pleasant variety with the pictures of external nature, which are so beautiful and so grand in the New World. Mr. Baily intended to have proceeded to New York from this place by sea; but when he arrived he found there was not a single vessel in the harbour. Finding himself unable to proceed by water, he embraced an opportunity of joining a party about to set off through the wilderness—that vast tract of uncultivated land which lay between the United States and the Spanish settlements, and which was then inhabited solely by Indians. He purchased a couple of horses, one for himself, and the other to carry his provisions, and laid in a store of biscuit, beef, &c., sufficient

to last him untill he came to Natchez. Having accoutred himself in a huntsman's dress, consisting of a pair of coarse brown overhauls, a shirt of the same material, and some strong shoes, he started with the rest of the party on June 21st. They crossed Lake Pontchartrain, and landing at a little settlement on the banks of the river Chafunky, commenced their journey through the woods.

They usually passed their day as follows: They awoke by daylight, so as to set out by the time the sun rose above the horizon. Their march was continued until eleven, when they chose a spot where there was water, and there unpacking and lighting a fire, they refreshed themselves for three hours. Reclining under the shade of the trees, they screened themselves from the sun during the fierce heats of noon, and then advancing again, continued their march till sunset, when, after a second meal, they retired to rest. Their privations were in some cases extremely distressing. They were at one time compelled, after a long and fatiguing journey, to drink some stagnant water which lay in a hollow formed by a fallen tree.

The road lay through the woods,—now passing a small stream—now crossing some old camping-ground of the Indians—now over a river—now leading across a deep chasm, athwart which a tree had been thrown by some former traveller. At one time it lay across the Hurricane, so called from the terrible tornado which some years before had ravaged the country. The traject occupied the whole afternoon. The tempest had hewn itself a passage through the forest, forming an avenue three hundred miles long and seven broad, covered with the trunks of tall pines and huge oak trees with thick and stunted undergrowth.

After passing this scene of desolation, they encamped on the side of a hill abounding with grass and flowers. and every profusion of nature except that they most required—water. The pangs of thirst were so severe, that they were unable to sleep, and Mr. Baily finding the endeavour useless, rose and walked a little distance from the camp. By the bright light of the summer-moon he made a discovery, which it is matter of surprise he did not make before. The long blades of grass glistened with thick and large drops of dew, and by passing some of them through his mouth, he was enabled entirely to quench his thirst. He acquainted his companions with the grateful news; and after this refreshment, they were able to obtain the rest so necessary on a fatiguing journey through the forest.

There must necessarily be a certain sameness in a journey through the wilds of America in those days. There was little to vary the monotony of their daily road but the glimpse of a stray Indian, an impediment to their advance, the fording of a river,

the crossing of a ravine, or the meeting with some little settlement in the woods. They sometimes lost their way, and often their horses. On one occasion the scouts, sent out after one of the animals, had a long and fatiguing chase; and after scouring the country for miles, discovered him grazing quietly in a valley at no great distance from the camp. Their baggage, however, was still partially missing; but so determined were they to sacrifice nothing, that they sent one of the party, an excellent woodsman, to follow the tracks. He was not very long ere he recovered the whole, with the exception of a *small tin cup*.

On the night following, their camp was surprised, and two horses were carried off by the Indians. They did not discover their loss until the morning, when they dispatched a couple of their best men to scour the woods. Upon the discovery of the track, four of the party, including Mr. Baily, armed themselves and set off in pursuit; but after a fatiguing ride of four hours, they were compelled to give over the chase. Returning to their companions, they comforted themselves, according to the expression of our traveller, with the universal consolation, that "it was well it was no worse!" The owner of the missing animals was a Dutchman whose misfortune they endeavoured to alleviate by helping to carry his baggage among them.

Towards the middle of July, their five Dutch companions, who had all along met with misfortunes, loss of money, of horses, and of health, declared they could advance no farther; and after setting them up a tent, our travellers were compelled to leave them in the forest. After meeting with great kindness from the natives, although they could not restrain their thieving propensities—after passing over country much more thickly populated than any they had yet traversed—after crossing numerous streams, among others the Tennessee—after experiencing some civilities at the hands of the Cherokees, and falling in with various little adventures, too trivial to be here related, they arrived on the 1st of August, at Nashville. The town is pleasantly situated on the south-west bank of the Cumberland river, which is here about two hundred yards wide.

"The country around," says Mr. Baily, "consists of a layer of fine black mould on a bed of limestone, which in many places projects through the surface, and shows itself in dark grey protuberances. In the year 1780, a small colony under the direction of James Robertson, crossed the mountains and settled in this place: but it was not till within these few years that it could be called a place of importance. In 1791, there were seven thousand people on Cumberland River."

The town itself consisted of about sixty or eighty families.

BAILY'S TOUR IN NORTH AMERICA.

The houses, which were of frame or logs, stood scattered over a wide space, so that the place appeared much larger than in reality it was. As in all new settlements, the inhabitants were chiefly men of business; every one who bought and sold being called a store-keeper. The Indians at this time, particularly those in this portion of the country, disputed every inch of ground with the Americans, and would not allow them, except by force, to encroach upon their territory. So determined were they to assert their rights, and force the Americans to abide by their treaties, that many of them watched the surveyors appointed to run the line between their respective properties in order to see that they did not defraud their tribe.

The day after his arrival, Mr. Baily again set out with the prospect of having to traverse two thousand miles by himself—one-third of the road lying through a vast wilderness, inhabited entirely by the native tribes, and a great proportion of the remainder not much better. However, rather than incur delay, he resolved to travel alone; and mounting his riding-horse and leading the other, he crossed the river and struck into the woods. Soon after his departure, he was caught on the summit of a mountain by one of those terrible storms which are so frequent in the New World. It was ten o'clock; the night was as dark as Erebus; no water was to be obtained, and parched with thirst, with the storm howling above him, he was obliged to encamp. Lighting a fire, which he imagined would resist any rain, he spread his blanket and lay down to rest. The storm now approached him, and the vast fire which blazed beside him was soon extinguished. He, however, in spite of the flashing of the lightning, and the fierce roars of heaven's artillery, slept soundly until three o'clock, when, on awakening, he found that, as he had chosen a hollow place, the water was quite over him, and in a few minutes more would have been above his head! Rising up, he wrung out his blankets, went to a higher and drier spot, and once more slept soundly until morning, when the sun rose with all its usual brilliance.

After crossing the Cumberland mountains with their lovely scenery and wild grandeur, where—

“Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise,”

—he entered upon a country of exquisite beauty. The constant variety of hill and dale, streams meandering between flowering pastures, yet wild and undesecrated by civilization since the time when a vast army passed over them and left its track distinct across the plain and the hills, produced upon Mr. Baily's mind a delightful repose. Next day he saw Mr. Davidson, a travelling acquaintance, coming up behind him, and they pro-

ceeded the rest of the way together. His journal ceases abruptly at Knoxville, although he declares that he could have filled another volume nearly as large as the present. It appears, however, from some loose papers, that he left New York in an American vessel, January 28th, 1798; that the ship was boarded by a French privateer, and not having passports, they were made prisoners of war. Declaring, however, that they were American citizens, they were permitted to proceed, and arrived at Bristol on the 1st of March.

Taken as a whole, the volume is one of great interest. It was never corrected by the author, and lay by uncared for till twelve years after his death. The eventful life of the author, and the excellence of his character, add interest to its pages; while praise is due to Mr. De Morgan for the judicious manner in which he has edited the volume, and to Sir John Herschel, for his able memoir of the enterprising voyager, the kind friend, the energetic man of business, and the earnest votary of science.

ART. VIII.—*Veiled Hearts: a Novel.* By the Author of “*The Wife’s Trials.*” In Three Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

IT is scarcely a fanciful belief that there are cycles in the literary as in the political and the material world. At one era, imagination seems to culminate; in a more utilitarian interval, science guides, and political economy rules the mind of nations. In the characteristic phraseology of the latter season, fiction is *down*, poetry is at a discount, the somniferous buzz about the flowers has ceased, and the whole hive is busy in the mathematical construction of cells, and the labour of storing and distribution. A less innocent avarice than that of the apiary seizes on the minds of men. Dream-land solidifies into parishes, and poets vanish before surveyors and tax-gatherers.

It would seem as if we had suddenly fallen on these economical days. The broken wand of the Magician of the North is entombed with him. The graces of the female novelists of the past generation are no longer reproduced by their successors. The poets, who illustrated the past age, have died childless, or left no co-ordinate representatives; and the most numerous vacant niches in the pantheon of our literature are those assigned to fiction. The refined palate of society misses the condiment of high imaginative literature, and the wail of weekly criticism is, “Give us a good novel.”

We do not notice the tale before us, in order to show, in the

short critique of it to which we must confine ourselves, that it supplies this *desideratum*. It is distinguished by no grandeur of conception, and the characters with whom it brings us acquainted are not above those who are daily met with in cultivated society. The dialogue does not sparkle either with originality or eloquence; but it is a pleasing delineation of life and manners, in which the reader is interested without being enchanted, and has his emotions excited, without their being raised to the pitch of enthusiasm. We inspect, through a stereoscope, a scene, which is not distinguished by grandeur of natural scenery, nor embellished with personal beauty: it may be a rude interior, after the manner of a Dutch painter; but we are interested simply by the accuracy of its delineation. And so, with a fiction like this, our interest in the characters is begotten by intimate acquaintance, while we watch their nature, varying with vicissitude, and enduring or yielding to the stress of trial.

"Veiled Hearts" can scarcely be said to have a hero. A rich baronet, in the North of England, was frustrated in a love affair by a more favoured person. The latter dissipates his fortune, and his wife, with an only infant daughter, is left in penury, in obscure lodgings in London. Meanwhile, the baronet has married, but conceals from his lady his previous attachment. A solicitation, extorted from the unfortunate and deserted wife by indigence and mortal sickness, brings the baronet to London, and to her lodgings, only in time to witness her decease. He takes the child under his protection, and gives her in charge to a woman residing at one of the lodges of his mansion, who has suddenly been left a widow. As the girl grows up, and is frequently at the mansion, she attracts the attention of the clergyman's wife, who is childless, and who desires to adopt her, and give her the education for which her precocious talents seem to crave. While residing in the clergyman's house, her father, Mr. Danvers, learns from the nurse of his late wife that his child still lives, whom he had believed to have been buried with her mother, traces her residence, and recovers her. In process of time, she is residing with her father, at the West End of London, where a nephew of the baronet, who had formed his acquaintance abroad, was a frequent visitor. He conceives an attachment to her, which she returns with the love of a life; but it is not until they were betrothed, that he discovers that she was the deserted child, in whom he had taken so deep an interest during his frequent residences at his uncle's seat, and whom he had then known as Margaret Evelyn—a name, which the close reserve of the baronet had imposed upon her. A marriage of course is the consequence; and, *Finis coronat opus*.

Such are the materials out of which the authoress—for the

writer is evidently a lady—has constructed a story, which, with some defects, is still very charming. It contrasts, at all events, most favourably with several novels of higher pretensions, which have sought to stimulate the taste of the public by the most unnatural combinations. Not only the aged and the young, but the morose and the lovely, have been, like the "*tigribus agni*" of Horace, forced into unnatural union. The uniform sweetness of Margaret Danvers, which alike throws its charm over the residence of a servant, and graces the saloons of aristocracy, enchains the affection of the reader, and "points a moral," while it "adorns a tale." The following scene, in which Margaret is recognized with her altered appearance and her rightful name, may be taken as a fair sample of the style of the work:—

"Very softly Percy entered by the window from the garden; Mr. Danvers having left him, to fetch some books from the library which he thought would clear up a difficulty of which they had been talking. The sound of music had drawn the Captain towards the house; and, charmed with the improvising talent thus unexpectedly discovered in the bewitching Miss Danvers, he drew near, and before she was aware of his presence, stood close behind her chair, and hummed one familiar air, which seemed to run with tantalizing grace through the whole of her medley.

" 'I am sure you sing, Miss Danvers,' he at last said; and, emboldened by her smile, he began looking over a heap of music that lay scattered around.

"On many of these pieces, especially on the songs, she knew that her name, Maggy Evelyn, was written; and she coloured deeply as she perceived that he had already seen it, while in his looks there was something like an expression of contempt, which she felt she could not calmly endure.

"One little book, in which he had written the words of several songs, at length caught his attention; he recognized and opened it. Margaret felt too dizzy to stop him. 'There is nothing like making a thorough clearance. You seem to be residuary legatee to every thing that belonged to *her*,' he exclaimed, with an emphasis on the last word, which made her tremble at the idea of the crisis that was at hand. 'I beg your pardon, Miss Danvers, but if, as I believe to be the case, you are not one who easily discards old friends, you will readily comprehend that I am mortified—nay, more, that I am wounded—to find that every vestige of my early association with your friend has lost all value in her eyes, and is given away. Own that it is not flattering to be thus completely forgotten.'

" 'Not so, Captain Rochedale,' she returned, for it was impossible to remain silent under this impression, so particularly odious to her, and so foreign to her habits; but it cost her an effort to say it: 'Maggy Evelyn does not forget!'

" 'You are generous to defend her in conduct which I am sure you

BRIEF NOTICES.

could never imitate; but you do not know what Maggy once was to me—he stopped, as if too much hurt to say more; but Margaret had covered her face with her hands, and was weeping bitterly.

“Good Heavens!—Margaret—Miss Danvers—what have I done?” And, in his agitation, he gently removed and retained one of her small hands. ‘How have I offended? When I would die before saying a word that could wound you—tell me my involuntary offence—and oh! dearest Margaret, tell me that I am forgiven;’ and his voice was quite suppliant in its tenderness.

“I am ashamed of myself,” she said, withdrawing her hand, and trying to speak with composure; for one word in his hasty speech, though it for a moment shook her self-possession, had decided her no longer to continue the mystery; so, with all her former self in her looks—in her manner, she continued, ‘O Percy, Percy!—how unjust you are to your old friend Maggy!’

“He looked at her electrified; the smile of joy at hearing himself thus addressed, roused him; the modulation of her tones was like an echo from the past; the look from her dark eyes was that of which he had dreamed, and longed to find a waking reality; the smile was one he well remembered.

“‘Margaret!’ he said, solemnly,—and he looked fixedly at her agitated face—‘there is something here which I do not quite understand; in mercy explain it to me—tell me—tell me who is she?—Where is she?’

“Her face was raised in her turn; she looked full in his eyes; a glimmer of the truth shone there. ‘Margaret!’ he repeated.

“‘Call me Maggy,’ she said, softly—‘for she is here;’ and her glance fell before the bright look of intelligence and passionate love which filled his, as he exclaimed—

“‘No, here—for ever here!’ pressing her to his heart—‘loved—long-loved;—I see it all now;—loved as a child—loved as an innocent girl—loved, oh! how loved—as the beautiful woman, as my idolized wife!’—and he kissed again and again the sweet face that lay so confidently on his bosom. ‘Dearest Margaret—ever-loved Maggy!’

“‘Not now, Percy,’ she whispered, looking very pale, for she was quite overcome;—‘but my father’—

“‘I will fetch him,’ he said; ‘but—but is it true?’ and he stopped, and looked imploringly at her.

“‘All true,’ she replied, making an effort to set him at rest. ‘All true, except Maggy’s bad memory.’”

Brief Notices.

The Homilist. Conducted by the Rev. David Thomas. London: Ward and Co.

It is a happy circumstance when, in starting a magazine or journal

out, displaying considerable learning and industry, and a certain amount of ingenuity. We are, however, bound to add that he has failed to convince us. To Dr. Maitland, the whole theogony of the ancients resolves itself into this unhallowed union and its offspring. He holds that all the giants spoken of in the Bible are lineal descendants of those original giants, through some of the wives of Noah's sons; and that the Titans, in Tartarus, are what he calls the "tartarus'd" spirits of 2 Peter ii. 4. With his hypothesis, he connects the evil spirits, which possessed the demoniacs (spoken of in the Gospel), demon and angel-worship generally; then Swedenborgianism, spiritualism, and the various mesmeric pretensions and phenomena, attempting to show that the common objects of all ancient and modern superstitions of this kind were the attainment of *health* and *knowledge*. The general scope of the argument seems to be: first, that all false worship is one and the same in its character and tendency; and, secondly, that it may ultimately be traced back to the sinful union of angels and men. The book also contains some curious exegetical discussions, as about "leviathan," &c.; and what appears to us a very fanciful attempt to prove that the description of the female ornaments, &c., enumerated in Isa. iii. 16, in reality applied to magic practices—the "charms" of the daughters of Judah being not intended to captivate the *hearts* but the *souls* of the Israelites. This necessarily meagre outline will suffice to give our readers an idea of the contents of this volume. For our own part, we cannot help regretting that so much research and industry should not have been devoted to the elucidation of what would appear to us, at any rate, a more useful object.

Timothy: Letters to the Young on the Doctrines of Grace. By John Orange, Torquay. London: Ward and Co. 1856.

THE author of "this unpretending volume" is entirely independent of any commendation from us. He tells us in the preface, that "it is not 'reading made easy' for children; it is a book to occupy vigorous intellect, to tax lofty conception, to fill the imagination of Gabriel"—and we fancy *he* must know best. So much only will we say, that it certainly *is not* "reading made easy." The subjects treated in these letters are the doctrines of election, grace, justification, the sealing of the spirit and final perseverance. Each of these receives a very short treatment, simply in the way of exposition, not of vindication or elaborate argument. The style is of the most high-flowing and pretentious character. Would the reader like a specimen or two? "To elect, then, obviously, is to choose: to choose is to elect. Choosing and electing are convertible terms. Believers are chosen in Jesus before the foundation of the world. But to be chosen is to be elected." No doubt all this is very conclusive. Or, again: "Sweet and loud are the praises in which they celebrate the intense, the everlasting love, which has exalted them to that sublime elevation of purity and bliss. Lofty notes, flung from the trembling wires of angelic harps, mingle with those voices, and

swell those strains which rise to resound, and, like distant thunder, roll through the golden arches of that lofty temple for ever and ever." We would advise Mr. Orange, when he writes on such subjects, to put aside every attempt at "fine writing," and to be more modest in his estimate of the value of his performances.

The Lay of the Stork. By Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, Author of "The Memoirs of Anne of Brittany," &c. London: Cash.

A FEW years ago a young German lady, wishing to discover to what region the Storks repair in the winter, attached to the neck of one of these birds a letter, in which she begged an answer from whoever found it, informing her of the place where the bird alighted. The Stork was shot by an Arab, in Syria. On this slight incident, Miss Costello has based an elegant and interesting story, in which she not only finds occasion to give us an insight into the habits of the Stork, and to picture the scenery of the countries over which he flies, and of those where he makes his home, but also takes us to the battle-field, and to the hospital of Scutari. The leading idea of the poem is a fine one. It is that of a heart aspiring in loneliness after a course of noble and beneficent action, and seeking in the distant and the unknown the sympathy and co-operation for which it longs. Miss Costello's heroine, far from being satisfied with mere aspirations, devotes herself to arduous and self-denying duties, and finds the reward she seeks. The story is gracefully, if not very powerfully told, and happy alike in aim and in performance.

Review of the Month.

THE RECENT ELECTION OF A PRESIDENT FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA HAS BEEN INVESTED WITH FAR MORE IMPORTANCE THAN ATTACHES USUALLY TO THAT EVENT. The efforts of the Southern States to extend the institution of slavery into those districts which are but immaturely introduced into the confederacy of the States, and through that precedent into those vast tracts which may hereafter form political portions of the Union, has been carried on with a persistency which would seem to augur either success or civil war and disunion. Indeed, Mr. Preston, whose almost murderous assault on Mr. Sumner in the Senate House has covered him with such glory as the Southern States can confer, publicly advocates the disruption of the Northern from the Southern States as the alternative of the failure of the slave-holding interest to extend their institution, as they call it, into those districts which must hereafter become integral portions of the republic. The election has occasioned unusual excitement throughout the country, and has resulted in the success of Mr. Buchanan, a well-known friend of the pro-slavery party. This event has filled the minds of all the friends of humanity on both sides of the Atlantic with the deepest sorrow and the gravest apprehension. Indeed, the dominant party openly talk of the renewal of the slave trade—a measure which would bring this

country and the United States into a collision most detrimental to the interests of both. On the momentous question which has thus been decided by the votes of the States we will cite without further comment the most reliable opinions from both sides of the Atlantic. The State of Pennsylvania seems to have virtually decided the election. The *Times* Correspondent at New York says:—"The Democrats have achieved still more substantial triumphs than the election of their State officers in Pennsylvania and Indiana. They have secured beyond reasonable doubt the next House of Representatives, and given Mr. Buchanan, in case of his election, a working majority. Up to this time they have gained twenty-one members—or forty-two votes, in ten States. They had eighty-four party votes in the last House; and, adding the Southern Know-nothings, who voted with them on the slavery question, they had something like ninety-five or ninety-eight votes. Their gains place them beyond reasonable doubt, and give them good assurance of making Kansas a slave State before Mr. Buchanan retires, if he is elected." The latest accounts from America give us reason to hope that the new President is favourable to the measure of making Kansas a free State. The utmost excitement prevails throughout the Union, and we need hardly say that we participate in their apprehensions and their hopes.

THE ORGAN OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT HAS MADE A MOST UNEXPECTED ATTACK UPON THE FREEDOM OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.—This has occasioned no small amount of excitement in the newspaper world. We subjoin the paragraph of the organ of the French Government, with the comments of our enlightened contemporary. "For some time," says the *Moniteur*, "past, different organs of the English press have endeavoured to spread calumnies respecting the French government, which are the more odious as they are concealed under an anonymous mask, and can only be answered by contempt. We are aware of the respect which is paid to the liberty of the press in England; and, in thus pointing out its deviations, we confine ourselves to an appeal to the common sense and good faith of the English people to warn them against the dangers of a system which, by destroying the confidence between the two Governments, would tend to disunite two nations whose alliance is the best guarantee of the peace of the world." We confess we do not know any English journals which have spread the calumnies complained of. What does the *Moniteur* mean by the French government? If it means the Emperor, we can answer for ourselves and for the great bulk of the English journals, whether metropolitan or provincial, that the assertion is gratuitously false. No calumnies have been uttered against that illustrious individual by any newspapers of the least note or credit. On the contrary, His Majesty has been spoken of with uniform respect, Justice has been done to his unrivalled sagacity in peace and in war. To him has been ungrudgingly accorded the meed of approbation for having accomplished what previous monarchs of France only spoke of, but never realised—a cordial alliance between the Governments of Great Britain and France; and what is, perhaps, of greater value, a no less cordial alliance between the two peoples. The acts of the French government have been freely criticised; but

that criticism and calumny are the same thing it will take more logic than is possessed by the *Moniteur* to convince any sane Englishman, whether he be a maker, or merely a reader, of newspapers. Englishmen criticize the acts of their own Government. It is one of the safeguards of their freedom to do so; and, much as they prize the French alliance, they would rather stand alone in Europe than consent to forego the privilege, and to be reduced, as a necessary consequence, to the political condition of France or of any other continental state. If the Emperor of the French set at defiance the laws of political economy, if he buy bread dear and sell it cheap, if he arbitrarily attempt to fix the prices of the necessaries of life to the poor, if he lavish money in unproductive expenditure, if he allow his underlings to encourage and mix themselves up in enormous jobbery on the Bourse,—the English press, which would criticize English statesmen if they committed similar errors, will continue to comment upon his acts. If the alliance will not stand a sound criticism and a fair judgment on the part of those competent to form and to express an opinion, it is a sham alliance, and not worth perpetuating. Fortunately, the tone taken by the English press, has induced the organs of the French government to modify their censures almost to the amount of a withdrawal.

IN THE ABSENCE OF PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE THE COUNTRY HAS RECEIVED SOME INFORMATION RESPECTING ITS FOREIGN AND INTERNAL AFFAIRS FROM LORD PALMERSTON.—With respect to the latter, he said, in a recent address at Manchester, “It will, of course, be the object of Her Majesty’s Government—I won’t say to employ their comparative leisure—but to occupy themselves during the peace, with those progressive improvements which all human arrangements are necessarily capable of receiving. Progressive improvement is the law of our moral nature. It is that which alone ennobles the individual, which tends to raise him in the scale of society; and it is that which enables nations to fulfil the destination for which their social and political institutions were formed.” We trust that these are not words without meaning. If his Lordship is in earnest and will conduct the government of the country with a determination to reform all abuses in Church and State, he will receive a measure of support which will give him a lease of office as long as the duration of his life. With relation to our foreign affairs, his language is not less distinct. In the prospect of future and conclusive negotiations, his Lordship says, “Gentlemen, we are now at peace, and I hope that that peace may be lasting. Its duration must depend upon the honour and fidelity with which its conditions are fulfilled. I trust that that Power which brought upon itself the hostility, either active or moral, of all Europe, by a forgetfulness of international rights and duties,—I trust that that Power, having concluded a treaty, will observe that treaty and fulfil it with faithfulness, and then, no doubt, peace will be of long duration. This sentiment reiterated by his Lordship at the annual festival at Guildhall, has given offence to several continental states, which has been expressed through their recognized organs. Its excitement has,

however, subsided, and has only furnished another proof that a firm demeanour in the cause of justice is the best means of preserving the peace and good understanding of civilized states.

Books Received.

- Addison (Julia). *Sister Kate; or, the Power of Influence*. Pp. 582. Bath: Binns & Goodwin.
 Anti-Slavery Advocate for November. Wm. Tweedie.
 Aura Ashburn: a Tale. Pp. 336. Saunders & Otley.
 Aveling (Rev. T. W.). *Voices of many Waters; or, Travels in the Lands of the Tiber, the Jordan, and the Nile*. 2nd edition. Pp. 436. Jno. Snow.
 Bede (Cuthbert). *Verdant Green married and done for*. Jas. Blackwood.
 Bible Treasury: a Monthly Review of Prophetical and Practical Subjects. Part I. D. F. Oakley.
 Bouchier (Rev. Barton, A.M.). *My Parish; or, the Country Pastor's Visits to his Poor*. Pp. 264. Jno. F. Shaw.
 British Eloquence—Political Oratory. 2nd Series. Pp. 332. Griffin & Co.
 Capel (Hon. A., R. N.). *A Few Words on every Man's Right to possess and read the Scriptures*. Pp. 54. W. & F. G. Cash.
 Capern (Edwd.). *Poems*. Pp. 215. David Bogue.
 Christian Lady's Magazine for November. Partridge & Co.
 De Montgomery (Percy Gordon), *Hours of Sun and Shade: Reveries in Prose and Verse*. Pp. 136. Groombridge & Sons.
 Dixon (Jacob). *Investigations into the Primary Laws which determine Health and Disease*. Pp. 24. Piper, Stephenson & Spence.
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INDEX

VOL. XII. NEW SERIES.

	PAGE		PAGE
ABENDEBRO, The	378	Early Rising	527
Adams, F., Geographical Word-Expositor	305	Ederabaim, Dr., History of the Jewish Nation	67
Africa, East, First Footsteps, by R. F. Burton	373	England in Time of War, by S. Dobell	402
Africa, Western, by Rev. J. L. Wilson	372	Entomology, Introduction to, by W. Kirby and W. Spence	382
Aiton, Dr., Clerical Economics	34	Ephesians, Commentary on, by Dr. Hodge	209
Alexander, Dr., Good, Better, Best	34	Faith, Practical Power of, by T. Blaney	318
Arthur, W., The Tongues of Fire	520	False Worship, by S. R. Maitland	625
Austria, Memoirs of, by Dr. Vahse	578	Fare	419
Bacon's Essays, by R. Whately	237	Ferrand, B., The Christian System	206
Bailly, P., Tour in North America in 1792-7	613	Feyjoo, G., Teatro Critico	1
Baldessare Castiglione	419	Fremont and Emory, Travels in California	486
Barry, A., Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament	518	Fremont, J. C., Exploitations and Public Services of	480
Barth, W., Benoni	574	Fremont, J. C., Report of the Expedition to the Rocky Mountains	486
Beauties of the Bible, by W. Lusk	206	Preston Tower by Rev. R. Cobbold	34
Beecher, E., The Papal Conspiracy Exposed	569	Friewell, J. H., Houses with Fronts Off	130
Benoni, by Rev. W. Barth	524	Fry, R., Memoir of by Mrs. Creswell	307
Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève	519	Fry, E., Simpson's Memoirs of	600
Binney, T., Practical Power of Faith	318	Geographical Word-Expositor, by E. Adams	205
Blackie, G., Crétins and Crétinism	278	Gillman, G., Poetical Works of R. Burns	407
Books Received .. 105, 217, 322, 417, 528, 630		Giovanni della Casa	419
Burder Lands of Spain and France	60	Godwin, G., London Shadows	130
Brittany, Vacation in, by C. R. Weld	399	Goethe, Article in "Passing Thoughts," by J. Douglas	447
Brougham, Lord, Analytical View of Newton's Principia	472	Goethe, Article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Vol. X, by T. de Quincy	447
Bunsen, C. C. J., Signs of the Times	243	Goethe, The Autobiography of, Translated by Rev. A. J. W. Morrison	447
Burns, R., Life and Poetical Works of, by G. Gillman	407	Goethe, Conversations with, Translated by J. Oxenford	447
Burton, R. F., First Footsteps in East Africa	372	Goethe, Life and Works, by O. H. Lewes	447
California, Notes of Travel in, by Fremont and Emory	480	Gonzaga di Capponi, by H. Solly	94
Celebrated Characters, Memoirs of, by A. Lamartine	167	Good, Better, Best, by Rev. T. Alexander	34
Chesterston, G. L., Revelations of Prison Life	560	Guerin, L. F., Manuel de l'Histoire des Conciles	357
Chinese, The, and their Rebellion, by T. T. Meadows	550	Gutzot, Sir B. Prol	23
Christian System, The, by B. Ferrand	206	Hall, Newman, Sacrifice	517
Clerical Economics, by Dr. Aiton	34	Habbesh aller Concilien, by J. Chovanetz	357
Cobbold, R., Preston Tower	34	Hibbs, R., Scottish Episcopal Romanism	317
Conciliengeschichte, by Dr. Hefele	337	Hodge, C., Commentary on the Ephesians	208
Conciliar Text of the	148	Holland, J., and Everett, J., Memoirs of Montgomery, Vols. V., VI., VII	405
Contributions to the Cause of Education, by J. Palans	95	Homilies, The	625
Couture, V., Etudes sur les Femmes Illustres du XVII. Siècle	219	Hood, E. P., Life of Rev. B. Parsons	611
Creswell, F., Memoir of Elisabeth Fry	207	Hours of Thought, by W. M'Combie	380
Crétins and Crétinism, by G. Blackie	278	Houses with Fronts Off, by J. H. Friewell	130
Dr. Rev. R. Prol co-Presbyterianism	315	Iodine in Plants, by S. Macadam	378
Diplomatic Papers from Klüber's German Nation	149	Ismeer, by a Lady	185
Dobell, S., England in Time of War	402	Jewish Nation, History of, by Dr. Ederabaim	67
Doctrines referring to the Catholic Church, and to the Policy of Austria and Prussia	146	Jonson, Ben., Poetical Works of	96
Doubleday, T., The Political Life of Sir R. Peel	33	Karl and Erasmus, by Lieut.-Gen. Montleith	404
Dred, by H. B. Stowe	338	Kirby, W., Spence, W., Introduction to Entomology	382
Dublin Lectures	309		

	PAGE		PAGE
Lamartine, A., Memoirs of Celebrated Characters	167	Russia, Contemporary Memoirs of, by General Manstein	312
Lamp of Life, The	402	Sacrifice, by Newman Hall	517
Leask, W., The Beauties of the Bible	208	Scott, Hon. Lady, Types and Antitypes	317
Lewes, G. H., Life and Works of Goethe... 447		Scottish Episcopal Romanism, by R. Hibbs. 317	
London, Great World of, by H. Mayhew... 130		Scripture Atlas	317
London Labour and London Poor, by H. Mayhew	130	Sea-Anemones, English, by G. Tugwell.....	625
London Shadows, by G. Godwin.....	130	Sebastopol, Life in the Trenches, by Major Porter	445
Lucas Gracian Dantisco.....	419	Sermons, by Dr. Newton	519
Macadam, S., Iodine in Plants	278	Sermons, by H. Whitehead	521
Machell, Mrs., Poems and Translations	401	Shakspeare, the Works of	97
Maitland, S. R., False Worship	625	Sherwood, The Monk.....	34
Manstein, Contemporary Memoirs of Russia, from 1729 to 1744	312	Signs of the Times, by C. C. J. Bunsen... ..	243
Manuel de L'Histoire des Conciles.....	357	Simpson's Memoirs of E. Fry	540
Mayhew, H., Great World of London	130	Solar System, The Lost Discovered, by J. Wilson	472
Mayhew, H., London Labour and London Poor	130	Solly, H., Gonsaga di Capponi.....	94
M'Combie, W., Hours of Thought	290	Southey, R., Selections from his Letters, by J. W. Warter	92, 403
Meadows, T. T., The Chinese and their Rebellions.....	550	Stanhope, Earl, Memoirs of Sir R. Peel.....	2
Milman, R., Life of Tasso.....	551	Stowe, H. B., Dred.....	323
Modern Painters, by J. Ruskin, Vol. IV... 107		Systematic Theology, by R. Wardlaw.....	206
Monk, The, by Mrs. Sherwood.....	34	Tasso's Befreites Jerusalem.....	531
Monteith, Lieut.-Gen., Kars and Erzeroum. 404		Tasso et Leonore.....	531
Montgomery, J., Memoirs of, by J. Holland and J. Everett.....	405	Tasso, Life of, by Rev. R. Milman.....	531
Mystery, The, by J. Young	177	Teatro Critico, y Cartas Eruditas, by G. Feyjoó	1
Mystics, Hours with the, by R. A. Vaughan 50		Tholuck, Dr., Commentary and Translation of the Psalms	5
Nellie of Truro	34	Things not Generally Known Familiarly Explained, by J. Timbs, F.S.A.....	402
Newton's Principia, Analytical View of, by Lord Brougham	472	Timbs, J., Things not Generally Known Familiarly Explained.....	402
Nomos	522	Timothy, by J. Orange	625
North America, Tour in, by F. Baily.....	613	Tongue of Fire, The, by W. Arthur	329
Notes and Narratives of the Dens of London, by R. W. Vanderkiste	130	Tracts for the Church in 1856	402
Old Testament, Introduction to the Study of, by A. Barry	516	Tugwell, G., Manual of English Sea-Anemones	625
Orange, J., Timothy	626	Twenty Additional Articles, by the Archbishop of Vienna.....	143
Oxford Essays	301	Vanderkiste, R. W., Notes on the Dens of London	130
Papal Conspiracy Exposed, by E. Beecher... 399		Van Hoeven, Handbook of Zoology	530
Parsons, Rev. B., Life of, by E. P. Hood... 511		Vaughan, R. A., Hours with the Mystics... 50	
Peel, Sir R., Memoirs of	23	Vehse, Dr., Memoirs of Austria.....	576
Perthes, T., Memoirs of, by C. T. Perthes.. 333		Velled Hearts.....	632
Pillans, J., Contributions to Education.... 95		Waddington, C., Ramus, his Life and Writings	265
Poems and Translations, by Mrs. Machell.. 401		Wardlaw, R., Systematic Theology.....	206
Porter, Major, Life in the Trenches before Sebastopol	405	Warter, J. W., Selections from R. Southey's Letters	92, 403
Prelatico-Presbyterianism, by R. Dill	315	Waters of Comfort.....	461
Psalms, Translation of, and Commentary on, by Dr. Tholuck.....	97	Weichardt Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerica, und deren Territorien.....	636
Ramus, Life and Writings, by C. Waddington	265	Weld, C. R., Vacation in Brittany.....	520
Rationale of Justification by Faith	518	Whately, R., Bacon's Essays	237
Revelation of Prison Life, by G. L. Chesterton.....	560	Wilson, J. L., Western Africa.....	372
REVIEW OF THE MONTH.. 98, 209, 318, 408, 524, 627		Wilson, J., The Lost Solar System Discovered	471
Rocky Mountains, Report of the Exploring Expedition to, by J. C. Fremont.....	486	Wilson, Professor, Works, Vols. III., IV., V. 407	
Rosalie	34	Young, J., The Mystery.....	177
Ruskin, J., Modern Painters, Vol. IV..... 107		Zoology, Handbook of, by J. Van Hoeven... 530	

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SPECIMEN PAGE

From Daily Lesson Book, No. 2.

DAILY LESSON—MONDAY.

(Relating to Books.)

fo-li-o	par-a-graph	dic-tion-a-ry
quar-to	chap-ter	en-cy-clo-pe-di-a
oc-ta-vo	vo-lume	mag-a-zine
du-o-de-ci-mo	se-ri-es	li-bra-ry

BOOKS.

We said that in former times a kind of reed was used to write upon. That reed was called *Papyrus*. It is from this name that we speak of our *paper*. In former times also they wrote upon the leaves of trees; it is from this cause that we talk of the *leaves* of a book.

The Romans called a book *liber*. This word made us call a room where books are kept, a *library*.

In those old times, when skins were written upon, they were rolled up. This roll was called *volumen*. This old word has been kept by us as near as may be. We call a single book a *volume*.

We said also that the inner bark of trees was used for writing upon. The people who lived in England many hundred years ago, used to write upon the bark of the beech-tree. They called this bark, *boc*. We have not changed the word much. We still talk of a *book*.

QUESTION. *Application of the terms used in reference to books—size, divisions, &c.*

LESSON. *Nations and individuals increase in useful knowledge, only by the judicious employment of time.*

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METHOD OF TEACHING.

The importance of masters being made familiar with the use of the books it is intended they should teach has been powerfully urged by the Rev. HENRY MOSSELEY in his account of the King's Somborne Schools. He says:—"This (special instruction in the books used) appears to me an element very much to be desired in the teaching of our training schools. The masters should be made thoroughly familiar with the subject-matter of the reading lessons in some one or other of the series of books provided for that purpose, capable of putting the subjects of these lessons before the children under their simplest forms, and of adding to them all that is necessary to their completeness and to the full intelligence of them. Many of these lessons contain admirable matter of instruction for children; but I never have met with a master capable of doing justice to them. It is, indeed, no easy matter to do so: considerable additional reading is required to that end, and a judicious guidance. This would be best obtained at the training school. Every reading lesson he would be called upon to give might there be studied, and the student made familiar with the best way of giving it."

It is in order to facilitate this acquaintance, and to furnish an accurate idea of the way in which the *Daily Lesson Books* are intended to be used, that the following specimens and illustrative directions are given:—

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(In order to render the transition more gradual, three gradations of have been adopted in this Second Book ; so that the reading lessons at the of the book are both longer and more difficult than those at the commences. The lesson on page 6 is one of the most difficult.)

A LESSON ON BOOKS.

OBJECTS TO BE PROVIDED.

1. *Two or three books of various sizes.*
2. *A sheet of paper, folded in 4to, 8vo, 12mo, &c.*
3. *Bark and papyrus, if it can be obtained.*
4. *A map of Europe.*

This lesson should commence with *reading*, as the connexion of the words to be spelled with the lesson will not be seen until it is both read and taught. After it has been read over once or twice, the *interrogatory* exercise should commence, questions be put *on the lesson* in the usual way, the objects referred to being, if possible, exhibited. Other words may be illustrated by reference to their terminations, as *en—to m*, "hard-en," "weak-en," &c. (*vide* end of book.) Rome and England should be shown on the map, and the way from England to Rome explained.

The monitor or teacher now looks to the direction at the foot of the page, to question on the application of the terms used in reference to books, &c. This he will be enabled to do by the words given at the top for spelling.

The first column relates to *size*, and should be explained by a sheet of paper folded in these various forms.

The second column will suggest questions on the way in which books are sometimes divided—such as Chapters, Sections, Verses, Paragraphs, &c. By turning to the *last page* of the book, the child will find a full explanation of the terms used to denote new paragraphs or sections.

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The third column opens up a line of questions on the various kinds of books, their uses, and other peculiarities. This exercise may be extended at pleasure, according to the time and ability of the teacher. The deepest interest may in this way be excited and sustained.

The MORAL LESSON should now be faithfully given. The *hint* at the foot of the page should for this purpose be taken. The attention of the children will then be called, first to the early times when men wrote on bark or leaves,—their condition will be noticed,—their disadvantages,—the absence of the light of truth amongst them, &c. Then the state of "England many hundred years ago" should be explained,—thankfulness for present mercies should be excited,—the responsibility connected with superior advantages urged, all which will naturally lead to the specific lesson given in the note.

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Any monitor or pupil teacher may be taught to impart knowledge in this way to a class, with sufficient accuracy and with proper moral feeling, if he is only properly trained to it *by the previous study of the particular lesson he is to teach.*

THE SPELLING LESSON.

Besides the words at the top of each page, a separate and complete course of spelling is given under the head Saturday's Lesson, and this is to be taught in a similar way. Instead of a multitude of words, which only burden the mind, such only are given as represent families or classes; then the names of common things, then terms which describe qualities; then a careful selection of verbs; and finally, words of irregular formation. *By this means a child, by committing to memory only sixteen short pages, will be able to master the orthography of any word in the language.*

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From the Report of the Rev. Henry Mosely, M.A., F.R.S., 1847, p. 28.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. STUDIES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.—No. I.	1
II. THE PEEL MEMOIRS	23
III. POPULAR RELIGIOUS LITERATURE	34
IV. HOURS WITH THE MYSTICS	50
V. LATER JEWISH HISTORY	67
VI. THE BORDER LANDS OF SPAIN AND FRANCE	80
BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS	92
1. Selections from the Letters of Southey.	
2. Gonzaga di Capponi.	
3. Contributions to the Cause of Education.	
4. Poetical Works of Ben Jonson.	
5. Tholuck on the Psalms.	
6. The Works of William Shakspeare.	
REVIEW OF THE MONTH	98
BOOKS RECEIVED	106

Advertisements.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. RUSKIN'S MODERN PAINTERS--VOL. IV.	109
II. LOW LIFE IN LONDON	130
III. THE AUSTRIAN CONCORDAT IN ITS POLITICAL ASPECT	148
IV. LAMARTINE'S MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS	167
V. THE MYSTERY : OR, EVIL AND GOD	177
VI. EASTERN HOSPITALS AND LADY-NURSES	195
 BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS	205
1. The Geographical Word-Expositor.	4. The Beauties of the Bible.
2. Systematic Theology.	5. A Commentary on the Epistle to the
3. The Christian System : or, Teachings Ephesians.	6. Four Lectures delivered in Dublin.
of the New Testament.	
 REVIEW OF THE MONTH	209
BOOKS RECEIVED	217

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CONTENTS.

<p>I. STUDIES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—No. II 219</p> <p>II. HUNSEN'S SIGNS OF THE TIMES 243</p> <p>III. BACON'S ESSAYS 257</p> <p>IV. RAMUS: HIS LIFE, WRITINGS, AND OPINIONS 273</p> <p>V. GOUTRE AND CRISTINISM 278</p> <p>VI. POPULAR RELIGIOUS TEACHING 291</p> <p>VII. OXFORD ESSAYS 301</p> <p>BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS 312</p>	<p>1. Contemporary Memoirs of Russia. 318</p> <p>2. Prelatical rebyterianism. 322</p> <p>3. Scottish Episcopal Romanism; or, Popery without a Pope.</p> <p>4. Illustrations to the Holy Scriptures.</p> <p>5. The Practical Power of Faith.</p> <p>6. The Union, Bible Class, Child's Own Magazines, &c., &c.</p>
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<p>REVIEW OF THE MONTH</p> <p>BOOKS RECEIVED</p>	<p>318</p> <p>322</p>
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. MRS. STOWEN'S "DRED"	323
II. LITERARY, RELIGIOUS, AND POLITICAL LIFE IN GERMANY	333
III. COUNCILS AND SYNOIDS	337
IV. EASTERN AND WESTERN AFRICA	372
V. KIRBY AND SPENCE'S ENTOMOLOGY	375
BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS	389
1. The Papal Conspiracy Exposed.	7.
2. Waters of Comfort.	8. Kars and Erzeroum.
3. Macbell's Poems and Translations.	9. Memoirs of Montgomery.
4. Sydney Dobell's "England in Time of War."	10. Life in the Trenches before Sebastopol.
5. Tindal's Things not Generally Known.	11. Burns's Poetical Works, by Gilchrist.
6. Tracts for the Church.	12. Professor Wilson's Works.
REVIEW OF THE MONTH	423
BOOKS RECEIVED	417

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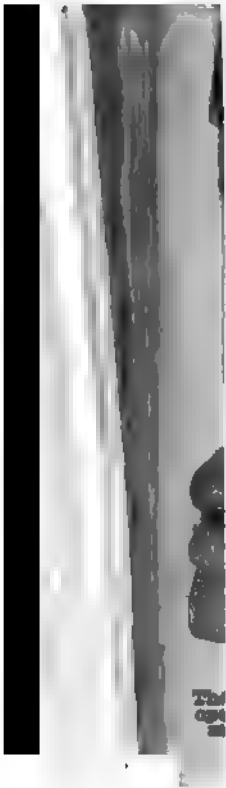
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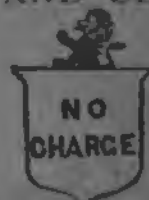
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